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Collier's

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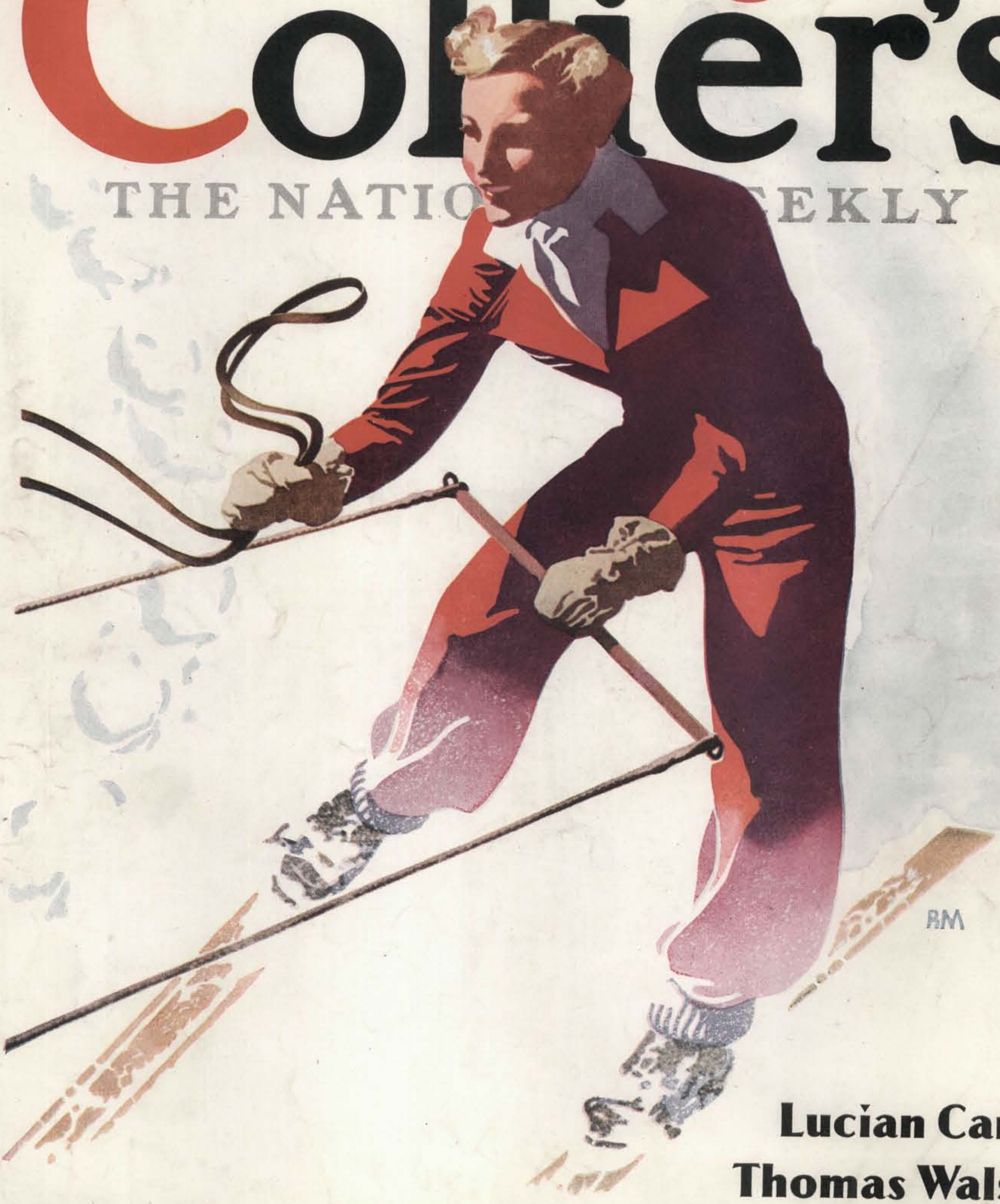

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Thomas Walsh

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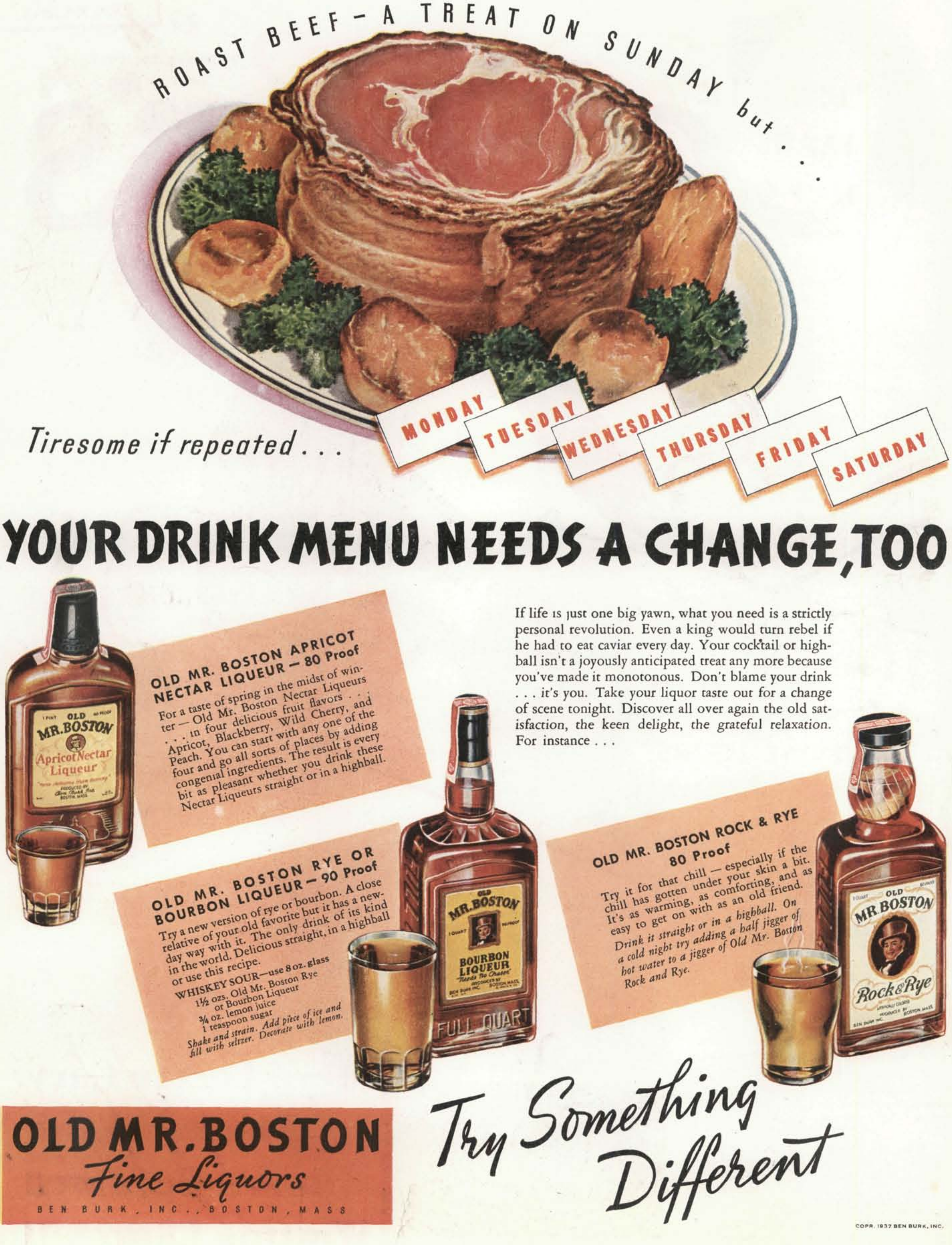
ROAST BEEF – A TREAT ON SUNDAY but . . .
MONDAY
TUESDAY
WEDNESDAY
THURSDAY
FRIDAY
SATURDAY
1 PINT OLD MR. BOSTON Apricot Nectar Liqueur
OLD MR. BOSTON 1 QUART BOURBON LIQUEUR "Needs No Chaser" PRODUCED BY BEN BURK INC. BOSTON, MASS.
FULL QUART
1 QUART OLD MR. BOSTON Rock & Rye PRODUCED BY BEN BURK INC. BOSTON, MASS.

Tiresome if repeated . . .

YOUR DRINK MENU NEEDS A CHANGE, TOO

If life is just one big yawn, what you need is a strictly personal revolution. Even a king would turn rebel if he had to eat caviar every day. Your cocktail or highball isn't a joyously anticipated treat any more because you've made it monotonous. Don't blame your drink . . . *it's* you. Take your liquor taste out for a change of scene tonight. Discover all over again the old satisfaction, the keen delight, the grateful relaxation. For instance . . .

OLD MR. BOSTON APRICOT NECTAR LIQUEUR — 80 Proof

For a taste of spring in the midst of winter — Old Mr. Boston Nectar Liqueurs . . . in four delicious fruit flavors . . . Apricot, Blackberry, Wild Cherry, and Peach. You can start with any one of the four and go all sorts of places by adding congenial ingredients. The result is every bit as pleasant whether you drink these Nectar Liqueurs straight or in a highball.

OLD MR. BOSTON RYE OR BOURBON LIQUEUR — 90 Proof

Try a new version of rye or bourbon. A close relative of your old favorite but it has a new-day way with it. The only drink of its kind in the world. Delicious straight, in a highball or use this recipe.

WHISKEY SOUR—use 8 oz. glass
1½ ozs. Old Mr. Boston Rye
or Bourbon Liqueur
¾ oz. lemon juice
1 teaspoon sugar
Shake and strain. Add piece of ice and fill with seltzer. Decorate with lemon.

OLD MR. BOSTON ROCK & RYE 80 Proof

Try it for that chill — especially if the chill has gotten under your skin a bit. It's as warming, as comforting, and as easy to get on with as an old friend. *Drink it straight or in a highball. On a cold night try adding a half jigger of hot water to a jigger of Old Mr. Boston Rock and Rye.*

OLD MR. BOSTON
Fine Liquors
BEN BURK, INC., BOSTON, MASS.

Try Something Different

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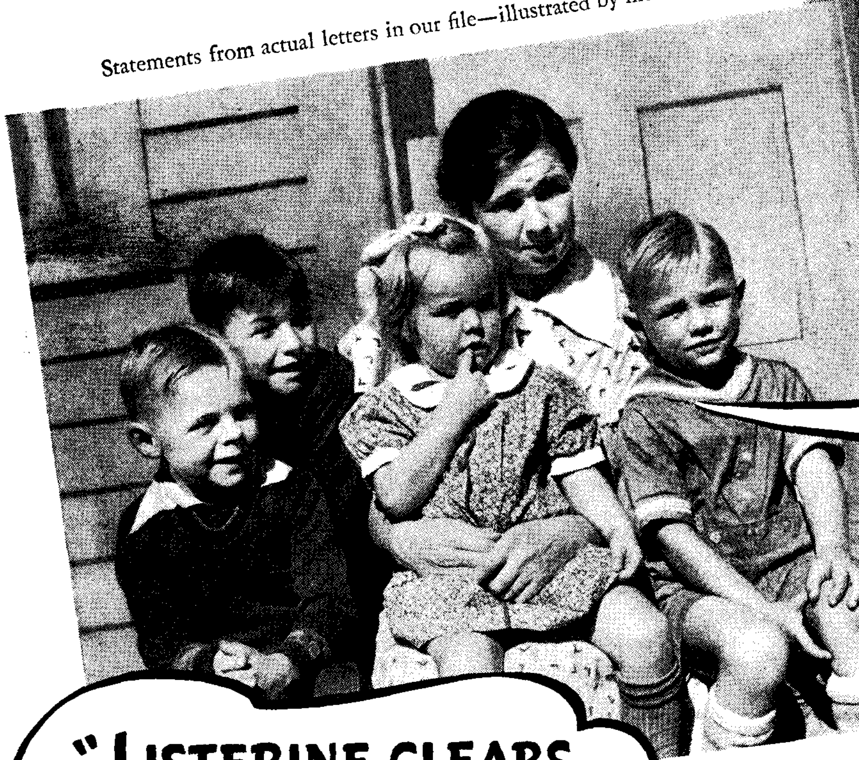
"USING LISTERINE 3 YEARS AND HAVEN'T HAD ONE COLD!"

MISS L.B., PITTSBURGH, PA.

Statements from actual letters in our file—illustrated by models



"THANKS, LISTERINE, FOR RELIEVING MY CHILDREN'S SORE THROATS"

MRS. C.B., BROOKLYN, N.Y.

"LISTERINE CLEARS HEAD INSTANTLY WHEN SPRAYED IN NOSE"

WRITES A.C. OF FLORENCE VILLA, FLA.

Treat your cold the safe way —the pleasant way!

No use treating colds and sore throat discomfort with cheap mouthwashes that irritate, burn, or nauseate.

Get at the source of irritation with Listerine, the safe antiseptic, powerful in effect yet simply delightful to taste.

Listerine Antiseptic reaches right down into the mouth and throat, and kills outright countless disease germs associated with colds and sore throat. At the same time, it kills all other types of germs commonly found in the mouth and throat.

Is it any wonder that tests showed that regular twice-a-day users of Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds and milder ones than non-users? The Listerine way is the way millions treat minor throat troubles — why not you?

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE
LAMBERT
Tested and Approved
Good Housekeeping Bureau

LISTERINE

The Trustworthy Antiseptic

WHAT OTHERS SAY:

Excerpts from letters to Lambert Pharmacal Company

- *"It's been wonderful in keeping down colds and sore throat in my family this winter (1934)."*
MRS. W. W., QUINCY, ILL.
- *"After using Listerine a few times, my father lost entirely that choking cough which kept him awake."*
MISS D. W., CHICAGO, ILL.
- *"I always have my little daughter gargle with Listerine and disinfect her hands after she has been exposed to coughs, colds and other contagious diseases."*
MRS. O. O. W., JR., DALLAS, TEX.
- *"My son contracted a severe cold followed by a throat infection, but within 24 hours after gargling with Listerine the throat showed decided improvement."*
MRS. C. E. J., MARION, IND.
- *"Listerine completely stopped my little daughter's throat troubles and accordingly stopped her colds."*
MRS. H. W. L., NEWARK, N. J.

LISTERINE
COUGH DROPS
Mentholized ★ Soothing
LISTERINE COUGH DROPS

Get the drop on your cough with the new, finer tablet wisely medicated for quick relief.

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Associate Editors

Next Week

FIRST there was an airplane falling, sickeningly rushing toward the ground. Then there were two men in the air with parachutes. One of the chutes opened.

Two of the crowd watching the crash stood close together—Rita Adams and Perry Crane. Rita's husband was one of the two men up in the air; he was also the client of Perry Crane. If he was killed, things would be easy for Perry. Otherwise—there couldn't be any otherwise. He had to be killed. Dwight Mitchell Wiley begins next week an absorbing mystery romance, "Castle Key."

"THE plumber and his helper" is the affectionate nickname in the steel regions of Pennsylvania for a double-header of rye with a beer chaser. There's been a heavy demand for plumbers recently. It goes together with the heavy smoke billowing out of furnace chimneys and the red-hot ribbons of steel that emerge from the rolling mills. Prosperity has hit the steel country. Not all the money is going over bars, either; it's being spent for cars and clothes and houses. In "Steel Is Hot" John T. Flynn takes you to see the roaring activity around Pittsburgh.

SUPPOSE, like Jimmy Brickley, you were a talent scout and a good one. Suppose you could tell infallibly who would be a success in the movies and suppose the one you spotted as potentially the most glamorous of them all was the girl you loved. If you sent her to the Coast you'd probably never see her again. It's a neat dilemma—solved satisfactorily to all in "No More Glamor," by Lucian Cary.

HAVE you ever heard of a flower stylist? They exist: men whose job it is to foretell the changing fashions in buds and produce more bountiful and colossal blooms each year. Frank J. Taylor explains their work in "Say It with Flowers."

THERE'S no tighter place for an English spy to be caught than on the German island of Norderney. There's no chance to get away. Lieutenant Falken was about ready to give up. And that's when Fräulein Elsa and the American entered the scene. The American didn't care about Britishers, and Elsa was a hundred-per-cent Nazi. In a tensely dramatic short story Edwin Muller tells you what happened.

PHYLLIS BOTTOME, Frank Condon, Ernest Haycox, Quentin Reynolds, Hugh MacNair Kahler, George Creel, Octavus Roy Cohen, Jim Marshall, Freling Foster and others contribute stories and articles. That ought to give you an idea.

This Week

February 20, 1937

Cover by Ronald McLeod

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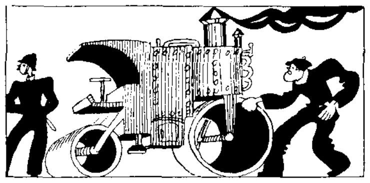
Any Week

WE WERE in Boston trying diligently to convince ourselves that perhaps, and while our back was turned, the world was making definite, permanent progress. But just then we met Mr. Victor Bertin of Quebec, Canada. Mr. Bertin was virtually an epidemic of evil tidings. Crime, he assured us, was all but rampant in his province. "For example," sighed he, "we are being compelled to take out burglary insurance on steam rollers—the government particularly, inasmuch as it owns most of the steam rollers we have. These leviathans have a maximum speed of two miles an hour. They weigh, my friend, twenty tons.



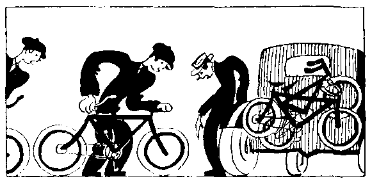
And yet they vanish. Puff—like that. Time was when they stole our steam rollers little by little—now the whistle, now this, now that, until all was gone. But no more. Today the government is searching high and low for six steam rollers which vanished overnight."

WHILE we were pondering this lamentable state of Canadian affairs we met a gentleman named Kane. Mr. Kane lives in Keene, New Hampshire. He quickly made light of Mr. Bertin's story, saying it was nothing—nothing. "Last year," said he loftily, "somebody stole five haystacks up our way. Yes, sir, five complete, whole haystacks on five consecutive nights. If you think that swiping a few steam rollers which move off under their own power is remarkable, think of making off with five huge haystacks—hay and all. Try it sometime and see for yourself."

WHILE we aren't enjoying the crime-wave flavor of this week's column, the situation is out of our control. Here's a report from Fort Smith, Arkansas, made by Miss Vilma Clarkley. She says that one Willie James was recently being tried for felling an elderly colored man with a blunt instrument. Willie was much disturbed by the prosecutor's vigor, particularly when that gentleman dwelt long and dramatically upon the danger of permitting a "father beater" to be at large for the next ten years. And presently it became entirely too much to be borne and Willie interrupted the impassioned prosecutor. "Please, suh," said Willie, "please, suh, Mist' John, 'twasn't so bad as all that. How was I to know he was my pappy? He didn't say nothin'."

WHILE we were rambling around Ohio we heard a pretty harrowing tale of a gentleman who had been made a colonel by the Honorable Ruby Laffoon when that statesman was governor of the grea-a-at state of Kentucky. At the expense of forty dollars or so this gentleman had bought new stationery and calling cards bearing his new title. And then Mr. Laffoon was succeeded by the Honorable Happy Chandler, who, at one fell but dismal swoop, abolished all the Laffoonish commissions—down to the last Laffoonish colonel. "Still," one of the bereft gentleman's acquaintances told us, "they can't rob him of his chief characteristic. They can take away the colonel but he's still a nut."

WE'VE never noticed our temperature rise as we passed those shops which inform us in huge letters that they positively must sell out to the last buttonhole because of landlord or bank trouble. Neither, hereafter, will Mrs. H. T. Hurlihy of Los Angeles, California. Mrs. Hurlihy says that she passed a shop which proclaimed that it was being forced to sell out "to the bare walls." And at enormous financial sacrifice, too. Mrs. Hurlihy noticed that after a week of frantic sacrificing the shop was as well stocked as ever. And this in spite of the daily crowds who madly exchanged dollars for half-dollar merchandise. So she did a bit of snooping. She was rewarded by seeing a large van back up to the rear door of the shop and unload enough junk to pad the walls five feet deep. Indignantly she taxed the merchants within with their duplicity. "Lady," said the boss, "I been in this business already too long to let customers beat me to the bare walls. They ain't no money in bare walls, lady."



FINALLY Mr. Ed Beesom of Portland, Oregon, thinks there is an indication of something or other in this. "Four young folks in our neighborhood have gone in for bicycling," says he. "They put their bicycles on their car and drive off twenty miles and get out and bicycle for a couple of miles and then get back in their cars and drive home all tired out." But what does Mr. Beesom expect? Where would they carry their bicycles?

ON THEIR backs?

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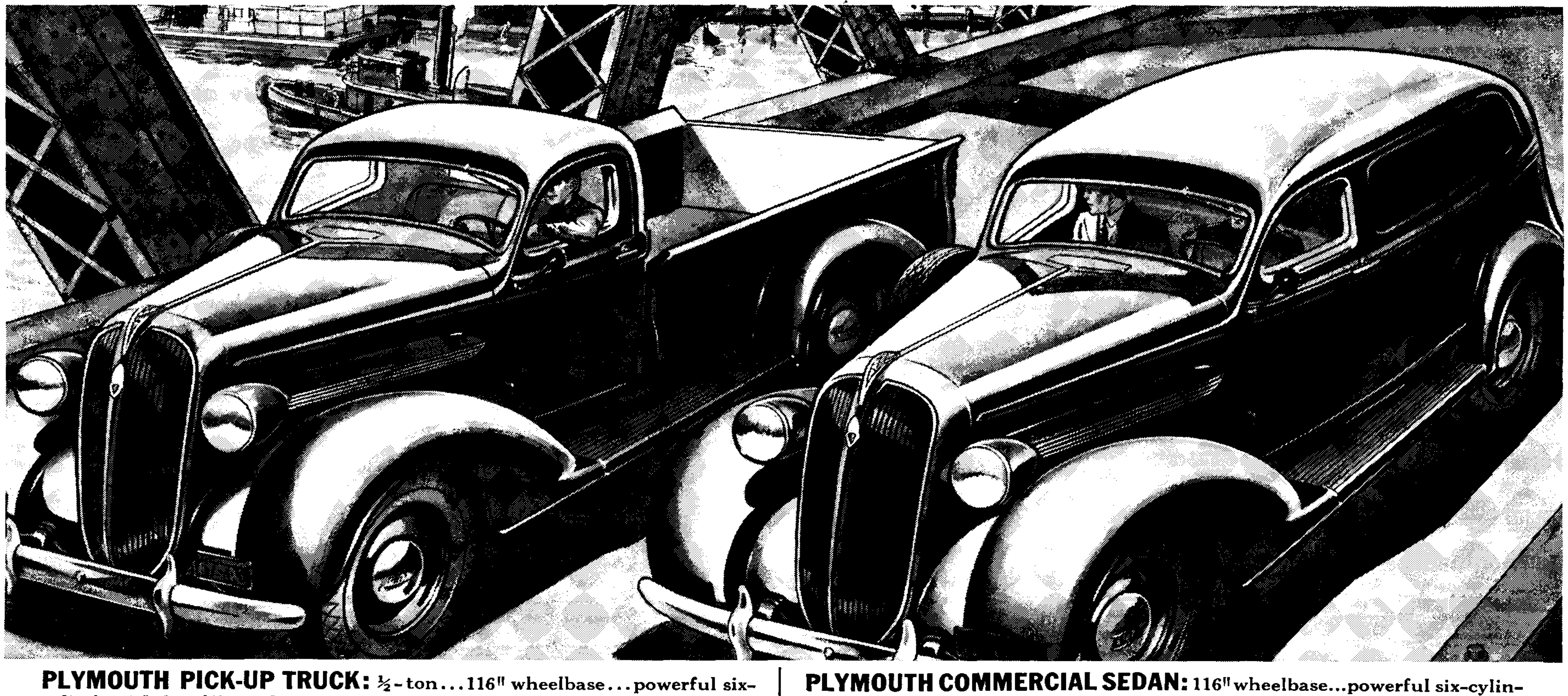
BUSINESS MEN WANTED IT... and here it is: the Economy... the Rugged Durability...the Performance features that have made Plymouth a spectacular success in the low-price passenger-car field...NOW AVAILABLE in this line of big, 116" wheelbase Commercial Vehicles. Go See Them!



PLYMOUTH PICK-UP TRUCK: ½-ton...116" wheelbase...powerful six-cylinder "L-head" truck engine...six-foot steel express body...six-inch X-braced frame with five heavy cross members.

PLYMOUTH COMMERCIAL SEDAN: 116" wheelbase...powerful six-cylinder "L-head" truck engine...ALL-STEEL body of distinctive modern design...with pay-load space 78" x 54" x 45½"—105 cubic feet.

PLYMOUTH now announces a line of big, sturdy, commercial models for fast delivery work. They are on display in Chrysler, DeSoto and Dodge showrooms.

Famed Engineering Features

These modern commercial cars are specially designed, engineered and built for this work...with the great Plymouth engineering features utilized to give the economy, reliability and long life—in commercial hauling—that have made Plymouth passenger cars famous!

There is a great, new, six-cylinder truck engine ...of simple, economical "L-head" design...with the power of highest compression (6.7 to 1) using ordinary gas...full-length water-jackets with directional circulation...valve seat inserts...four rings per piston...and a big 10" clutch.

Cabs and bodies are ALL-STEEL construction ...sturdiest and longest-lived as well as safest... brakes are genuine, DOUBLE-ACTION Hydraulic...super-strong Hypoid rear axle...big 6" truck frame...truck construction from the ground up!

Compare "All Three" low-priced commercial car lines. Check up on prices...features...performance...operating economy. See the extra value Plymouth brings to this field...the outstanding engineering, quality and workmanship that will cut your costs to a new low!

EASY TO BUY! **Plymouth Commercial cars are priced with the lowest. Low first payments and easy monthly terms offered by the Commercial Credit Company. See your Chrysler, De Soto or Dodge dealer!**

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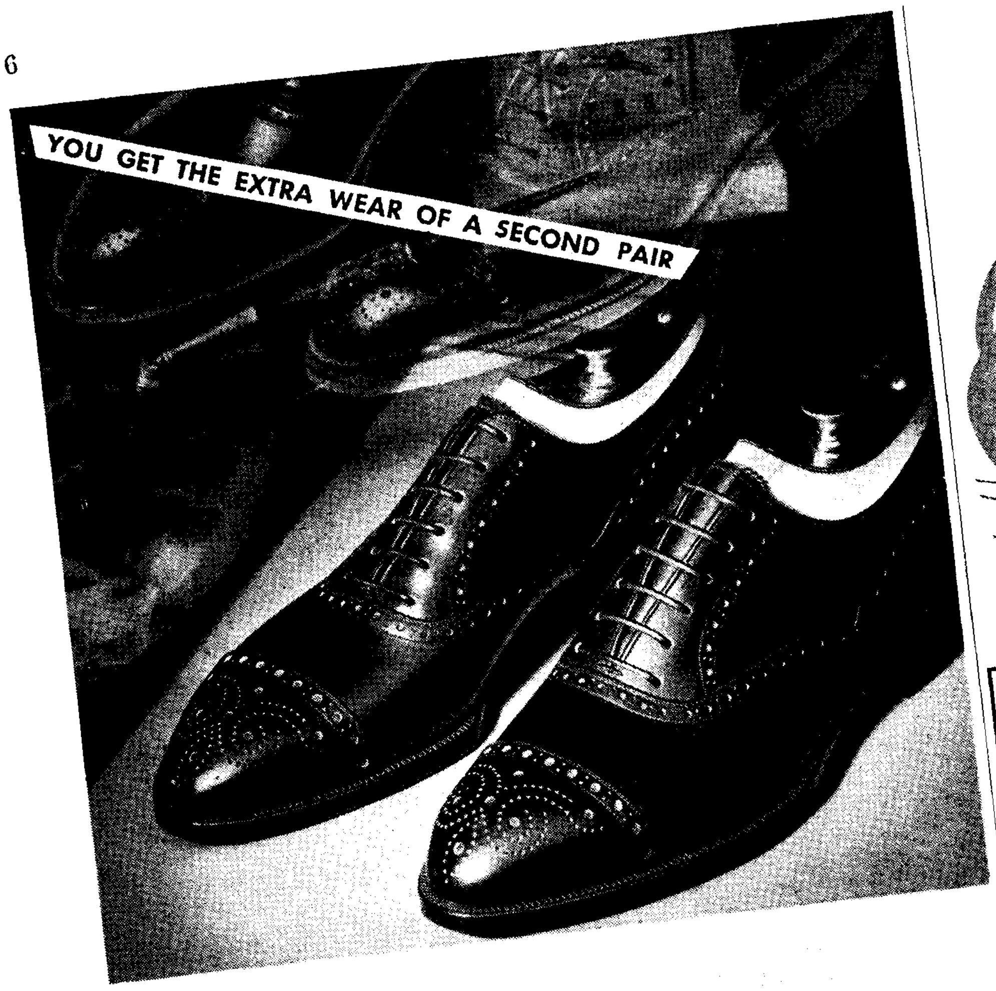

MORE *miles per pair...*
Less cost per mile

Journey's end for ordinary shoes is just a good beginning for Florsheims. Where other shoes leave off, Florsheims start delivering the extra wear of a second pair. More miles per pair—less cost per mile... that's the Florsheim creed . . . it's made this the largest fine shoe business in the world. The right word for shoe economy is Florsheim; the right place to find it is a Florsheim retailer. *Illustrated*, The LELAND, S-504, *in black Russia calf; also in brown*, S-505.

$8.75 AND $10

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SHOE

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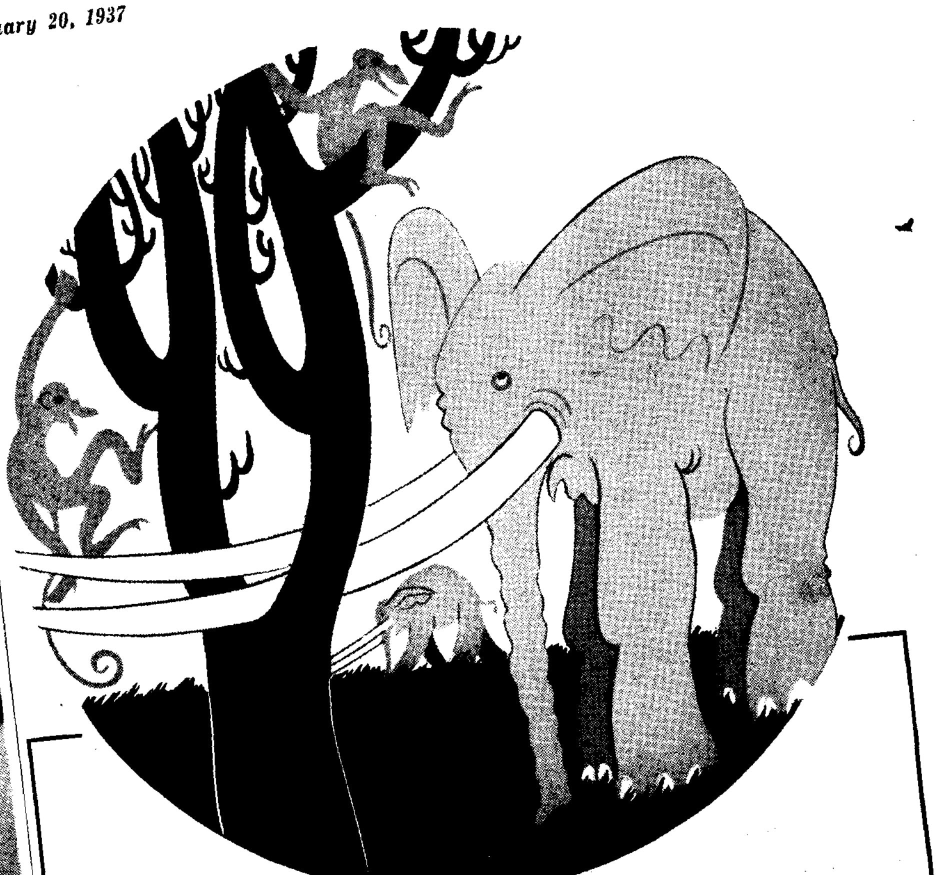

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Sometimes the tusks and horns of animals are a constant nuisance to them. Numerous African elephants have tusks so heavy—weighing from 200 pounds to 400 pounds—that the animals are frequently forced to rest them in the forks of trees, while many Hebridean rams have horns that extend so far beyond their muzzles that they cannot graze on level ground.

The courts in many states today will not free a man from further payment of alimony when his ex-wife remarries if they are convinced that the new husband is unable to support the lady in her former style and comfort. —*By Mrs. Robert Mitchell, Los Angeles, California.*

Many plant leaves when containing much starch can be used as a photographic paper. A very fair "blueprint" develops on such a leaf when it is covered by the negative, exposed to the daylight for a short time and then dipped in iodine.—*By Mrs. D. P. Marshall, Jonesboro, Arkansas.*

Up to 150 years ago most race tracks around the world permitted all spectators on horses to enter the course and to ride, during the races, directly behind the thoroughbreds. Consequently few of these horses ever had their minds on the race. Their only thought was to save their lives—from the thundering and howling mob at their heels.

Giant kelp, of the species of seaweed known as *Laminaria*, is not only the longest but one of the most valuable plants in the world. Single specimens, found in submarine forests off the coast of Japan, are often more than 1,000 feet in length and contain about $12,000 worth of iodine.—*By Howard Leslie, London, England.*

America stopped collecting "cigarette cards" about thirty years ago, when they were no longer enclosed in packages of cigarettes. But the practice of printing and saving these pictures is still popular in many lands. London not only has an annual exhibition and a magazine devoted to the hobby but also a dealer who, with a stock of 60,000,000 cards which sell from 12 cents to $700 a set, has 45,000 customers in 23 countries.

Although less than 15 per cent of the world's population can read and understand English, nearly 75 per cent of all books, magazines, newspapers, telegraphic communications, manuscripts and business and personal letters are printed or written in this language.—*By Francisco Campos, Badoc, Luzon, Philippine Islands.*

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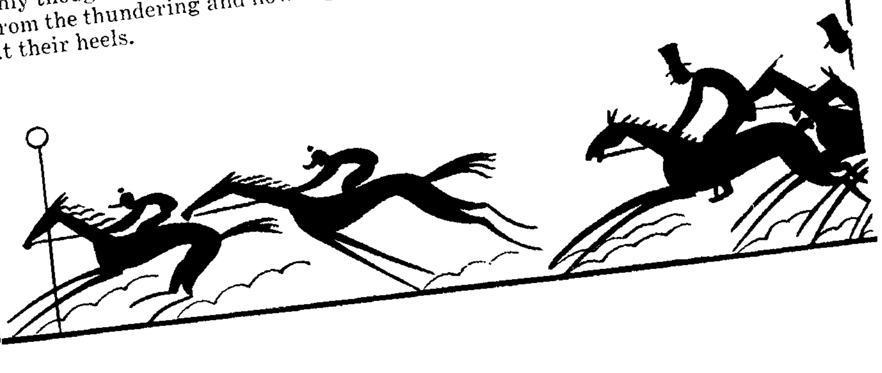


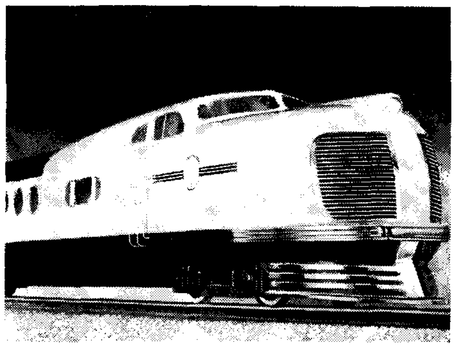
"There's Sure a Heap o' Livin' in a Pullman Car . . ."

Writes **EDGAR A. GUEST,** *Beloved American Poet*

"I reckon that in the last five years alone my Pullman travel equals five trips around the world, with enough left over for a round trip to Honolulu. I like to travel by Pullman because it's the friendly way, the comfortable way, to travel. And, what's mighty important, there's that blissful sense of security. You bet, I prefer Pullman!"

Edgar A. Guest

Mr. Guest writes as he rides.



PULLMAN FIRST AGAIN

Always alert and progressive in improving its service and equipment for the welfare of its passengers, Pullman installed the first air conditioning equipment in a railway car, the biggest single step forward in the history of travel comfort. Pullman was first to develop and build a light-weight, high-speed, streamline train. The scientific tilt of the Pullman seat, the construction of mattresses for restful sleep—these and many other improvements exemplify the advancement of Pullman travel comfort into every corner of the modern Pullman car.

• • •

European Travel Never Like This Isabelle Allen, singing star of the Opéra Comique, says: "My opera and concert work has taken me to many European countries, but I have never met the equal of Pullman standards in comfort, convenience and efficient service. Pullman travel is unique."

Easy to Travel with Children. "The kindly service one receives, and the comfort and convenience of traveling with children in a Pullman car is a delight no mother should deny herself," says Mrs. C. W. Staufenberg, club woman and civic leader, Glen Ellyn, Ill. "The reasonable cost has a strong appeal, also. We always go by Pullman."

Two nights a week, fifty-two weeks a year, Edgar A. Guest winds his watch, sets out his shoes to be shined, and rolls gratefully into bed with a "blissful sense of security"—in his air-conditioned "bedroom on wheels." He travels Pullman—Detroit to Chicago—for his weekly radio engagement. And he likes it!

The exhilarating, self-renewing comfort of Pullman travel is not an accidental thing. Pullman enlists every aid of science and engineering to bring it about, to re-construct, in railway travel, the comfort and convenience you enjoy at home . . . plus safety to passengers unequalled by any other form of scheduled transportation in the world. There was not a single fatality among Pullman passengers or employes in the 17 billion Pullman passenger miles traveled in 1935 and 1936.

Pullman travel has been substantially reduced in cost. You will find yourself able to adopt it—as so many others have—as *your* way of traveling, your means of getting from place to place in air-conditioned comfort and absolute safety. On your next trip, go the safest way!

Your ticket agent will be glad to supply you with complete information and the reasonable cost of the several types of Pullman accommodations, from the upper and lower berths to the spacious compartments and drawing rooms. Or write

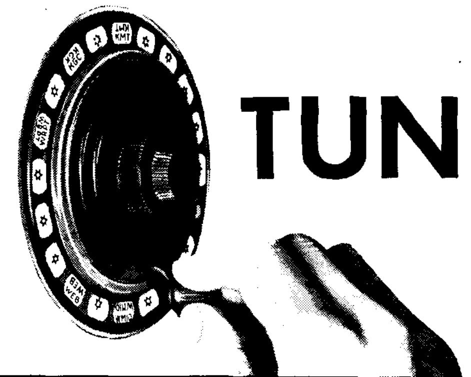
THE PULLMAN COMPANY, CHICAGO

PULLMAN AND RAIL—THE SAFE WAY TO GO AND THE SURE WAY TO GET THERE

TRAVEL AND SLEEP IN PULLMAN SAFETY AND COMFORT

PHILCO AUTOMATIC TUNING

Faster than dialing a 'phone . . .
and you always get your station!



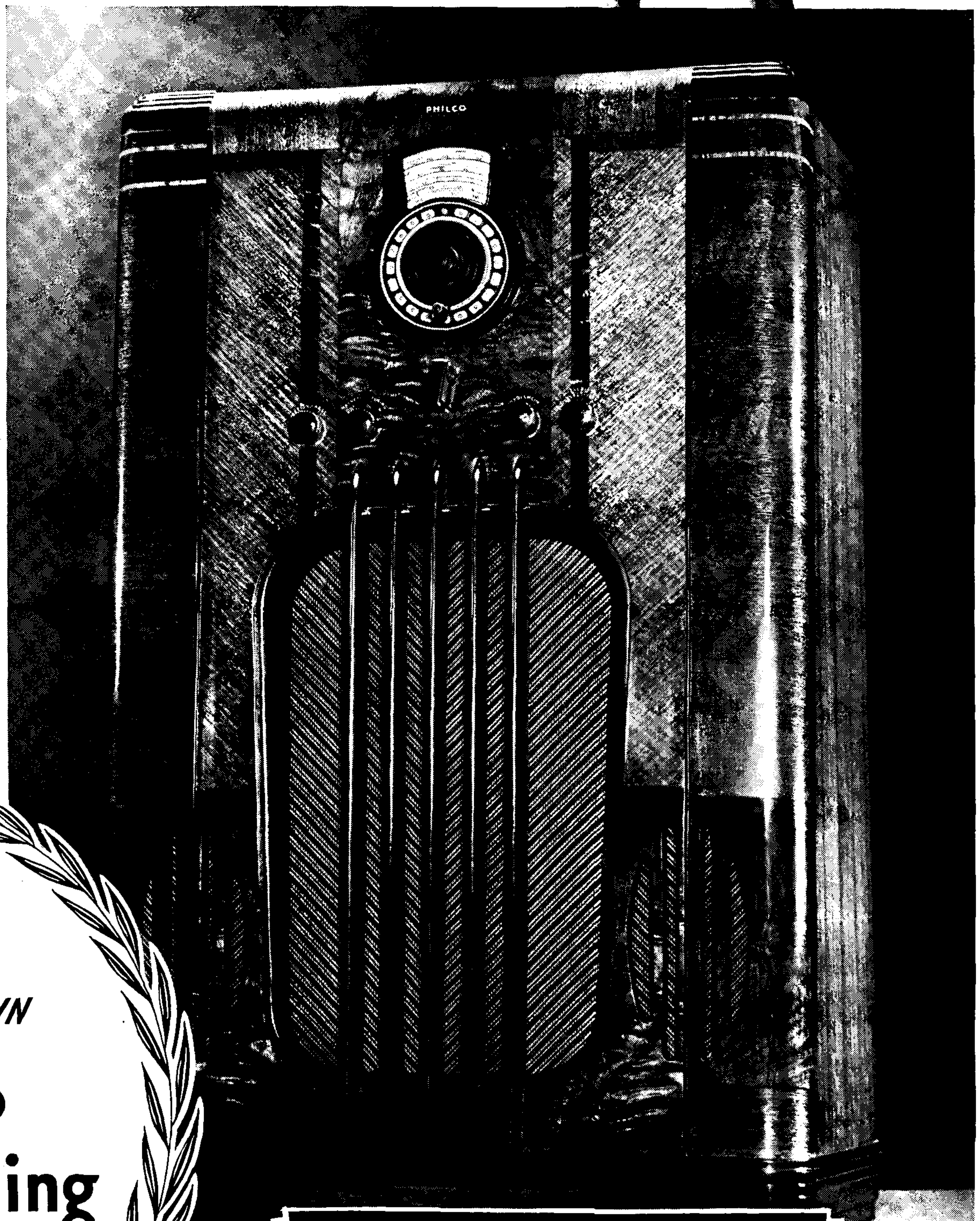
Walk up to an Automatic Tuning Philco . . . and there you see the call letters of the favorite stations in your vicinity spaced around a dial very much like that on an automatic telephone.

But getting a station is much simpler and faster than getting a telephone number. One glance shows the call letters of the station you want. A flick of your finger . . . and CLICK . . . there it is! Tuned *instantly, silently, perfectly!*

One motion is all you need make. Back of the dial the invisible fingers of Philco Magnetic Tuning complete the job with infallible precision. The program comes in more perfectly tuned than eye or ear could do it . . . and it stays perfectly tuned as long as you choose to listen!

What about stations you tune less frequently?

Nine hours out of ten you will use Philco Automatic Tuning. But when you want American stations that you do not listen to regularly . . or overseas stations . . . you simply tune the regular way . . . foreign stations *by name.* And once you have the station . . . either at home or abroad . . you simply turn on Philco Magnetic Tuning for the greatest possible accuracy, the most perfect reception and the finest possible tone!



A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT OF QUALITY

$10 DOWN puts Philco Automatic Tuning in your home

Now . . . with a down payment of only $10 . . . you can have an Automatic Tuning Philco installed and playing in your home! By special arrangement with the Commercial Credit Company, your Philco dealer will accept a 10% down payment on any Automatic Tuning Philco . . . from the 9X at $100 to the 690X at $375. See your classified telephone directory for your Philco dealer.

For as Little as $19.50 Down . . . your Philco dealer will install the famous Philco 116X De Luxe (illustrated above). In this model Philco Automatic Tuning is combined with Philco High-Fidelity and the Philco Foreign Tuning System! Favorite American Stations are tuned *automatically!*

You enjoy all the realism of Philco High-Fidelity reception with all the tones *and overtones* that make voices and instruments so thrillingly true to life. Acoustic Clarifiers eliminate "boom" from the low notes, while every note is brought up to ear level by the Philco Inclined Sounding Board. Five Spread-Band Tuning Ranges cover all that's interesting in the air . . . with all important overseas stations named, located and spread six times farther apart on the Philco Spread-Band Dial!

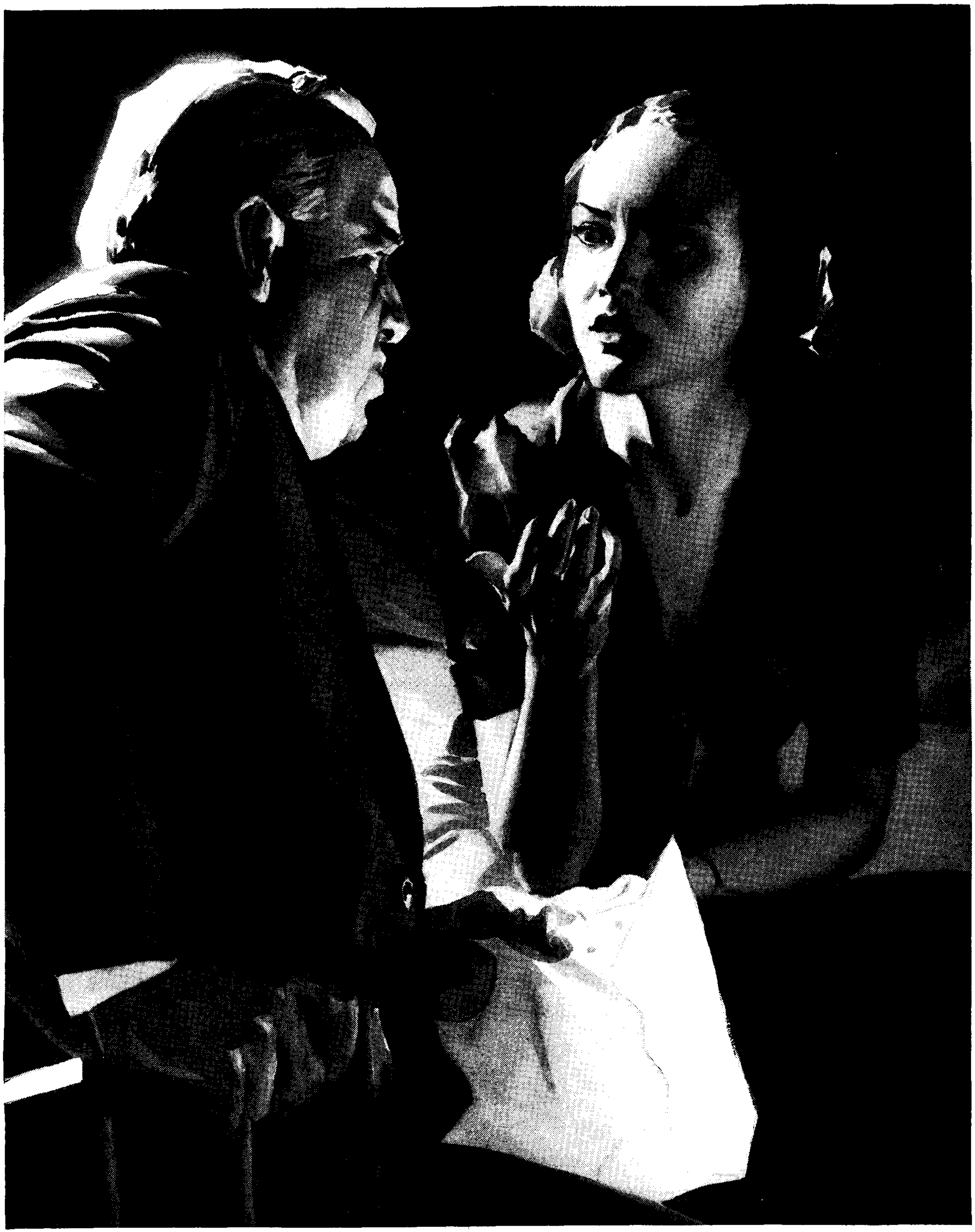
PHILCO TABLE MODELS . . . $20 and up • PHILCO CONSOLE MODELS . . . $42.50 and up • PHILCO AUTO RADIOS . . . $39.95 and up • *All prices less Aerial*

The Good Prospect

By Thomas Walsh

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

Joe Nolan needed a friend, and Frederick Cramer seemed to fill the bill. Joe wondered why. He got his answer in a way that makes this one of the most dramatic stories you've ever read



In the quiet room, she forced herself to remember. "The secret?" McCann asked

McCANN should have passed the buck with this girl whose name was Elizabeth Nolan, who was thin and tired-looking and too worried to be pretty, who faced him across the table and spoke in a low voice, her dark eyes fixed on him, her breathing unsteady despite the way she fought to control it. McCann should have used his head; he should have told her that the precinct house was no place to come with her story. Missing Persons, downtown, handled those jobs. This Joe, this husband of hers who hadn't come home last night—well, there wasn't anything mysterious about him, or his reasons, or his absence. He'd married her, yes. And then he'd lost his job, and there was a baby on the way, and things got so tough this Joe just ducked out. That happened—oh, a hundred times a year, and there wasn't a thing in the world McCann could do about it. Not a thing.

But McCann didn't tell her those things, of course; he couldn't, maybe, because she reminded him of his own Edie, and maybe because twenty years on the Force hadn't hardened his heart.

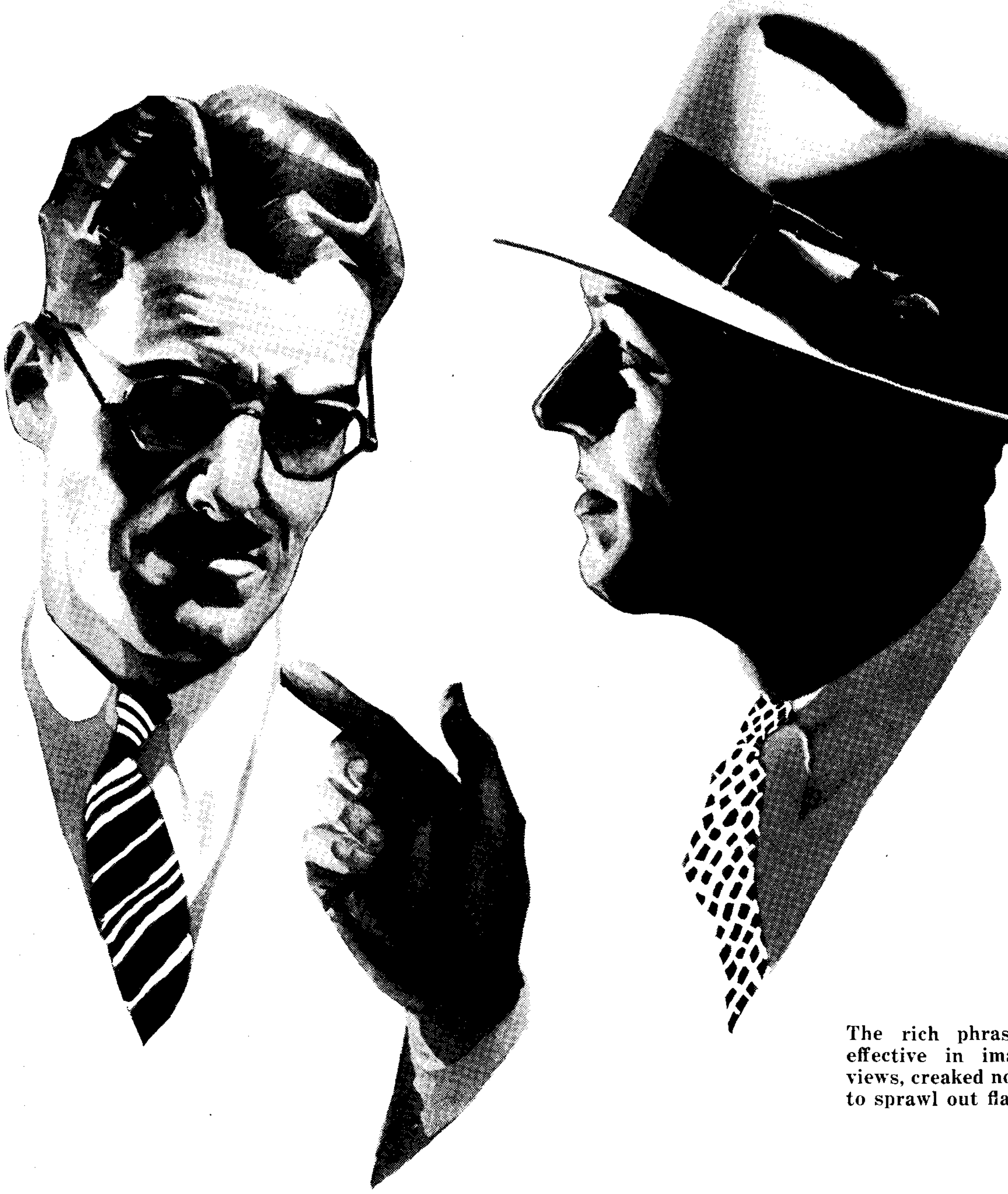
She had a picture—a small snapshot—and as McCann looked at it she tried to supplement the photo haltingly. Joe Nolan was twenty-four, five feet ten, a hundred and forty-five pounds. He had dark hair and eyes, no distinguishing marks. He was, or three months before he had been, an accountant. Then he'd lost his job, and he hadn't been able to find another, not in that line. He'd tried, of course, but in the end he had answered an ad in the paper. Jarrett and Sons wanted salesmen; it was May, and soon people would be buying electric refrigerators.

Joe Nolan didn't believe everything in the ad, of course. He thought he might, with luck, sell two refrigerators a week. That didn't seem very difficult at first, because everybody at Jarrett's was very nice, and they even had a school to train men who had no experience. There was no salary; but every refrigerator he sold would give him a straight ten per cent commission. Two would mean something close to forty a week.

"And there'll be more some weeks," Elizabeth told him, very surely. "People like you, Joe. You get on well with them. I know you're going to make out fine."

Joe thought so too, before doors began to close against him, before people said, "No, no," and slammed them without even listening to what he had to say: before little white cards, stuck up neatly over the bell, said salesmen or canvassers needn't ring, before Joe knew what he was up against. There were eight men in Joe's crew, and that first month there were only two refrigerators sold. Neither of them was credited to him.

But the beginning was, their crew manager insisted, the most difficult time.



The rich phrases, so subtly effective in imaginary interviews, creaked now, and seemed to sprawl out flatly before him

He was a short, jolly little man, named Russell, and he never lost heart.

That was fine until Joe came home, alone, at night. Elizabeth always came out to the landing after he rang, and leaned over the railing, so that he could see her face dimly against the high shadows that hovered in the stairwell above her. He knew what she came out for, although she never asked; after he'd climbed up the stairs and kissed her he'd be very cheerful about some new prospects, about people who were going to buy, next week, next month. Most of the time he had no prospects; and when he contacted the Cramers, when they got interested, he didn't say a word about them, because it seemed almost too good to be true, and because he didn't want Elizabeth to know a thing about it until he had the papers signed and the deposit in his pocket. It was, till then, to be a secret.

McCANN turned in the information he had to the Missing Persons Bureau that morning; and then, since he didn't have much to do, since the pinched face of Elizabeth Nolan, so like his oldest, his Edie, if she were worried and alone, plagued him, he stopped in at Jarrett's, though he was sure it wasn't going to do him any good. The crew had just returned from canvassing; they were in the basement, in the employees' quarters, listening to a brisk and hearty little man named Russell, who was giving them what sounded to McCann like a pep talk. He wasn't greatly concerned over Joe Nolan, for he knew fellows like that were drifters. They came and went. They never got anywhere. Eying the crew, Mr. Russell said he had a good idea why Joe Nolan hadn't come to work that morning. Probably he had just lay down and quit, like a yellow dog.

McCann didn't like this Russell much; he didn't tell him that Joe Nolan hadn't been home either. "Keep your lip buttoned, mister," he said, "or someday someone might button it for you."

The hospitals and the morgue were out too, he discovered later that afternoon. Nobody resembling Joe Nolan had been in an accident, or taken to either place, and that, McCann thought, was all he could be expected to do for her. It was up to the Missing Persons Bureau now, and when he stopped in to see Elizabeth Nolan later that afternoon he meant it to be only for a moment.

The chances were, he said, that everything was going to be all right. But a little thing sometimes gave them a lead; and if she could think of anything unusual he'd done, any remark he'd made, it might help them. If they had money in the bank, and he'd taken that—

He hadn't. She got the bankbook from the bureau drawer, and showed it to McCann, without seeming to understand what he meant by the remark. Their one room and kitchenette faced east; it was shadowed now and hot, its windows looking out over back yards and clotheslines.

Across from him, on a couch that at night must be their bed, Elizabeth Nolan folded a letter over and over in her slim fingers. It had come that afternoon, addressed to Joe, from his old firm; and she had opened it because she was afraid, because she hoped it— Her lips quivered wordlessly.

Muttering something, McCann took it from her hand. Four or five typewritten lines were all it contained, and as he read them he cleared his throat, for he could see easily how this would make her feel—now, when Joe had not been home. Due, it said, to the improvement in business conditions, they were able to take on their old employees again. Mr. Nolan's former job was waiting for him, at the same salary; he could report Monday morning, at nine sharp.

McCann tried to change the look on her face by questioning her gently again. But she could recall nothing, save that once or twice he'd been—queer, teasing her about a secret that he couldn't tell to anyone, not yet. In the quiet room, desperately, she forced herself to remember. "The secret?" McCann asked.

MR. RUSSELL was a convincing man. He could make you see how the law of averages always worked out, how the whole thing was mathematical. He could tell the crew now that a hundred thousand electric refrigerators would be sold in the city that summer. All over, people would be looking at Jarrett's newspaper display, and wishing they had one. There was the market; all the crew had to do was bring it into the open. If they rang enough doorbells—

Joe thought that perhaps he hadn't been ringing enough doorbells. The crew canvassed in the morning, from nine to twelve, because the housewives had their husbands and kids out of the way then, and were nearly always at home, cleaning the house up. Mr. Russell, from his wide experience, knew it was the best time to get them to answer the door. Afternoons were no good. They were taking a nap then, or out to the movies—they rarely answered rings. So afternoons the crew hung around the store, or followed up earlier prospects, or even called on friends, for Mr. Russell could show you that if they were good friends they'd only be too glad to help you. Some afternoons, if you were worried about your wife, and about a bankbook that had less than eighty dollars in it, you might have done the thing Joe Nolan did. You might have gone out and canvassed alone, to make sure that you'd ring enough doorbells.

The second afternoon Joe did that, he rang the Cramers' doorbell. It was a porched brick house, one of a row of porched brick houses in a quiet suburban street. The first moment, after Mrs. Cramer opened the door, went like all the others—the countless others. Mrs. Cramer took the folder and the cards he held out, said curtly, "Not interested," and started to close the door. Then for some reason, looking at his face, she stopped.

SHE was a tall woman, dark and thirty, with sullen black eyes and a narrow sullen mouth. There was something odd about the way she looked at him, as if she weren't listening to his words, as if she were puzzled by something about him. But Joe was too busy talking to pay much attention to that—he scarcely noticed it, absorbed in the effort of remembering Mr. Russell's words of advice, and how they should always harp on economy, economy, economy, when they spoke to women. He wasn't quite sure that it was the right method to adopt with Mrs. Cramer; she didn't seem to be listening to him at all. But Mr. Russell, after all, knew his business, because Mrs. Cramer admitted, when he'd finished, that she'd been thinking of buying a refrigerator; they needed one; if he came to talk to her husband some evening that week perhaps they could reach an agreement.

They didn't, not that first night. William Frederick, Mr. Cramer, was a dark man just his own size, only two or three years older. He had a clipped mustache, and horn-rimmed glasses, with an expression in the eyes behind them that Joe couldn't place. Fright, he might have said, if that hadn't been absurd. Once, indeed, turning suddenly with his big leather sales book, he saw them staring at each other silently, with a touch of amazement. But Joe put that down to his nerves; he was shaky all the time he was talking. The rich, telling phrases of Mr. Russell, so effective and subtly eloquent in imaginary interviews, creaked now, and seemed to sprawl out flatly before him.

But Mr. Cramer soon became friendly; he made Joe a highball, and asked him about his work. He supposed that the salesmen turned in their list of prospects at the store, so that their manager could check them every so often, and find out how they followed up their openings. Wasn't that the way they worked? He didn't know until Joe told him what some stores did—waited until a fellow had supplied them with a lot of leads, and then fired him before he could make the sale. With the names and addresses in the file, the manager got the credit, and the sale; the store saved the commission. Mr. Cramer nodded. His name, then, wouldn't be turned in by Joe?

Joe grinned slightly. "Not until I make the sale—if I do."

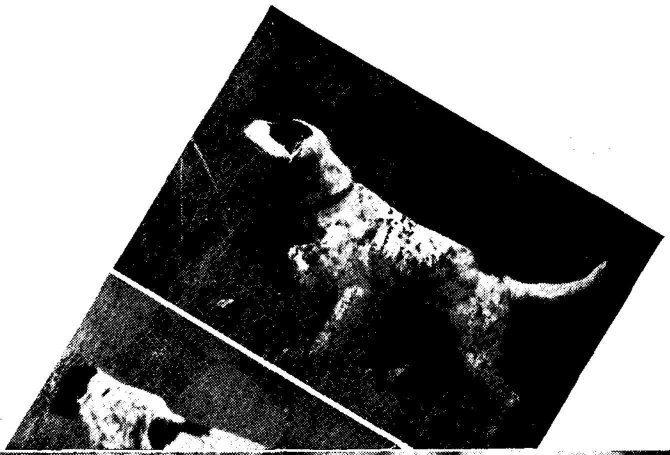
Mr. Cramer assured him that he would

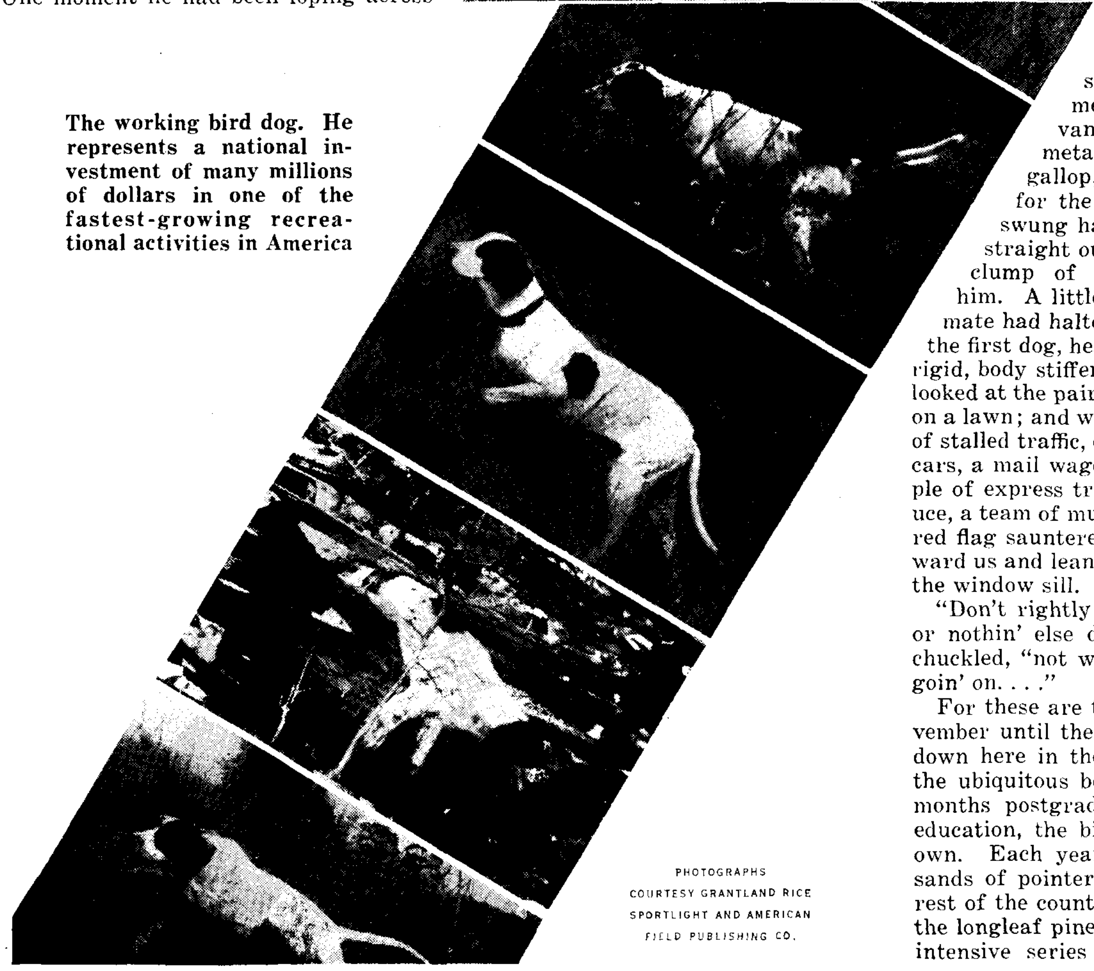
(Continued on page 50)

Caution: Dogs at Work

No disturbance, please, the field trials are on. Don't distract the dogs. And by dogs we mean bird dogs. They are objects of pride and joy and fierce affection. Sometimes, as a by-product, birds are bagged, but that's not important. What's important is form

By Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain





The working bird dog. He represents a national investment of many millions of dollars in one of the fastest-growing recreational activities in America

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY GRANTLAND RICE SPORTLIGHT AND AMERICAN FIELD PUBLISHING CO.

AT FIRST we thought there had been a bad smashup ahead. Men with red flags were halting cars along the broad cement highway, a long file of automobiles was drawn up at the roadside in front of us, a state trooper on a motorcycle thudded toward us, waving his arm warningly as we approached. We tapped the brakes and halted, peering ahead curiously. A washout in the road perhaps? A stick-up? A lynching? The man with the red flag trotted past us, and we cranked down a window: "What's up?"

"They'll be coming through any minute," he called over his shoulder, hastening on down the highway to flag a cross-country bus. "Just take it easy in case they cross the road."

A whistle sounded shrilly in the distance. Men in the line of parked cars began to open doors and stand on running boards, or clamber onto the roofs of trucks and station wagons in order to see better across the rolling Carolina sand hills, tan and green with sedge and longleaf pine. A little murmur ran through the crowd as a group of men on horseback rose over the brow of the hill at our left. Abruptly the leader reined in and rose in his stirrups.

"Po-o-oi-nt!" he shouted.

And then we saw the dog. Before us, some hundred yards across the sedge, a liver-and-white pointer had halted—a better word would be exploded—into utter rigidity, as though suddenly charged by ten thousand volts of electricity. One moment he had been loping across the field in long, easy strides; the next moment he seemed to be galvanized from flesh into metal, stopped dead in mid-gallop, his hind legs drawn up for the next spring, his head swung halfway around, his tail straight out, his eyes locked on a clump of blackjack oak before him. A little to the rear, his brace mate had halted in exact imitation of the first dog, head up and forward, tail rigid, body stiffened and very still. We looked at the pair, as unreal as iron dogs on a lawn; and we looked at the long line of stalled traffic, commercial and private cars, a mail wagon, a school bus, a couple of express trucks loaded with produce, a team of mules. The man with the red flag sauntered back up the road toward us and leaned an elbow amiably on the window sill.

"Don't rightly matter about business or nothin' else down here, mister," he chuckled, "not when they's a field trial goin' on. . . ."

For these are the dog days, from November until the end of February; and down here in the quail country, where the ubiquitous bobwhite offers a three-months postgraduate course in canine education, the bird dog comes into his own. Each year thousands and thousands of pointers and setters from the rest of the country head for the land of the longleaf pine, ready to engage in an intensive series of local field trials—competitions under practical hunting conditions to test the qualities of the dogs—which reach their height at the end of each season in the Nationals in Tennessee. These Grand Junction trials late in February are the World Series of field-dog competition, roughly what the Hambletonian is to trotting races or what the Six-Day Bike Race is to insomnia; and they mark the annual climax of a new national sport which has already extended from British Columbia to Florida and which is perhaps the fastest-growing recreational activity in the United States today. "Almost four hundred field trials this year," gloats Mr. F. M. Young, editor of the American Field, incidentally the oldest sportsman's newspaper in America, "some fifteen thousand starters, an increase in ten years of over a thousand per cent. And the sport is just getting under way. . . ."

Fifteen thousand dogs; and yet these trained field-trial performers are but a tiny fraction of the total number of gun dogs in the country—merely the class of a field of something like two and a half million sporting dogs used by American sportsmen in uplands and marshes and waterways today. There are the greater bird dogs, for example, the pointers and the setters, which are used almost exclusively for upland game birds. There are the hundreds of thousands of spaniels—the cocker, English springer, field, clumber and Sussex—which flush game

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The Mission of Japan

By Winston Churchill

"The salvation of the entire human race is the mission of our Empire." That is one of the ideas impressed upon the youth of Japan. Since the population of the islands is increasing a million each year, there is a formidable force of missionaries to carry it out. In realistic terms Winston Churchill, the distinguished British statesman, discusses ways of relieving the pressure in the East before it causes an explosion

IF I were asked what answer I should make to those amiable gentlemen who, in America as in England, are now preaching, under the name of Christian pacifism, the extreme Quaker doctrine of non-resistance, I would turn to the map of the world. The answer lies there, in a little group of islands in the Pacific, of which very few people had ever heard until Commodore Perry of the United States Navy paid them a call with four ships in 1853. These islands are known today as the Empire of Japan. The impact of the machine age upon older cultures has had many strange results. But in Japan there have followed from it the most fantastic, and it may be the most momentous consequences of all. Other races suffered grudgingly the lessons of the West. Japan embraced them eagerly. But she learned only what served her own will and purpose.

We are therefore confronted with the spectacle of a great nation, equipped with all the apparatus of modern industrialism and the complete armory of mechanized war, which is in spirit as far removed from the West, whose technical achievements it has copied, as are the Middle Ages from our own. Many Japanese speak English. But they do not think our thoughts. They worship at other shrines; profess another creed; observe a different code. They can no more be moved by Christian pacifism than wolves by the bleating of sheep. We have to deal with a people whose values are in many respects altogether different from our own. We have to deal with a nation in which the Army is the State, and the Emperor is God.

To the English-speaking nations history is mainly the story of the white races. We remember the Persian Empire because its hordes broke themselves in vain against the Greeks; Carthage because for a time she challenged the power of Rome; the Mongols because they nearly conquered Europe. We forget that civilization existed in Asia centuries before it reached the Mediterranean, and that for many centuries more, white supremacy, even in Europe—that "little peninsula of the Asiatic continent"—hung precariously in the balance. It is, therefore, perhaps difficult for us to realize that we are in the presence of claims to world leadership by peoples of another color. Yet that is the position today. Japan conceives herself paramount in the Pacific. She has formulated a Monroe Doctrine for the Far East.

Responsible Japanese writers go still farther. "There are voices which cry: 'Great Japan is the Land of the Gods!'" Dr. Kakehi writes: "The expansion of Japan throughout the world and the elevation of the entire world into the Land of the Gods is the urgent business of the present and, again, it is our eternal and unchanging object." Leading Japanese preach "Kodo," or, as it is sometimes called, "the Kingly Way." "Kodo, which may be defined as the harmonious fusion of the true spirit underlying the foundation of the country and the great ideal of the Japanese nation," says General Araki, "is of such substance that it should be spread and expanded all over the world and every impediment to it brushed aside, if need be by force. . . . The countries of the Far East are the object of pressure by the white race. But awakened Japan can tolerate no further tyranny and oppression at their hands."

"It is now most clear," declares Dr. Uesugi Shinkicki, "that the salvation of the entire human race is the mission of our empire." It is upon such ideas that the youth of Japan is nurtured. From childhood the Japanese are taught reverence for and implicit obedience to a Divine Emperor. They are taught that they also are descendants of the gods and partakers in a divine destiny. Religion and patriotism are one. I encountered fanaticism in arms during the Nile campaign, and on the northwest frontier of India. It was formidable. But here is fanaticism allied to the most remarkable technical achievement and driven inexorably on by the urge of national necessity. At the back of these "missionary" ideas—these dreams of the Kingly Way—are inescapable facts.

Japan, with a cultivable area less than half that of the state of California, has a population of nearly seventy millions. Four Japanese babies are born every minute, the death rate is slowing down, and the annual increase of population amounts to about a million. By 1960 there will be, if this rate of growth is maintained, close to a hundred million Japanese, and Japan will be the third largest of the great nations.

In order to feed even her present population, Japan depends upon foreign trade. But markets are being closed to her by countries which see, in the cheapness of her products, the destruction of their own industrial and social standards. "Even if I stole my raw material and did not pay my employees anything, I could not compete at such prices," says a French textile manufacturer. Emigration offers no solution. Japanese immigrants are no more welcome than Japanese goods. And both on the Pacific coast of America and Canada and in Australia there is a strong white sentiment which would, in any case, be hostile to Japanese settlement.

Therefore, Japan must expand. She must establish "spheres of influence" where her surplus population can make new homes for themselves, where the products of Japanese factories will find an assured market, and from which she may draw supplies of food and raw materials. At the moment China offers the most profitable field of exploitation. Japan does not want to conquer China. She does not need to conquer China. But she can assist, and she is assisting, in the breaking up of China into a collection of autonomous states, none of which will be able to stand alone, and all of which will be susceptible to Japanese pressure. The old Roman maxim, "Divide and govern," is being applied with a new and truly Oriental subtlety. That is why any suggestion of British or American assistance, which might tend to strengthen central government in China, is so bitterly resented. "Japan," wrote the Asahi newspaper, when an international loan was discussed, "holds the view that Japan should not co-operate in China on an equal footing with Great Britain and the United States. Japan should consider co-operation only when she is recognized as being in a position of leadership."

No doubt there is anti-Japanese feeling in China. But it is not so widespread or intense as we imagine. Is it not confined, very largely, to professors who have been educated in America or Europe and those whom they are able to influence? They are gradually increasing their influence in the central and provincial governments of China. More and more, important posts are falling into their hands. This tendency will increase rather than diminish. The Japanese authorities are actively encouraging Chinese students to complete their education in Japan. Japan's task in China is made easy. Nor has she anything to fear from the peasant. He tills his soil and raises his children, and is content while famine is kept at bay. But China is only a beginning. It provides a market for Japanese goods, it supplies raw materials, but does it satisfy the ambitions of the "sons of the gods"? Today Japan stands where Rome did when she first looked beyond the bounds of Italy. Like Rome, she is trained for war; like Rome, she brings to the business of war an aptitude and a zest that bode ill for those who rate her too lightly.

It may be, of course, that the Japanese penetration of China will not be completed without war, whether between Japan and Russia or between Japan and China or part of China. A China-Japanese war could have only one issue—the submission of China. A struggle with the Soviets would be more dangerous. But neither side would embark lightly upon such a conflict. Russia has too much to lose from attack by Germany while her forces are engaged elsewhere; Japan has too much to gain by delay. Japan, indeed, is probably perfectly honest when she says that she does not wish for war. It would, from her point of view, be better if she were allowed, without challenge, to build up such a preponderance of force as to render futile any resistance to her demands by other Pacific Ocean powers.

In war with any Western nation Japan would have considerable advantage.

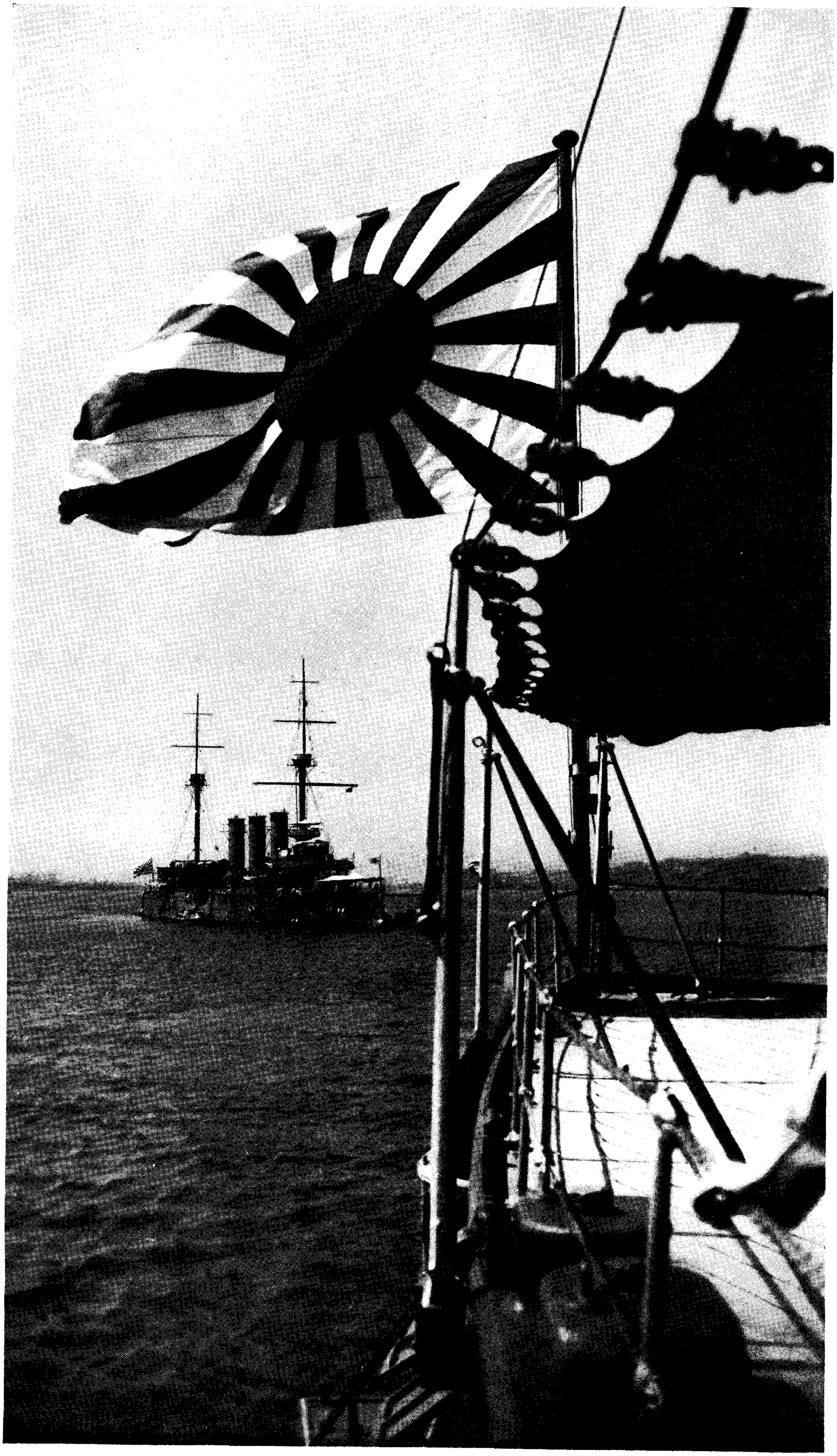
While the English-speaking nations have been cutting each other down in a struggle for meaningless parity, Japan has made herself effectively mistress of the Yellow Seas

England, for instance, has never yet fought a war of which some section of her population did not disapprove. When we were engaged in a life-and-death struggle with Germany, there were persons who clamored for a negotiated peace, and whose pacifist activities were a constant embarrassment to the government. There were profiteers who saw in national emergency only an unexampled opportunity for private gain. There were workmen who went on strike. Such things could not happen in present-day Japan. In time of war, government control could be made absolute within twenty-four hours and with a minimum of friction.

Today, also, there are in Europe and America revolutionary movements to which war would offer a longed-for opportunity. In some countries these wreckers work in the full light of day; in others they have been driven underground. But they exist everywhere. And everywhere they would try to repeat, at some crisis of war, the strategy of Lenin in 1917. Japan has nothing to fear from that source. She has had Communists, but when faced with a definite choice between Mikado and Marx they almost invariably acknowledge the Divine Emperor. The whole nation holds the idea of suicide in honor. Many former revolutionaries indeed have committed suicide in penitence for their error.

No one can say that the rise of Japan to the rank of a modern first-class power has not been encouraged, fostered and aided by the two great English-speaking powers. In fact, Great Britain and the United States have for a century been the sponsors and backers of Japan. The alliance between Britain and Japan tided Japan over the most critical period in her destiny. That alliance was abandoned. It was not abandoned because of any lack of sympathy between Great Britain and Japan; but only because of a growing tension between Japan and the United States. The settled purpose of Great Britain is not to pursue any aim which might fundamentally divide the English-speaking world. For many reasons the Anglo-Japanese alliance was beneficial not only to Great Britain, but to the whole relationship of European powers to Asia. Nevertheless, we allowed the treaty to lapse in 1919 and merged it in the wider, but far less sharply focused, four-power Pacific agreement. It was a concession made by Great Britain to the public opinion of the United States. That the severing of the ties between Great Britain and Japan was a misfortune to the world cannot be doubted. It may well lead to a tragic chapter of history. It was certainly a far smaller misfortune than an unnatural antagonism between the British and American peoples. Action earns its own consequences. No one knows what the consequences of the opposite

(Continued on page 42)



WIDE WORLD

I Love You Again

By Octavus Roy Cohen

The Story Thus Far:

WHILE returning to New York after a Caribbean cruise, Larry Wilson is knocked unconscious while saving a fellow passenger, Jason Rountree, from drowning. When he finally recovers, he learns that he—George Carey, *not* "Larry Wilson"—has been a victim of amnesia. He can remember *nothing of the past eight years!* His last memory is that, as George Carey, he was in Warwick, Ohio, carrying a pay roll of $25,000. What has happened to the money?

Evidence in his stateroom convinces him that he is married to a girl named "Kay," who is to meet him when he lands. Rountree counsels him to keep his secret until he is sure of his past.

A few days later he is in the small Southern city of Habersham. And he is in a frightful predicament: One Ted Courtney has been murdered. There is only one suspect—Duncan Campbell, son of the financial backer of Larry Wilson's real-estate and insurance firm. Campbell insists that, at the time of the killing, he and Larry Wilson were together.

Rountree is in Habersham as Carey's guest. Playing the detective, he learns that Rita, Duncan Campbell's gorgeous wife, had been having a secret affair with Courtney. But she has a perfect alibi. It is, therefore, up to "Larry Wilson" to clear young Campbell. And he cannot even *remember* Duncan Campbell!

Alone in his bedroom, Carey hears the door open. Kay enters. "I've got to talk to you," she says calmly. "It's the first time we've really been alone together."

IV

SAVE for the whir of an occasional passing automobile and the cheery song of a lone mockingbird in the tree just outside the window of Larry's bedroom, the neighborhood was quiet. And inside the room things were quiet, too; so quiet that Larry fidgeted uncomfortably and walked around the room, and then—because there was nothing else to do—seated himself so that he faced his wife.

The situation frightened him. She was his wife—he reminded himself—and therefore she accepted their present intimacy matter-of-factly. The odd thing was that he did not—and could not—regard himself as her husband. She was a stranger: a beautiful stranger, but nevertheless a person unknown to him. And she affected him profoundly. In her quiet gray eyes there was mystification and hurt. He knew that she wanted to help . . . and he knew that he dared not confide in her. Not yet, at any rate. Jason was right, of course. A few days—a week or so—until the past could be investigated, until he could learn more about his life as Larry Wilson.

She continued to regard him wordlessly, and he experienced an uncomfortable sense of guilt. He wondered whether, from an ethical standpoint, he should say to her, "You shouldn't be here—this way. I don't know you." He had dreaded this inevitable moment, and knew that he must not act on impulse; that he must weigh every word. He knew what he must and must not do, and he knew that he could control his actions. But he knew also that he could not control his acute consciousness of her femininity.

She said, at length, "Well?"

"Well—what?"

"Don't you think it's about time to talk things over?"

He retreated desperately. "I'm not feeling very well . . ."

"I understand that. But I know you, dear—and you're not feeling quite so badly as you claim."

"Yes," he said slowly, "you're probably right."

"Then—why?"

"I tried to explain on the train . . . I need time to think—"

"Of what?"

"This whole situation. Duncan and Rita and Ted Courtney."

"What's so complex about it? You either were or were not with Duncan at six-twenty that afternoon."

"That's true. But there are other things—"

"You'll have to explain."

"Kay! Please! I begged you to let me handle this my way. I've got to think it over alone, and reach my own decision."

"In other words, it isn't a simple case of Yes or No?"

"Certainly not."

She regarded him intently. She said, "I'm sorry you can't trust me, Larry."

"But I do trust you. It's simply that there's something . . . can't you take my word for it that I'll explain soon?"

"When?"

"I can't say definitely."

"Why not? Listen to me, Larry: There are certain things which you don't understand. You weren't here when Ted's death was discovered. You haven't been living in a furnace of gossip. You don't seem to grasp the fact that—if you cannot alibi Duncan—he's in a rather awkward position."

"But I didn't say I couldn't alibi him."

"YOU'VE done virtually that. That's why I came in for this talk. I believe I know what you're thinking: That Mr. Campbell has been like a father to you, that he sponsored you when you were a stranger here, and that he vouched for you when you started in business for yourself. You're thinking that the old gentleman would ask no favor of you except to protect Duncan . . . and that now, in order to shield him, you've got to lie. Isn't that it?"

"No . . . That is, not exactly."

She said, abruptly: "I wish we were closer, Larry. Your secretiveness irritates me, even if I'm rather proud of it." Her voice broke slightly. "Oh, sweetheart! What *is* the matter? Between you and me?"

"There's nothing wrong except—"

"Don't tell me again that you're not feeling well." She bit her lip. "Can't you forget our little misunderstanding?"

"I have forgotten it," he said, and was relieved at even so brief a chance to speak the truth. "Truly I have."

"Then what?" She spoke swiftly. "You have avoided being alone with me ever since you got off the ship. You're still avoiding it. You wouldn't have come into my room tonight, would you?"

"I suppose not . . ."

She said wearily, "You win. There's a limit to how far even a wife will go in throwing herself at her husband. I only thought that if you held me close . . . that perhaps then you would tell me things."

He rose and walked to the dresser where he fumbled with an unopened pack of cigarettes. He spoke without turning, and knew that his voice was harsh and strained—when he wanted it to be only gentle.

"You're right, dear—on every count," he said. "On every count except one. You won't accept my word that there is something that makes a difference right now—between us; something that I cannot tell you."

"Because it involves others?"

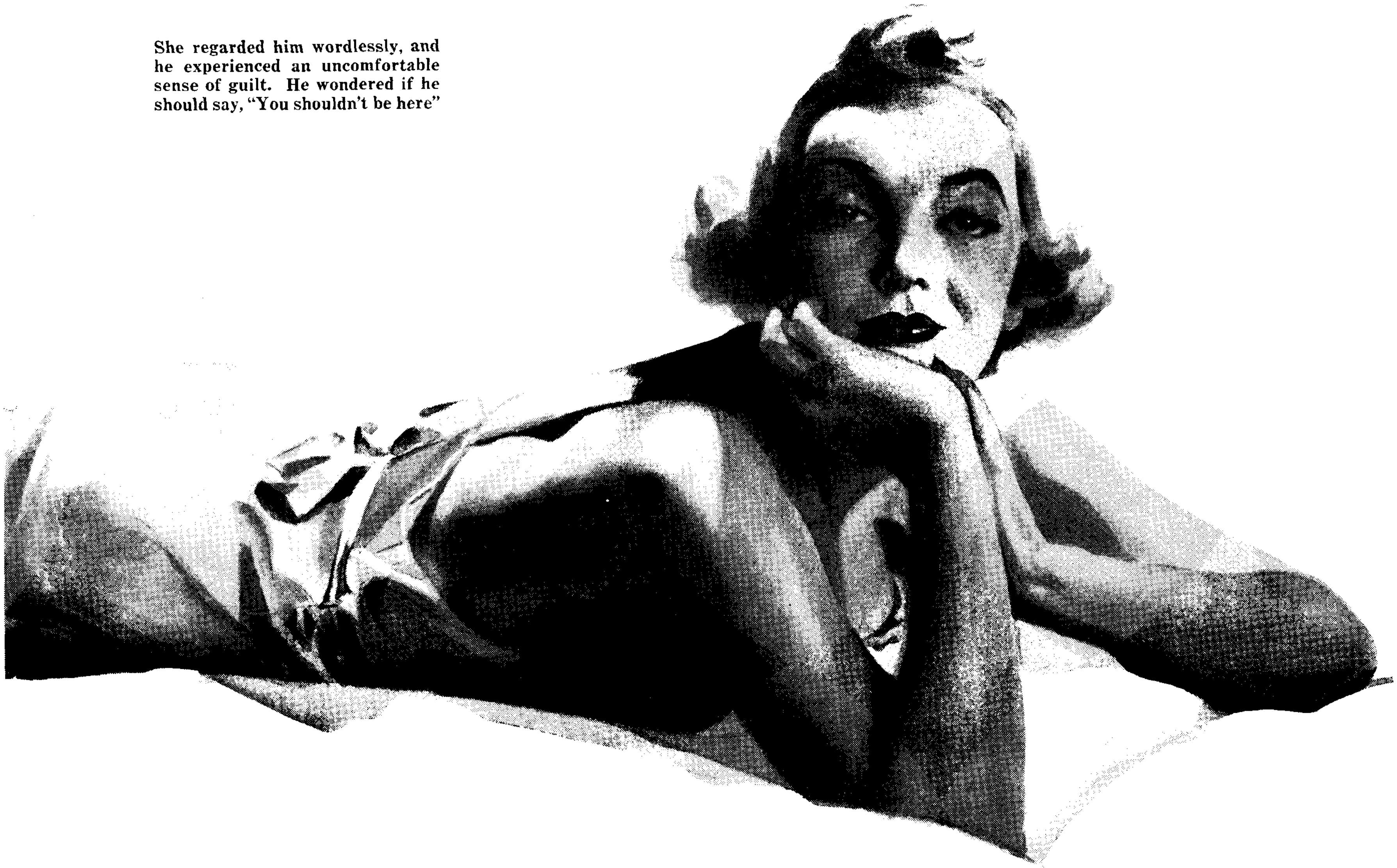
"Yes. And, quite frankly, myself, too."

"It seems so odd . . . that it should make a difference in our personal relationship. That's the point I can't understand. I've always trusted you."

"What has trust to do with it?"

"Everything. And the idea of you and Rita is simply unthinkable."

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL



She regarded him wordlessly, and he experienced an uncomfortable sense of guilt. He wondered if he should say, "You shouldn't be here"

Rita! Himself! Ignorant as he was of the truth, Larry exclaimed, "Rita! Duncan's wife?"

"I'm sorry, dear. I don't really think anything like that. But there's been so much gossip about her—and you've been with her so much . . . and now you're acting so queerly . . ."

"You know why I've been with her."

"I had hoped that I did. I still hope so. But can't you see . . . Oh, why spar with each other? Why not talk straight?"

"Go ahead."

"I repeat: You've avoided me. You haven't even kissed me since you walked down the gangplank."

He said, earnestly, "It isn't because I haven't wanted to."

"THEN what has stopped you? I've thrown myself at you. I've tried to smooth over that last little ripple of misunderstanding. I've tried to tell myself that you weren't well, that the blow on the head was more severe than I could believe—that you were simply being game about it. But I know I've been lying to myself. Oh . . . don't explain. I'm tired of explanations which aren't true. I'm sick of subterfuge. You have made certain rules. I'll abide by them."

He asked grimly, "Just what do you think about me and Rita?"

"I don't think anything. She is Duncan's wife."

"But you said—"

"I said and I thought. I'm still thinking. Rita is centuries older than Duncan ever will be. She's beautiful. She's restless. You've been with her constantly—and I took it for granted that you were giving brotherly advice on her affair with Ted Courtney."

"Why have you changed your mind?"

"I didn't—until just a few minutes ago. You see, dear—I know a good deal about you. That you are susceptible, for instance."

"But, good Lord . . . Rita!"

She shrugged wearily. "Everything has an answer, Larry."

"You've got the wrong one."

"You'd say that, of course."

He exhaled audibly. "I'm in a corner. There are some things I can't explain—not now, at any rate. And you're making us both unhappy by your doubts."

She regarded him intently from under long lashes. And when she spoke, her voice was as firm and cold and impersonal as he could have desired.

"Were you with Duncan that afternoon?"

"I'd rather not answer that."

"If you were, where was he at six-twenty?"

"I can't answer—now."

"Did he kill Ted—and were you shielding him?"

"If that were so"—Larry framed his question hopefully—"would I have left on the plane?"

"You might. To make things look natural."

"Don't talk that way, Kay. You make me feel like a criminal."

"How are you going to feel when the district attorney questions you?"

He rose and stood in front of her. She sat up straight on the bed, and he rested his hands on her warm, soft shoulders.

"Listen to me," he ordered: "You've got to help me stall that off."

"How?"

"Only you know that I'm not as badly injured as I claimed. No one else need know."

"So what?"

"I don't want to be questioned now—by anyone. If I'm ill, they'll give me time to think."

"How much time?"

"I don't know how much I'll need. Ten days. Two weeks. Maybe less."

"How will I go about it?"

"You can talk with the doctor. Confidential communication . . ."

"Wouldn't it be just as confidential coming from you?"

"I have reasons for wanting you to ask him."

"Ask him what?"

Larry spoke carefully: "Tell him I've got to have a little time to adjust things. Put your own interpretation on it, if you wish. You can even say you're worried about me."

"That wouldn't be any exaggeration."

"Get his permission to refer all inquiries to him, and see if you can't persuade him to tell everybody that I'm suffering from shock. That's reasonable and plausible. It covers a heap of territory. He'll do what you ask, I'm sure—and I'll be eternally grateful." He gazed at her pleadingly. "Will you, Kay?"

She hesitated for a moment. Then she said, "I suppose I must."

"That's swell of you."

"But meanwhile—?"

"You'll have to trust me."

"And if I don't . . . ?"

His hands dropped from her shoulders. "That's up to you, Kay. I've told you as much of the truth as I can tell—now. What you do about it is your own affair."

SHE rose and stood before him: young, beautiful, desirable, his wife. She said, "I don't understand it, Larry. You make me feel as though I might have been unfair. Perhaps even stupid. But when you cease to be conscious of me as a woman . . ."

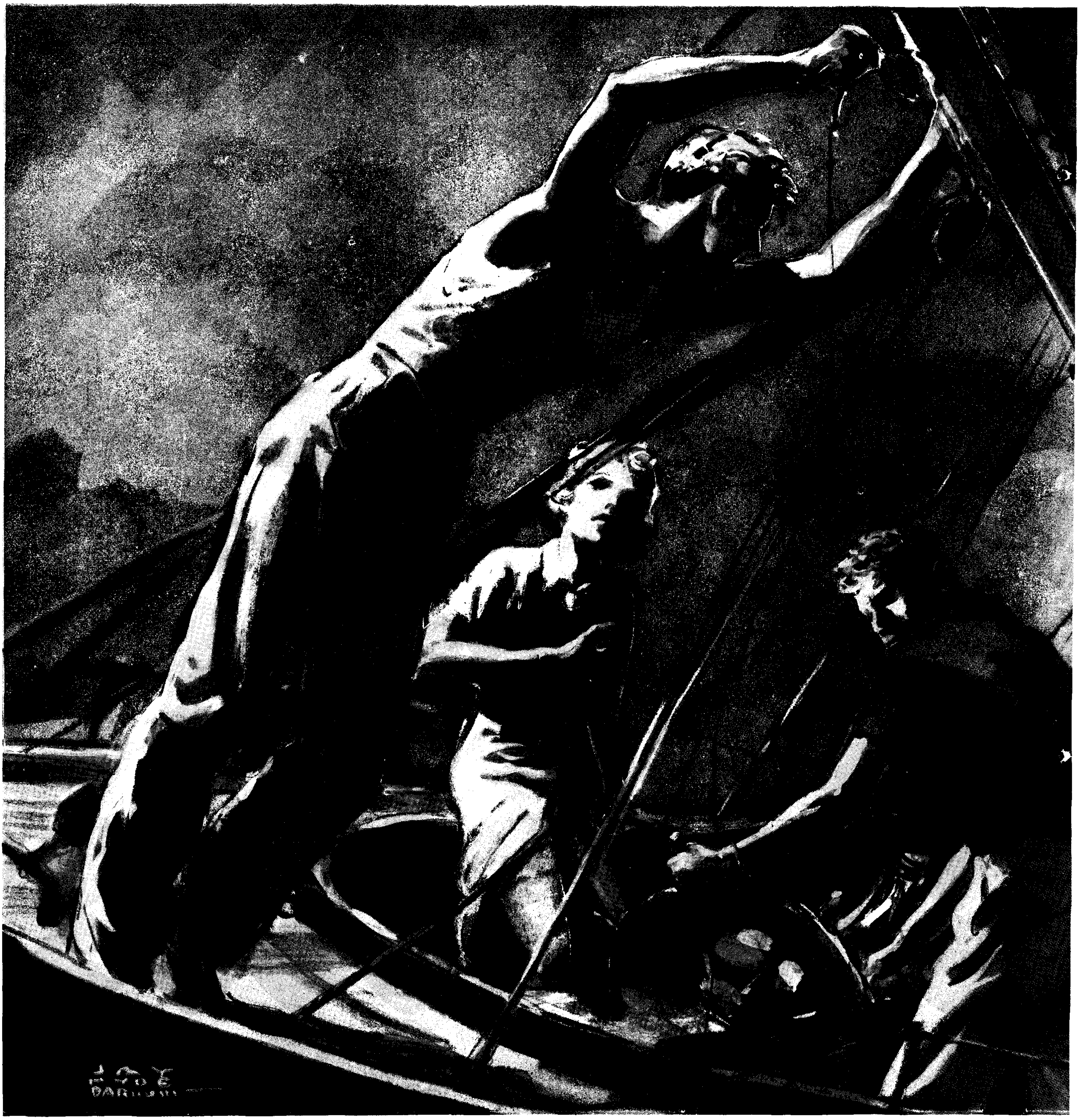
"I'm not, dear. Believe me, I'm not." His voice broke slightly. "Things would be easier if I were."

"What does that mean?"

"It means nothing. It means everything." He turned away and said, without looking around, "Will you help me for the next week or two?"

"Of course."

(Continued on page 65)



A Thing No Girl Would Do

By Lucian Cary

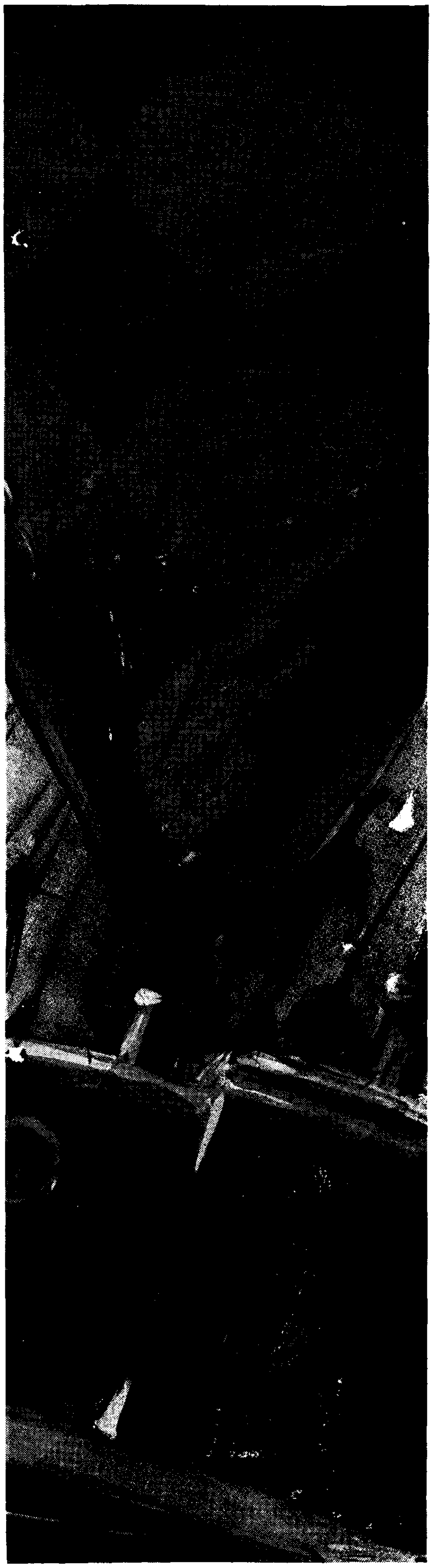
ILLUSTRATED BY
JAY HYDE BARNUM

Renshaw Sherman was a very clever man. That was his reputation. When he looted the estate of Mary Travis of a million dollars he thought he could get away with it. And so he did—to his eternal regret

RENSHAW SHERMAN, lawyer, yachtsman and guardian to Mary Travis, stood at a window of his private office high above the street on a morning after Christmas and watched the tugboats off the Battery and reflected that any other man in his position would feel that he was near the end of his rope.

Mr. Sherman loved sailing yachts more than women. He loved money more than yachts. But even more than money he loved seeing other people do his will. He liked to manipulate them through the force of circumstance, without their knowing that they were doing what he had decided they would do.

Mary Travis would be twenty-one on



"You'll have to head her up more, Mr. Sherman," Joe said. Sherman headed her up. The boom swung in. Joe reached out as far over the water as he could and keep his footing

the twenty-ninth of March. On that day she would, under the terms of her father's will, take formal possession of the country place at Greenfield Hill, of the two-masted schooner yacht Esmerelda III, and of securities valued at slightly more than a million dollars. Until then she had the use of the house, and the Esmerelda, and such portion of her income as Mr. Sherman thought it wise to allow her.

That was what the will said. And that was what the law would insist should be done. Except—and Mr. Sherman reflected that there is always an exception if you know how to take it—except that there is no provision in the law for replacing anything that is missing. Mr. Sherman had done a neat job of gutting the estate. The Esmerelda, sound, clean and well found, was lying at Miami; the house still stood on Greenfield Hill; but the securities were no longer the same.

Another man, seeing Sing Sing in the foreground of his future, might have planned one last desperate plunge in the market; another man might have looked up one of those places from which there is no extradition but which so seldom offer any other advantage over a penal colony; another man might have taken the revolver out of the desk drawer and used it to put a period to anxiety.

Renshaw Sherman was aware of these choices. But they were for weak and worried men. He was not worried. He was rather stimulated to his best efforts. And who does not enjoy doing that which he does well? He intended to spend most of his three months in taking the kind of vacation he liked best. He would sail the Esmerelda with Miss Mary Travis and the guests she thought she was choosing—Jack and Isabel Bishop preferably since they had no experience in cruising and wouldn't like it—to the West Indies. He would sail in three or four weeks, as far as Trenholme's Island, off Dominica. The Trenholmes would be glad to see them. By that time Miss Mary Travis would be ready to announce her engagement to Mr. Renshaw Sherman.

HE TURNED away from the window and looked at himself in the mirror. He was forty. He was tall and lean and, after a fashion, handsome. Life had convinced him, as it has so many men, that he had a way with women. He knew that the West Indies are no longer what they were in the days of Captain Kidd. But yachting parties on long cruises are what they always were. There are subtler ways of getting rid of people one needs to get rid of than forcing them at cutlass point to walk the plank.

If it seemed best, and it probably would, there would be no one left aboard the Esmerelda but Renshaw Sherman and Mary Travis after a week or two at sea and the first two or three ports. And if it came to that he would say, "My dearest—I see you do not love me. But as your guardian I demand the right to end this gossip. It shall be a marriage in name only and you shall have a divorce at once."

Mr. Renshaw smiled to himself. Mary Travis was young and slim and blond. She was, as yet, quite unawakened. She had confided to her guardian that the only man she had ever really wanted had never done anything about it. His family had lost their money and he had avoided her since. Mary Travis would, Mr. Renshaw thought, make a most decorative wife.

Mr. Sherman pressed the button on his desk. His secretary came in. He dictated a note, calculated to please, asking Mary Travis to lunch with him; a telegram to the yard in Miami ordering the Esmerelda to be put in commission, and a curt order to a former sailing master of large yachts who had lost his papers and whose past was so well known to Renshaw Sherman that he did what Renshaw Sherman told him to do.

JOE LAWRENCE came out of Green's boatshop with his tin lunch pail in his hand at dark of a winter afternoon and was astonished to hear the girl he had been thinking about call out to him from a big shining car that was standing in the yard.

Joe hadn't seen her in months. A young man who's working as a mechanic in a boat shop doesn't usually see much of a girl with a great deal of money; not even when he's a graduate of M. I. T. and expects to design yachts and she's the daughter of a man who loved boats that could go offshore and who had sailed them to the day of his death.

"Jump in, won't you, Joe," Mary Travis said, "and let me take you home to tea. I want to talk to you."

JOE got in beside her and it was so good to see her again that he sat gazing at her as she drove toward the Post Road. He remembered her best in a jersey and shorts, her arms and legs deeply tanned and her blond hair windblown. Now she was wearing a black coat and a little black hat and looked chic and feminine.

"I had to see you," she said, "and I don't know where you live now and I happened to hear you were working at Green's, so I stopped by."

He didn't tell her that he was living in a three-dollar-a-week room over Berman's garage and finding it difficult to pay the rent. Work had gone slack at Green's since Thanksgiving. He wasn't averaging three days a week.

"It won't be long, Joe," she said, "before some good designer has the sense to give you a job."

Joe noticed how maternal her tone was. It was probably owing to the fact that she knew she was rich and he was poor. He had thought of her as a child. She was sixteen when he had shown her how to put a proper long splice on the dock at the Southport Yacht Club. She had insisted on doing one from beginning to end all by herself while he watched, and rolling it under her foot afterward just as he had. And then she'd asked him how you tied a bowline on a bight. He had something else he wanted to do but he wanted more to show her what she was so eager to know. He had been nineteen then, with his first ocean race behind him.

He had seen a lot of her that summer and the next. But always at the yacht club. His family hadn't been down and out then. He could spend the whole summer keeping a boat tuned up for racing and racing her. But a young man halfway through an engineering school didn't take a girl of sixteen to dances.

Now she thought she was older than he was. She wasn't. She was still three years younger. But she had caught up with him. She was a woman.

"I'm going to work in Keith's office the first of April," Joe said.

"Oh, Joe," she said. "Really? How grand! I think Keith is the best man in the country. Father thought so too. You know Keith designed Esmerelda."

"Yes," Joe said, "and the rest of them have been copying her ever since."

They came to the Travis place. Joe left his lunch box in the car and followed Mary into the living room. There was a wood fire in the fireplace. They sat in front of that. A maid came in and lighted candles and Mary asked for tea.

"It's Esmerelda I want to talk to you about, Joe," she said. "I haven't seen her since Father died. I didn't want to see her because everything about her reminded me of him and that last cruise. But I'm over that, now. Renshaw Sherman suggested we take her on a cruise to the West Indies—you know him, don't you?"

"I met him once in Bermuda after the race two years ago. I doubt if he'd remember me."

"You must stay long enough to meet him—he's coming for dinner tonight. We're sailing from Miami as soon as Esmerelda's ready. Renshaw Sherman and Isabel Bishop and her husband and I. We're sailing way down to Trenholme's Island and spending a week or two there and then we'll come back as far as Beaufort. Renshaw Sherman is all for bringing Esmerelda clear home to Southport."

She hesitated, as if she were not sure how she ought to put what she wanted to say. Joe Lawrence stared at her. She was wearing a closely fitted dress of black wool, with a line of fur at the collar and down one side. She belonged in that handsome room, with its paneled walls, with the candles reflected by crotch mahogany. Joe felt big and rough and awkward in his workman's clothes. But she belonged on a boat, too—in a striped jersey and shorts.

"So that's what I wanted to ask you," she said.

Joe shook his head and smiled. "It doesn't make sense," he said.

She looked up at him then. "You know perfectly well what I mean. You know I mean will you take the job of going to Miami and seeing that Esmerelda's ready and then of sailing with us as mate?"

"Mr. Sherman will be the skipper?"

"Yes," she said. "You ought to be. But he'll probably expect it. He'll expect you to say 'Aye, aye, sir' every other sentence. He's such a stickler for having everything just so at sea. But he does know how to handle a boat. You'll like him the minute you get over his manner. He's a great friend of mine."

"I wasn't thinking of all that," Joe said. "I was wondering how he'd like your hiring me."

"He'll approve, of course. He wants somebody who's competent. And where could we find anybody as competent as you?"

SHE looked at him anxiously. He knew she was offering him the job because she knew he needed it. He did not resent that. At least he did not resent it much. And he did need the job. It meant he wouldn't have to worry about room rent. It meant a chance to get a priceless knowledge of Esmerelda before he went into the office of the man who had designed her. And these were mere excuses. The real temptation was to sail with Mary Travis. It would be much easier if he didn't have to do that.

"Besides," Mary Travis said, "I want you to go."

"I'll go," Joe Lawrence said, embracing temptation.

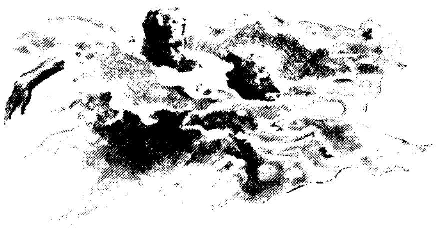
She looked at him gravely. "Thank you, Joe," she said.

They heard a car in the drive outside.

"That will be Renshaw," she said. "You must stay and see him."

Renshaw Sherman came in wearing a dinner coat and the most beautifully cut trousers that Joe remembered to have seen. If Mr. Sherman was surprised to meet a large young man without a necktie he did not show it.

(Continued on page 47)



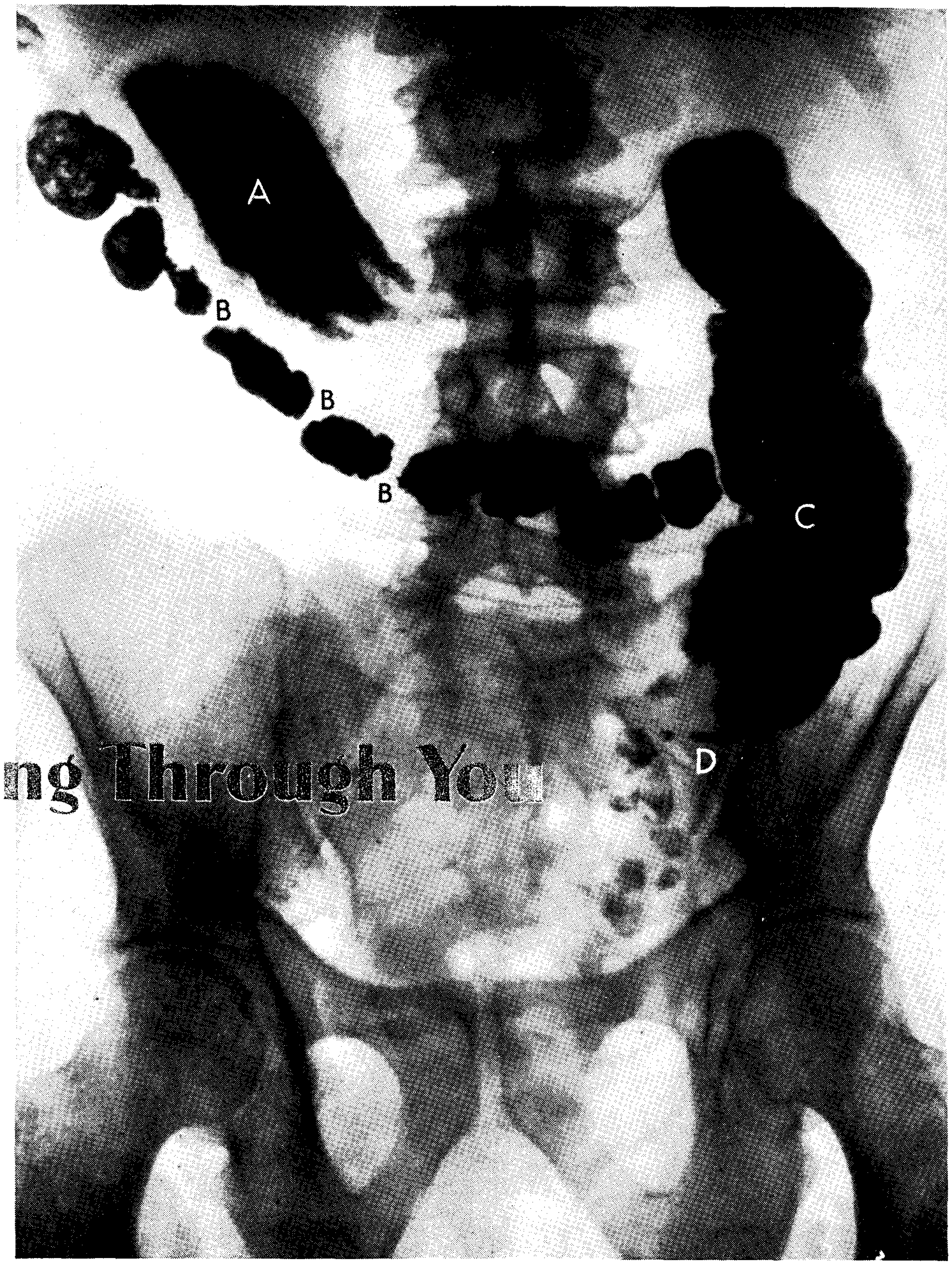
Photoradiograph, a double-exposure view, showing the actual photograph of a human hand and the X-rayed structure inside

Here's Looking Through You

A few years ago a brain or a gall bladder or a lung could be certain of a lifetime of privacy. Nowadays, at the slightest provocation, an X-ray specialist will take pictures of them. And sometimes it's very lucky for you that he can

By Hannah Lees

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S
BY H. C. McKAY



After two meals of bismuth the X-ray shows (A) a remnant of bismuth still in the stomach, (BBB) a part of the small intestine, (C) the colon and (D) the appendix. The white spaces (BBB) show adhesions of the small intestine

SUPPOSE for some time past your dinners haven't been sitting well, nor your breakfasts or lunches either. If it gets bad enough, and you have sense enough, you finally go to a doctor, thinking no doubt, if you have imagination, somber thoughts of cancer or ulcers, or at the very least a diseased gall bladder.

The doctor—he's one of these modern thorough gentlemen, we'll say—does a number of strange things to you. It may take him as long as a week, but when he's through, ten to one he'll smile, give you some medicine and a diet list and tell you to stop worrying. Organically you're sound as a nut.

You believe him and follow his advice, we hope, and begin to feel better. But does it ever occur to you to wonder just how he knew? It occurred to me, and I asked around till I found out.

There are dozens and dozens of ways of course for doctors to find out what's wrong, or not wrong, with people's insides. They can tell by feeling and listening from the outside, and by examining various samples of you chemically and microscopically. They can measure your pulse and temperature and blood pressure, and they can ask you questions and see whether what you tell them fits any known pattern. But more often than not nowadays, if they suspect any organic trouble, they check up on all their other tests by backing you up against a film and taking a picture of your innards with that infernal-looking apparatus called the X-ray.

Practically everybody in this mechanical age knows what an X-ray apparatus is, and practically everybody knows something about how it works; producing rays that go right through light substances like wood and cloth and skin and flesh, but which are stopped by heavier substances like bones and metal. If they put a man between these X-rays and a photographic plate the rays will blacken the plate—after it has been developed, of course—wherever they can get through, but not where they can't, and they'll blacken it blackest where they can get through the easiest. So the picture of your insides will be a study in shadows.

Scientists have known about this ray for a long time, ever since a German by the name of William Roentgen first discovered it back in the year 1895 and called it the X-ray, X standing for the unknown. And medicine has been using it ever since to study people's bones and hearts and lungs, because those showed up pretty clearly. But bones and lungs and hearts are after all only a small part of what's inside us and it began to annoy doctors a good deal that everything else showed up only as vague shadows. They knew the stomach was there and the gall bladder and the liver and intestines, to say nothing of all the ducts and arteries. They knew there were hundreds of fascinating things going on inside us if they could only see them. And like everything else in medicine when it got so they simply couldn't stand not being able to, they found a way so that they could.

It was really pretty simple too, in principle at least. If those hidden organs didn't show up because they were just the same density as all the other organs around them, the thing was to fill the organ they wanted to study with something denser, something radiopaque that would make that special organ stand out in the picture.

The trouble then was to find radiopaque substances that would go where they were wanted and nowhere else, and, above all, substances that wouldn't hurt the patient. It has taken science about forty years to do all that. Hundreds of men have been searching for just the right substances for every organ, and they've had to try dozens and dozens of things only to discard them, but now they've done it.

How? Well, let's get back to you and

(Continued on page 69)

The Gift of Silence

By Wallace Irwin

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE
ILLUSTRATED BY JARO FABRY

MAGGIE CARLO was educated at Boulder, Colorado, where she diverted herself between classes with feats of cliff-climbing and tree-swinging. She learned to live dangerously, and married a playwright.

Bernard Kew was of the terrier type, nerves bristling through his every hair, always barking at imaginary rat-holes, always charming, always looking to the calm-voiced Maggie to pet him back to the normal. They adored each other, these very different people, and she devoted herself to leveling him up. His first play wasn't exactly a flop; it kept them living along for a year, and brought them to Chicago's quietest suburb, where Bern completed his second manuscript in an ideal environment. Silence. Bern hated noise when he worked; he could hear the angleworms turning under the grass. Maggie, his faithful husher, guarded his dreams.

She came to New York three days ahead of him, to find an apartment. His sensitiveness to noise didn't matter so much now, she felt, since Otto Dyke, eminent producer, had called the play greater than Grand Hotel. On general principles, however, she chose the quietest neighborhood: two rooms and a kitchenette on an eleventh floor near the East River. It required some searching to get it; she took it late the afternoon he was coming to join her.

Maggie was applying herself to the kind of chicken fricassee he liked, and was humming dreamily under the spell of their ship coming home. Casually she glanced through the kitchen window and swallowed her dream. Right outside, the grim iron skeleton of a skyscraper loomed, so near she could almost touch it. Noise. That was her first thought. Tomorrow the workmen would be at it.

BERN'S home-coming broke the spell of apprehension. They rushed together, excited as lovers parted for years. But when the first kiss was well finished, and he had admired the flat, another mood peeped through. "I came up on the train with Otto Dyke. You know, he thinks my script's perfect, and that's boloney. The last half of the second act is dead fish. I'm going to write it over. Otto gave me till one o'clock tomorrow. Easy, if I can concentrate."

Maggie hadn't the heart to tell him of that awful steel skeleton. Quaveringly she suggested that he start right in and do his work tonight. But he was full of fricassee by now. He went to bed.

And slept like a child; she, hot-eyed, staring beside him.

She woke and found the parlor door closed. Bern was at his job.

Maggie tiptoed to the kitchen window. The steel skeleton was already swarming with workmen, sorting out rivets, blowing up the fires in forges. A jolly-looking young athlete in brown dungarees and enormous gloves was tightrope-walking a steel girder which swung nearer and nearer to her on its cable. He had just lifted a hand to signal some unseen power when Maggie stuck her head out of the window and said in a low, conversational tone:

"Listen. You can't start that darned riveting now."

He teetered, righted himself; his round, astonished face was close to hers, staring incredulously. "Can't what, lady?"

"Can't start riveting. My husband's at work."

"That so?" He grinned appreciatively. "Glad he's got a job."

"Maybe you think it's funny," she said, and wasn't sorry that she had on her pajamas when she put a leg over the sill. "If you make that noise I'll do something you don't like, that's all."

His gloved hand was half up for a signal to hoist away, and mountain-climbing Maggie saw the value of seconds. She reached out, embraced the girder and swung herself almost into the driller's lap. She heard his worried voice, "Hey, what you trying to do?"

"Let my husband finish his play." She was straddled, facing him.

"Gee. I'm a married man myself. Gee."

The girder began to move; they swung like spiders at the end of a long web. She shook away his large, protective glove. "I don't get dizzy. I come from Colorado."

"I guess so," he said.

She looked around, as from a careening Zeppelin. All work had stopped, men were shinnying up and down. An excited group on a solid floor far below made motions. "Hold it, kid. They're going to lower," said the driller. Tilting crazily, the beam slipped down. Then it caught somewhere, and there was a long, thrice-welcome delay. Her flying companion, having crawled up to the suspending cable, flourished more signals toward wondering, upturned faces. How much of Bern's precious silence had she given him by this interlude? Not enough. Monkeylike, she sprang to another beam, a solid one this time, and perched herself like a cat up a tree.

The comedy of Maggie in the Air went on for two hours, maybe three. Sometimes she walked from one beam to another, because it was cold sitting on steel in thin pajamas. Men were hoisted up on derricks to play the game of pretty-pussy, coaxing her down. Pleasantly she mentioned broken necks. You can't take an unwilling girl off a steel skeleton without roping her first.

At last, with a deep, frozen sigh, she computed that it was noon, because workmen were bringing out their lunch pails. Her object was accomplished. She could get down. The workmen looked at her with awe as she descended.

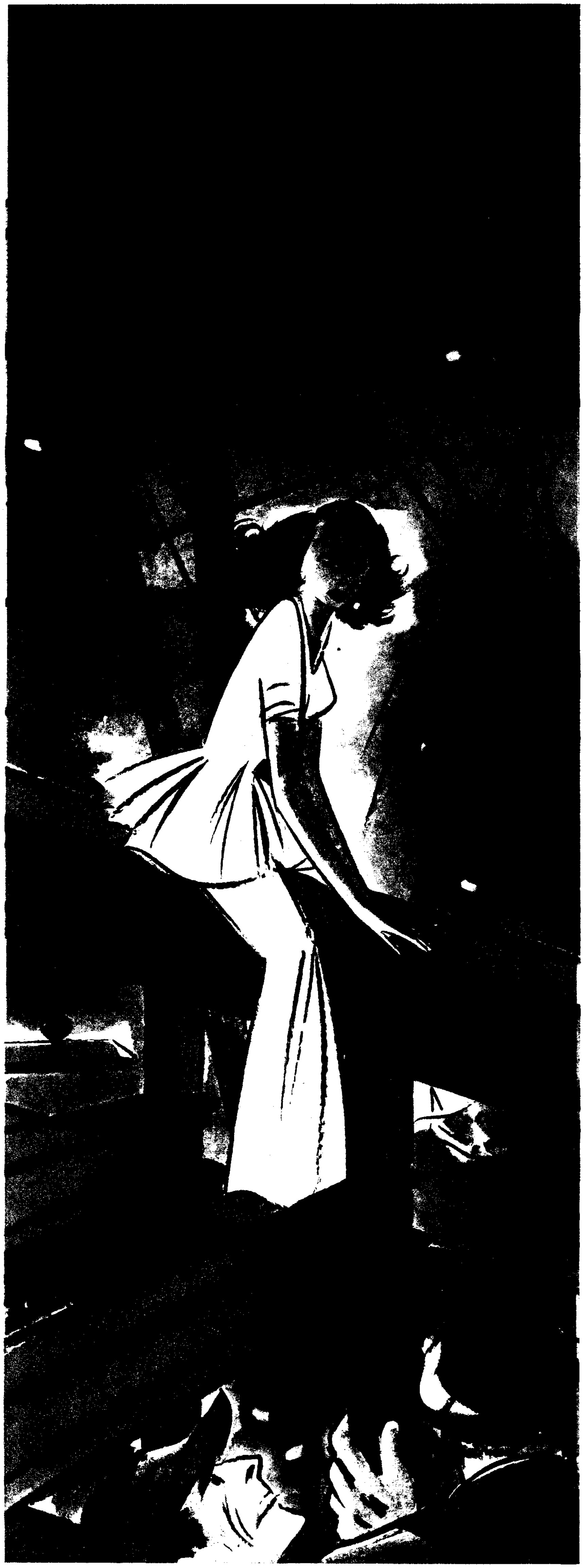
IT WASN'T until she was back in the kitchen that she realized what she'd gone through to give Bern his precious silence. She was a sight, hands scratched, pajamas torn and soiled. Maggie began to feel her own heroism, and her triumph—when she looked down the hall and saw Bern. He was perfectly idle, reading a movie magazine!

"Haven't you even been *working?*" she screamed aloud.

"Who? Me?" Absently. "Not a lick. I glanced over that scene and found that Otto was right. I didn't need to do a thing to it."

Then she broke down and let him take her in his arms. "Honey," he puzzled, "what's the matter? You're all scratched up. Are you hurt?"

"No, darling," she cried; "nothing hurts me. And I'm so glad—so glad you don't have to change anything."

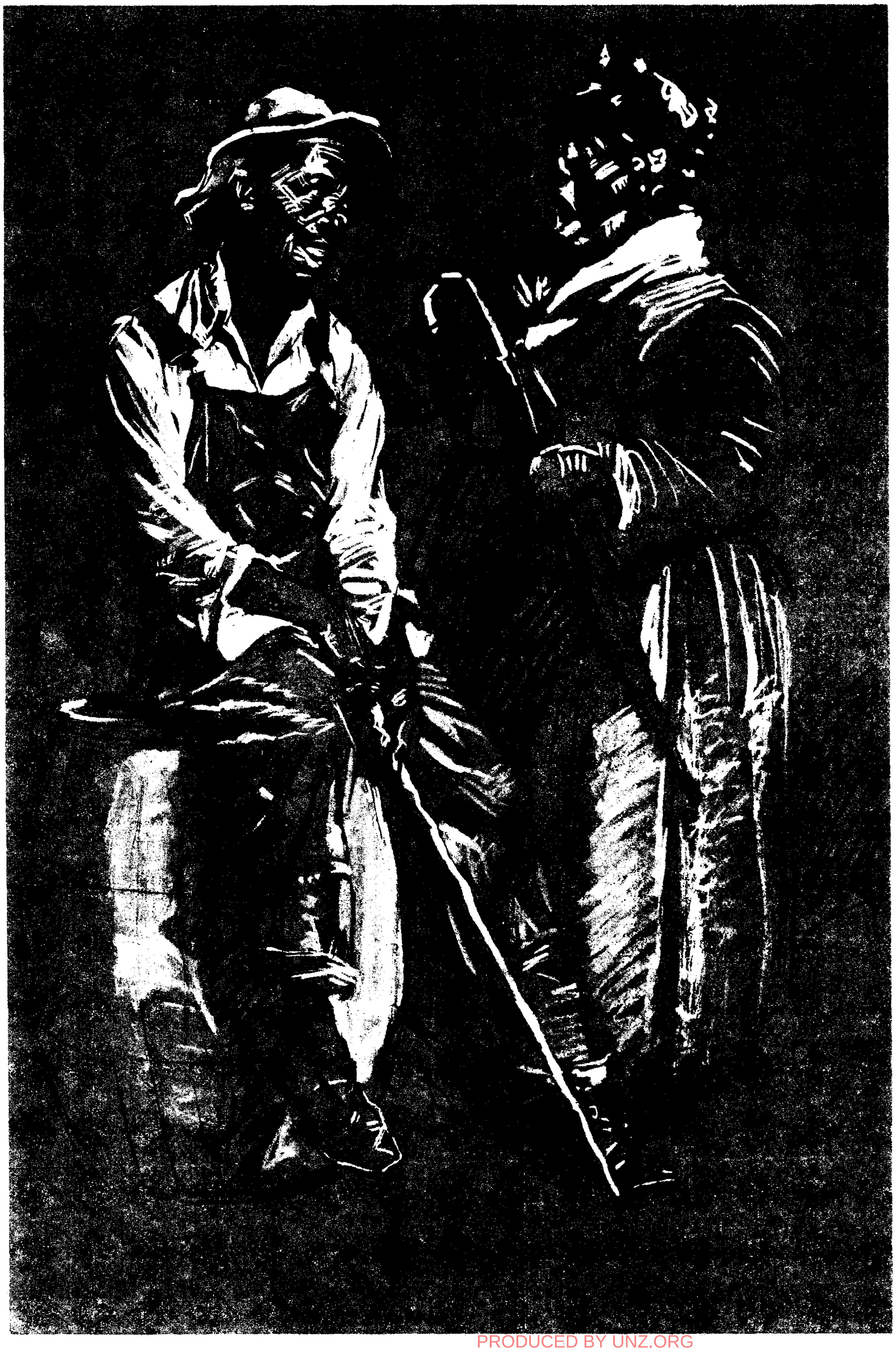


Men were hoisted up to play the game of pretty-pussy, coaxing her down

Prosperity Blues

By Roark Bradford

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE



The Widow Duck was outraged. "Dem mens is shootin' pistols!" she said. "All over everywhars"

When we read this story we wondered whether it was true, so we asked Mr. Bradford. He assures us that it all happened in exactly this way—except that the story has fewer people in the hospital than unaccustomed cash money and good times really put there

PROSPERITY struck Little Bee Bend cotton plantation. And Little Bee Bend struck right back.

It had been a long time since the workers on the plantation had "hit dat lick." Year after lean year, they had worked in the fields, only to finish up the crop season a little in debt for their rations and clothes. Sometimes they made a big crop, and when they did the price of cotton went so low they didn't have enough money left over to buy a pair of shoes. Some years, when it seemed as if the price were going to be right, a rain would come at the wrong time, and before they could get back into the fields the Johnson grass and the boll weevil made off with their cotton.

And each fall everybody would sigh, and say, "Maybe *next* year, us'll hit dat lick."

But this year, when the cotton was rolling to the gin at the rate of twenty-five bales a day; when the price was hovering around thirteen cents; when even thin land was making better than a bale to the acre, and the Bossman had quit cussing and gone to grinning, everybody was happy.

"*Dis* year," Giles stated, "is de *next* year us was tawkin' 'bout *last* year. Us done natchally hit dat lick!"

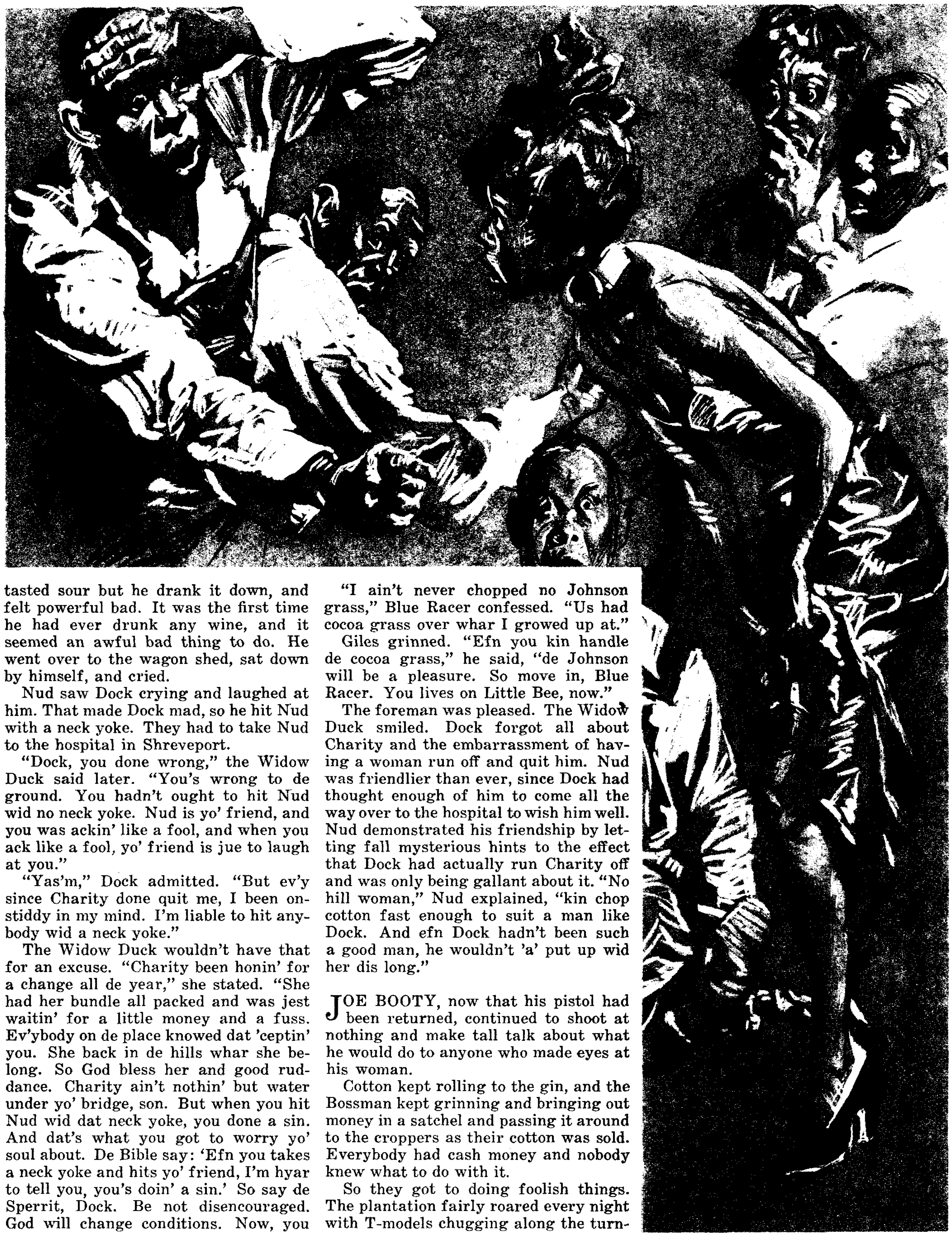
The Bossman brought out money, greenbacks and silver—cabbage leaves and wagon wheels—and passed it around.

AND then things began to take place. The start of the whole trouble came about when Joe Booty bought a three-dollar-and-six-bits pistol, stood out in front of the wagon shed and shot six times into the air.

"De next time," Joe Booty announced, "I ketches anybody makin' eyes at my Ruth L, I'm ain't gonter shoot in de air, neither. I'm gonter take dis here six-shooter and shoot six holes in him."

The noise of the shooting and Joe Booty's war cry interrupted the crap game in progress on the bottom of an upturned wagon bed. It stopped just long enough for the crapshooters to get a good laugh. Nobody feared Joe Booty and his pistol, and not one of them would have even thought of making eyes at his homely, stodgy wife.

Joe Booty walked off down the road,



Blue Racer closed the razor and dropped it into her stocking top, not, however, until she had made certain there were no more customers handy

mad, and lifting his left foot higher than the right as he stepped, which, he thought, made him look bigger and meaner than he really was.

Dock, the brother of the foreman, had the dice. In front of him was a pile of metal one-mill tax tokens and some odd change. He raised the dice above his head and rattled them vigorously. “I shoots four tokies and a dime,” he offered.

Nud shoved money and tokens on the table. “You's faded,” he said. “And two more tokies you's wrong.”

Dock shoved out two more tax disks and rolled the dice. “Hu-uh-uh-unh!”

“Snake eyes,” Nud laughed, picking up the money. “Dock, Joe Booty sho' must 'a' put that thing on you. Anybody liable to crap out, once in a while. But snake eyes! Man, you's wrong to de ground when you lets bofe er dem aces come up!”

Dock's next shot was a four and the point was followed by a seven. “I sho' am wrong,” he decided, leaving the game.

THAT night certain things happened. While Joe Booty was walking about, declaring himself with his pistol, Dock made a call on Ruth L.

When Dock got home, Charity, his wife, grumbled and fussed. Dock explained that it was all a joke on Joe Booty, but Charity continued to grumble.

The next morning, early, when Ruth L brought Joe Booty's pistol over and gave it to Dock, he laughed and still insisted it was a joke. “Joe Booty,” Dock explained, “been makin' big tawk, and done give me bad luck. So—”

“So you went bayou-wawkin' after Ruth L,” snapped Charity.

“Who keer about old Ruth L?” Dock argued.

Charity wouldn't have it like that. “I'm quittin' you,” she announced. She picked up her bundle and walked out.

Dock was too surprised to notice that Charity had her bundle rolled up, ready to leave, and too bewildered to protest. In his time, Dock had quit more than one woman, but Charity was the first who ever quit him.

He didn't know what to do. He went to see the Widow Duck about it.

“Charity,” the Widow Duck pointed out, “is hill-bawn. And she been honin' to git back to de hills. So I say God bless her and good ruddance. She ain't de onliest ponkin on de vine. Git you another woman, son. Ruth L love you good enough to steal Joe Booty's pistol for you—”

“Humph!” Dock snorted. “Ruth L move too slow. She slow in her foots and slow in her mind. And de older she git, de more she look like a monkey in de face.”

“I ain't tryin' to pick out yo' womens for you,” the Widow Duck apologized, “but efn you ain't gonter take Ruth L, you got to give Joe Booty's pistol back to him.”

Dock moped about all day. His woman had quit him and he felt ashamed. Twice he started to Giles' house to talk over his embarrassment with his brother, but each time he lost his nerve. Finally, he wandered down to the store and bought a pint of wine for twenty cents. It tasted sour but he drank it down, and felt powerful bad. It was the first time he had ever drunk any wine, and it seemed an awful bad thing to do. He went over to the wagon shed, sat down by himself, and cried.

Nud saw Dock crying and laughed at him. That made Dock mad, so he hit Nud with a neck yoke. They had to take Nud to the hospital in Shreveport.

“Dock, you done wrong,” the Widow Duck said later. “You's wrong to de ground. You hadn't ought to hit Nud wid no neck yoke. Nud is yo' friend, and you was ackin' like a fool, and when you ack like a fool, yo' friend is jue to laugh at you.”

“Yas'm,” Dock admitted. “But ev'y since Charity done quit me, I been onstiddy in my mind. I'm liable to hit anybody wid a neck yoke.”

The Widow Duck wouldn't have that for an excuse. “Charity been honin' for a change all de year,” she stated. “She had her bundle all packed and was jest waitin' for a little money and a fuss. Ev'ybody on de place knowed dat 'ceptin' you. She back in de hills whar she belong. So God bless her and good ruddance. Charity ain't nothin' but water under yo' bridge, son. But when you hit Nud wid dat neck yoke, you done a sin. And dat's what you got to worry yo' soul about. De Bible say: 'Efn you takes a neck yoke and hits yo' friend, I'm hyar to tell you, you's doin' a sin.' So say de Sperrit, Dock. Be not disencouraged. God will change conditions. Now, you git over to Shrevepo't and tell Nud you's sorry you hit him. Dat'll clean yo' soul out and you'll feel better.”

DOCK stayed in Shreveport for three days. When he returned, he had a brand-new woman with him. She was slim and willowy and her complexion was blue-black.

Giles looked her over as soon as Dock brought her on the place. “You moves like a snake,” Giles observed approvingly, “and about de color of a blue racer. Come hyar, Blue Racer, and lemme hyar yo' tawk.”

“My name is—” she began.

“Yo' name is Blue Racer,” Giles told her. “And dat's on account er de way you steps about, fast and certain. I likes dat. You got a twis' when you wawks which had ought to be good on de yuther end of a hoe handle. You jest put dat twis' on a hoe handle and you kin whup a heap er Johnson grass outn Dock's cotton.”

“I ain't never chopped no Johnson grass,” Blue Racer confessed. “Us had cocoa grass over whar I growed up at.”

Giles grinned. “Efn you kin handle de cocoa grass,” he said, “de Johnson will be a pleasure. So move in, Blue Racer. You lives on Little Bee, now.”

The foreman was pleased. The Widow Duck smiled. Dock forgot all about Charity and the embarrassment of having a woman run off and quit him. Nud was friendlier than ever, since Dock had thought enough of him to come all the way over to the hospital to wish him well. Nud demonstrated his friendship by letting fall mysterious hints to the effect that Dock had actually run Charity off and was only being gallant about it. “No hill woman,” Nud explained, “kin chop cotton fast enough to suit a man like Dock. And efn Dock hadn't been such a good man, he wouldn't 'a' put up wid her dis long.”

JOE BOOTY, now that his pistol had been returned, continued to shoot at nothing and make tall talk about what he would do to anyone who made eyes at his woman.

Cotton kept rolling to the gin, and the Bossman kept grinning and bringing out money in a satchel and passing it around to the croppers as their cotton was sold. Everybody had cash money and nobody knew what to do with it.

So they got to doing foolish things. The plantation fairly roared every night with T-models chugging along the turnrows. Women walked the bayou path in high-heel shoes and striped stockings. Shine Haley bought herself a sewing machine, and a dozen other women immediately bought sewing machines, although none of them had any need of one. People bought so much wine that the man at the store had to raise the price to two bits a pint. Even the young girls on the place unwrapped their hair and tied big red ribbons around their heads. It was scandalous.

“Old Satan,” the Widow Duck complained to Giles, “is done set down his forked hoof in we's clover patch.”

Giles chuckled. “Dey jest kickin' up dey heels a little,” he said. “Times is been so tight for so long, I reckon dey got hit comin' to 'em. Me, I don't keer what dey do, so long as dey hits de fields when I hollers.”

“When you sees a mule kickin' up his heels,” the Widow Duck observed, “you knows he got a burr under he tail.”

That tickled the foreman, but it wasn't nearly as funny as what he was fixing to tell the Widow Duck. “Dese old hard times us been havin',” he said, “was a burr under we's tail. I might git out and kick up my own heels.”

Joe Booty grew bolder with his pistol. One rainy Friday morning, after the crop had been picked, he walked down the bayou path, toting his gun in one hand and a pint of wine in the other. He was still stepping higher with his left foot and feeling powerful mean.

“Dock,” he announced, “been doin' me wrong about Ruth L and I aims to take my six-gun and shoot seven holes in him.”

Joe Booty knew that Dock was hauling rations that morning, so he felt pretty safe about his threat. But he forgot how friendly Nud was to the foreman's brother, and he did not know that Nud had spent three dollars and six bits for a pistol exactly like his own.

(Continued on page 45)

Double Star

By Kyle Crichton

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The story of Dick Powell and Joan Blondell, who have learned that they can't escape the penalty of being stars—stargazers

DICK POWELL sat propped in bed at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York looking as if the only thing that could bring him a little comfort would be a sharp dose of death. Obviously the gentleman was sick. His cheeks were flushed and to questions about his health he answered plaintively that he ached; he ached all over. If ever a man needed peace and quiet it was Mr. Powell and instead he was getting the rewards of a screen star afloat in a great city. The scene resembled the last tableau engaged in by Louis XIV, with the room filled with courtiers making dates with their ladies, and maneuvering about to get in solid with the new management.

"You don't get any rest and then a cold hits you and you're down," said Mr. Powell weakly, keeping up his end of the conversation.

His new wife, Miss Joan Blondell, was sitting on the other bed giving an interview to a gentleman who wanted to hear all about her old life in vaudeville with her father, Ed Blondell. The maid kept coming in with flowers and messages. It seemed that there was one particular visitor who had been spending the morning in the corridor awaiting the word of welcome.

"But that's awful," cried Miss Blondell, leaping up. "He's a friend; bring him in . . . Ethel, go out and find him."

Mixed in the turmoil was a press agent from Warner Brothers who was eager to get the interviewer off the subject of Ed Blondell and on to the imminent appearance of Miss Blondell in Three Men on a Horse. In the midst of the discussion someone mentioned A Midsummer Night's Dream and Mr. Powell uttered a strangled sound and seemed to sink into the innards of the bed.

"Dick wants to forget about that," volunteered Miss Blondell.

By this time the press agent was whispering to Miss Blondell.

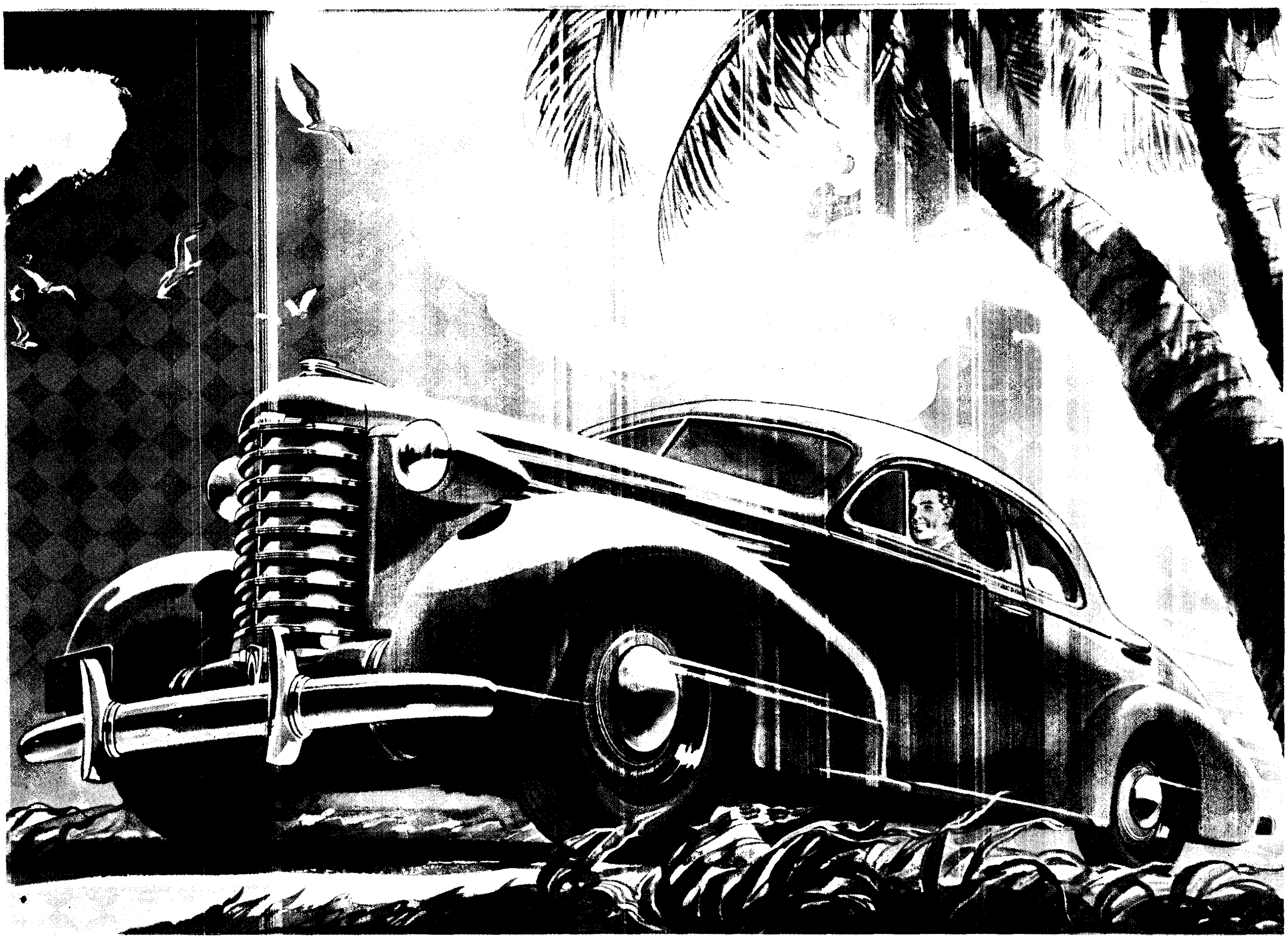
"Oh, but must we?" she cried in alarm. "We've been here a week and I haven't had time to call up any of our old friends. You know what they think. . . . We're high hat, we're just a bunch of lousy big shots who forget their pals when the money rolls in. Why can't we put off the lady until tomorrow?"

"Sh-h-h!" said the press agent, making a motion toward the outer room, signifying that the party was already on hand. Whereupon to the mob was added the friend who had been loitering in the corridors, the lady interviewer and an exhibitor from Baltimore, who was too important to be shunted off.

Quite clearly being a movie star en route is no soft touch. A screen celebrity who comes to New York in ordinary circumstances gets no rest, and when he comes newly wed to Joan Blondell the combination is too much even for a metropolis. It had been a mistake to come to New York at all. They knew that now and were sad about it. A publicity department which wouldn't take advantage of a situation like that would be barred from the better clubs for lack of proper brain tissue. What had happened was a harbor reception with tugboats bearing banners: *Welcome Joan and Dick;* airplanes flying overhead with the same motto and a sun deck full of reporters and photographers. The press department had put it on heavy and the resultant sardonic accounts in the New York press hadn't added to the comfort of the Powells.

From any rational point of view the thing acquired the status of an American fable. Here were Dick Powell, native of the town of Mt. View, Arkansas (population 900, nine miles from a railroad), and

(Continued on page 63)



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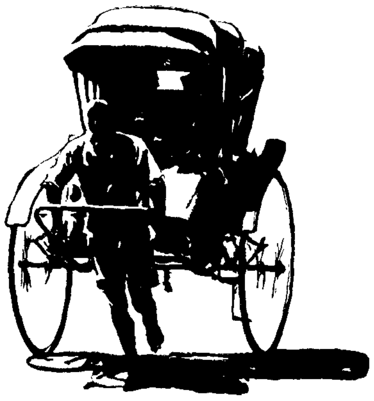


By
Jacland Marmur

Marked for Glory

The inhuman precision of Matthew Porter, ship's officer, and how it got him in dutch with Miss Antonia Bradley. A deep-sea adventure of seafaring men, but with few waves and no wind, chiefly because it happened in Singapore

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

THE liner Antares lay quietly at her berth in Keppel Basin. Across the silk-smooth prospect of Singapore Road the islands rose abruptly out of placid water, vivid and green, with a single Malay *proa* paddling in that hot and brilliant sunshine. A P. & O. coaster, just in from Semarang, slid by in an oily wash, hooting. But Antonia Bradley, at a square port of the deserted sunroom of the Antares, did not look up to watch it pass. Neither did Johnny Garnett, the ship's second officer.

“When a fella's marked that way, Toni,” Johnny said to the girl's slim and graceful back, “there's nothing you can do about it. Mr. Matthew Porter is marked for glory.”

Johnny Garnett wasn't impatient because the girl seemed not to have heard. Johnny knew better. And he was right. For she turned at last and came toward him, swinging her purse. Toni understood things like this. She came from seafaring folk: you could talk to her like a man. He stood up. She smiled.

“I heard you offering to stand his watch till sailing time for him,” she said. “That was sweet of you, Johnny. Thanks. But, of course, he refused.”

“Well, I thought what with you and the chief mate getting married six months from now and us sailing at midnight and you leaving for home in a week and all . . .” His voice trailed off feebly and ended up in a growl. “You'll miss each other in New York this way and—”

Toni's attempt at merry laughter interrupted him. “And you took pity on me,” she said.

“Pity, hell!” Johnny snarled. “I ought to punch his nose. A fella'd think the ship would founder right here at the dock if he wasn't holding her up. He—”

“He's that way, Johnny. There's nothing you can do about it. You said so yourself.”

The anger melted from the second mate's face. “I did. Didn't I?” He grinned. “He's on a schedule, Matt Porter is. Nothing else counts.”

“You know about that, do you?”

“Know about it? The whole damn' fleet knows about it!” Johnny exploded. “ ‘On-schedule Porter’: that's him. He's got it all written out, like a log, in his desk. And what's more, he makes it stick. I saw it once, Toni. All written down as neat as you please, with a check mark when each promotion came through. Just the way he figured, too! . . . Cadet at eighteen, third mate at twenty-one. . . . Check! . . . Two years for second. . . . Check! . . . Two more and three months: chief mate in the freight ships of the line. . . . Check again, by gosh! . . . Fourteen months of that and into an epauleted monkey jacket and white gloves on the bridge of the passenger fleet. . . . Check once more. . . . All right. Here he is. He's got it all figured out. Wants six months more—by the clock, mind you—and he's due for an executive officer's berth. That's where you come in, Toni.” His voice curled with dry irony, “I guess he can take five minutes out then to marry you. Then two years, three months and fourteen days—command! Check . . . and double check!” Johnny snorted. “Bah! Bah! I say. That's not a sailor's mind. He ought to go see Einstein!”

JOHNNY GARNETT spun on his heel and went pacing it off to the far bulkhead. He was angry. But when he turned to come back he saw Toni standing there, smiling at him in that faintly whimsical way she had.

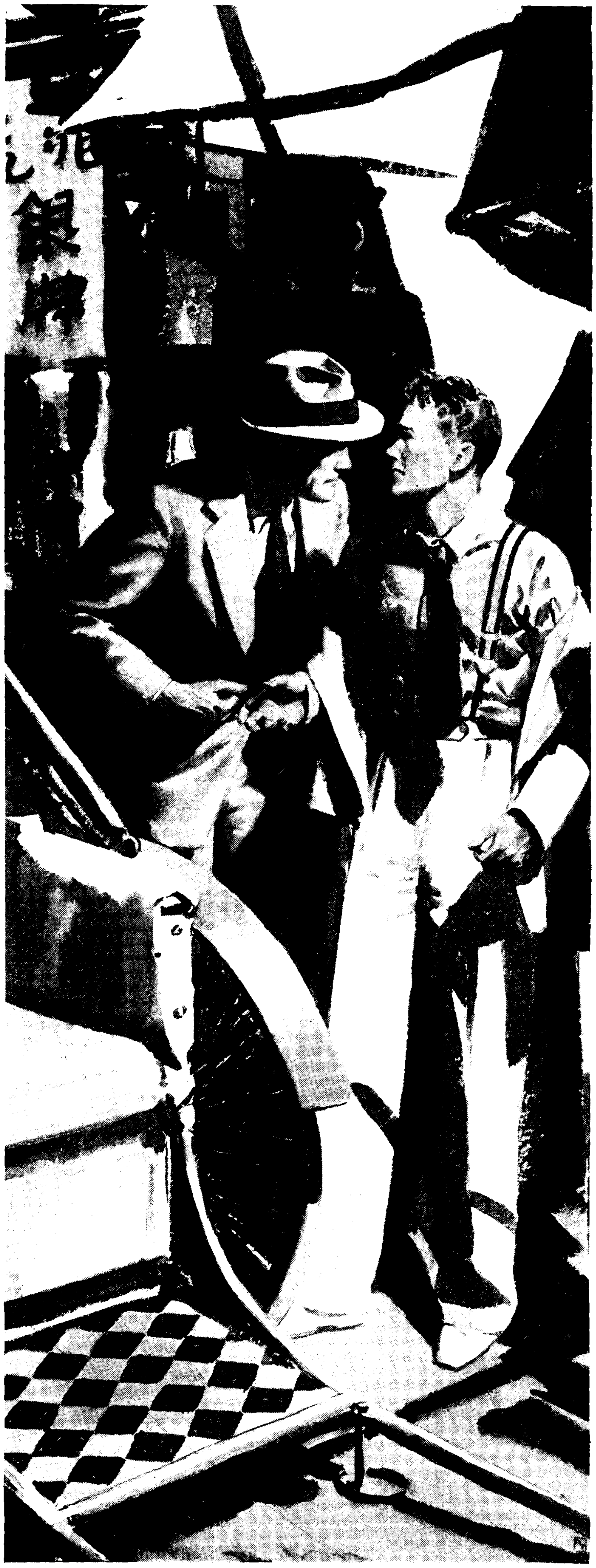
“Sorry, Toni,” he muttered. “You . . . you know how it is.”

Yes; Toni knew how it was all right. What Johnny thought about her was written quite plainly on his homely face. He made no bones about it. She wished it weren't so, because Toni disliked hurting people. And Johnny Garnett was one of the best.

“You mustn't be too hard on Matt for neglecting me,” she said. “You know what's bothering him.”

“Yeah. Sure. Opium. Coming into New York. They think it's smuggled in these ships, but don't know how. They tore out every bulkhead and locker in the hooker last trip and couldn't find a thing. So what? He's a sailor, not a customs inspector.”

“Matt says it's been traced definitely as shipped from Singapore. They've an operative working here. A woman, I think he said. That's why he wants to



“Well!” he boomed. He was angry. “I ought to smash your face” stay aboard." She looked down at the deck. "Well, I'll see him before sailing time anyhow."

"It'd be just like him to be lucky enough to find their blooming cache. So help me, it would. Lord, wouldn't *that* speed his schedule up! He—"

"You're being catty, Johnny."

"He ought to be dumped off that schedule of his and dumped good and hard! Make him understand, maybe, there are better things than promotion by the clock."

"What, for instance?"

"You! He needs a lesson, that fella does."

"What would you suggest?"

Johnny Garnett looked at her quickly, and his face creased in that swift contagious grin of his. "You might marry *me instead,* Toni. That'd teach him what he ought to know."

The girl smiled. "That's the fifteenth time you've asked, Johnny."

"Wrong again. I keep track. It's only the fourteenth. The fifteenth, I'll make it stick."

She shook her head.

"Okay, Toni. Skip it. But look." He was whipping his leg with the crushed hat he had in his hand. It was a gesture surprisingly like an awkward boy's. It made Antonia Bradley smile. "But look," he was saying hurriedly, as if to get the whole thing out in a moment. "I made a little killing in a crap game in the steward's room the other night. And as long as that lug won't take advantage of his luck in being engaged to you and insists on staying on board—well, I know a funny *little* place over beyond the Anderson Bridge. A Dutch woman runs it. She makes French bouillabaisse, German pig knuckles, and English roast beef. Not bad. Suppose you and me—"

"Why, Johnny, how sweet of you!"

"I'll leave a note for Mr. Porter and I promise to get you back in time to say goodby to him before we sail. You're safe, Toni. I got to get back before midnight, too. Don't do to miss ship these days. The beach is a cheerless place. Especially the Singapore beach." He grinned again. "I know. What say, Toni?"

"Of course."

"Swell." He sat down at a desk and scrawled out a note. Then with this in his hand he stood up and took her arm. "I'll give this to the quartermaster for Matt on the way."

IT WAS warm blue dusk when Johnny paid off the ricksha runner and led Toni into that crazy little courtyard sailor officers know by no other name than just the Dutch woman's.

Toni's cheeks were flushed. Shadow and light played across her lovely face. She hadn't any business, Johnny thought, being secretary to an oil geologist. She ought to be back home, taking care of someone's kids. He frowned darkly at that. It made him think of Mr. Matthew Porter. But he forgot all about it when they danced to that ancient music, brushing the fronds of a banana palm in a dim corner where the scent of Toni's hair and her nearness made the world seem a very fine place indeed. Why, he thought, didn't a middle trick ever pass this fast? Because when he looked at his wrist watch it was already several minutes past eleven. And Johnny sighed a deep and gloomy sigh.

"Well, Toni," he mourned, "we got to go."

"You're a darling, Johnny." They were coming toward the road where the rickshas stood in a row, the runners squatting between downtilted shafts. Suddenly her hand tensed on his forearm. "Those two fellows," she breathed. "I don't like the way they—look at us."

"Nonsense, Toni. Couple of half-breed beachcombers. They look at everyone that way."

Toni shuddered a little. "They've been standing there for the last half hour. By those palms. I noticed while we danced. They give me the creeps. All you can see is their eyes. Johnny, I—"

"Forget it. In you go, Toni." He handed her into a two-seater and followed. "Keppel Basin docks," he called to the coolie. "Go by sea road. *Chop-chop!*" Johnny was feeling pretty fine, as if he knew a great joke he was just waiting the right moment to tell. He stuck his head around the corner of the ricksha as they started off. When he turned to look at the girl again his eyes were bubbling. "Pretty good, Toni," he grinned. "He's right on schedule time."

"Who? What are you talking about?"

"Mr. Matthew Porter."

"What about him?"

"He's following us."

"He's—what!"

"Yeah. Sure. I knew he would."

"John Garnett, I think you're drunk."

"You know better, Toni." Johnny was laughing outright now, a good hearty laugh. "On-schedule Porter! Not too soon, and not too late. That's him to the bone. Toni, I won't see you unappreciated. So," he leaned back comfortably against the armrest—as comfortably as only an experienced sailor can lean in a bouncing shuddering Singapore ricksha, "so I'm teaching him a lesson."

TONI looked at him hard. "Just what does that mean?"

"I told him in that note that you and I were getting married."

"Johnny! You didn't!"

He nodded vigorously. "I sure did. What else do you think would jar him loose from the ship? I told him he'd find us at the Dutch woman's till eleven o'clock. After that, if he wasn't there to stop us, we were headed for the parson's." Johnny tossed out both hands in triumph. "And here he is. But mind you, Toni, right on schedule time!"

"Johnny, you've no right! You—" Her voice was a horrified gasp. She put her head around the corner of the curtain. "Tell this runner to stop at once! You—" *Her head came back with quick* violence. Her eyes were wide. "Johnny!" she cried. "Those two who were watching us. At the Dutch woman's. They're here! Right behind us! They—"

Johnny came erect, stiffening.

"Boy!" he shot at the panting coolie. "Quick! *Chop-chop!*"

"Johnny, they're—"

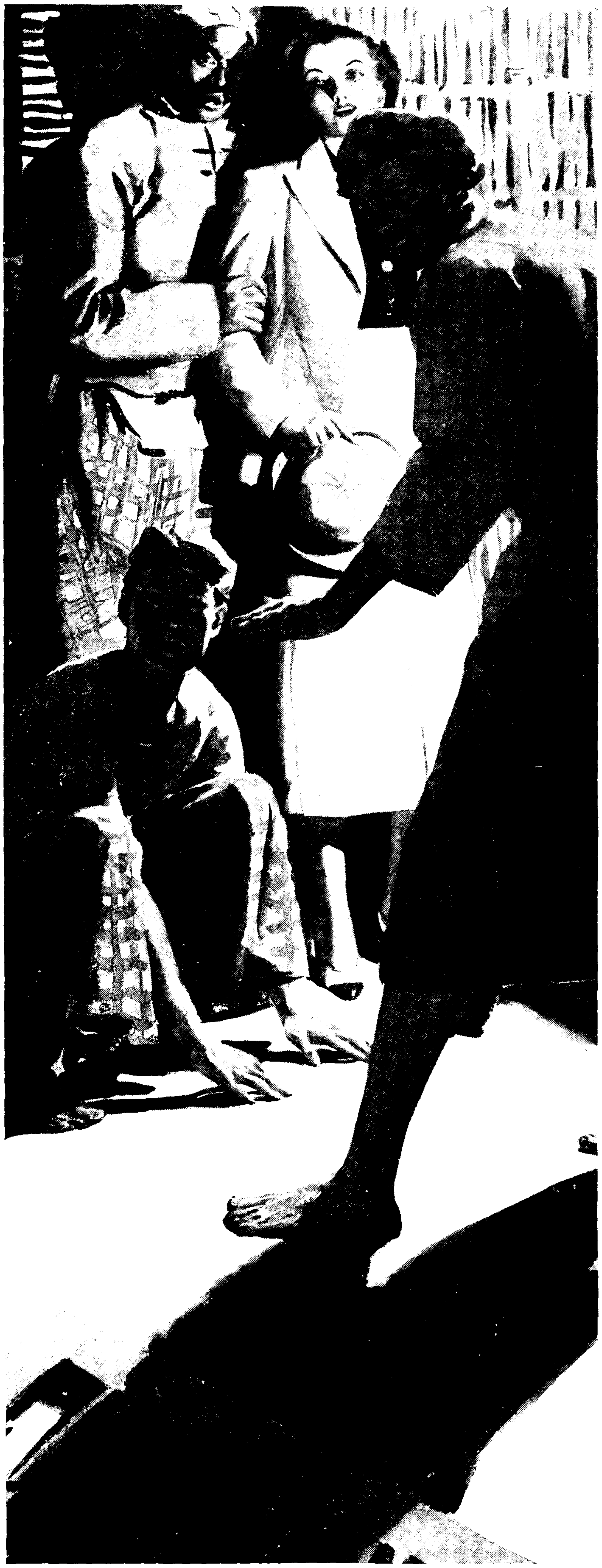
"Steady, Toni!"

He grabbed for her, an instinctive movement to shield her against what he saw was coming. Two faces appeared, one on either side, bobbing up and down ludicrously as they ran. One of them shouted gibberish to the runner boy. He let out a shriek. The ricksha slowed; stopped. Johnny jumped, fists flying, crying for Toni to follow. He saw her beside him, and two leering Eurasian faces. *He slashed out at the nearest one* and felt the good solid impact of his fist.

"Look out, Johnny!"

That was Toni's voice. He sensed that, more than knew it. He saw a flash of light on an upraised steel dagger blade. He dodged instinctively. Then something struck him on the side of the head. He felt himself sagging. His knees went weak, shuddery. The blackness was setting in. Couldn't let it, he thought. Mustn't! There was Toni to think of. Devil of a mess to get her into. And he loved her. *Funny he should be thinking* of that so lucidly at a time like this. He fought against the numbness, the besetting darkness. What the devil did it all mean? Matt Porter's revenge? Couldn't be. That was nonsense. There were bare feet, running. Toni's voice, crying something again. Couldn't make it out. In spite of all he could do, the world went black.

(Continued on page 30)



Yellow lamplight revealed her in the clutch of one of the coolies

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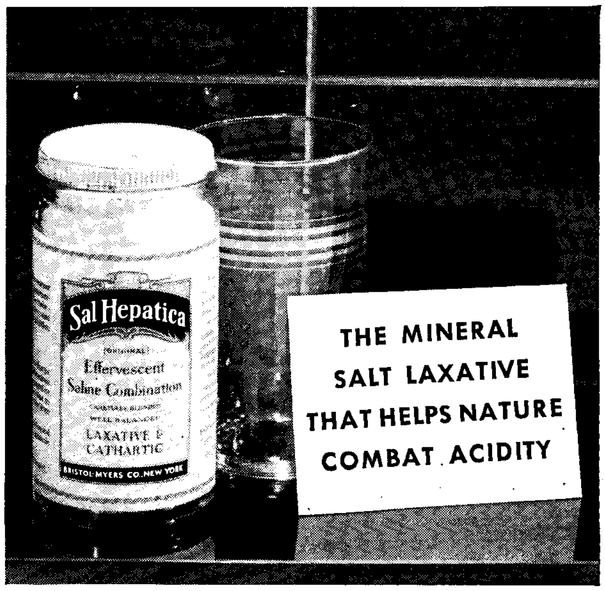
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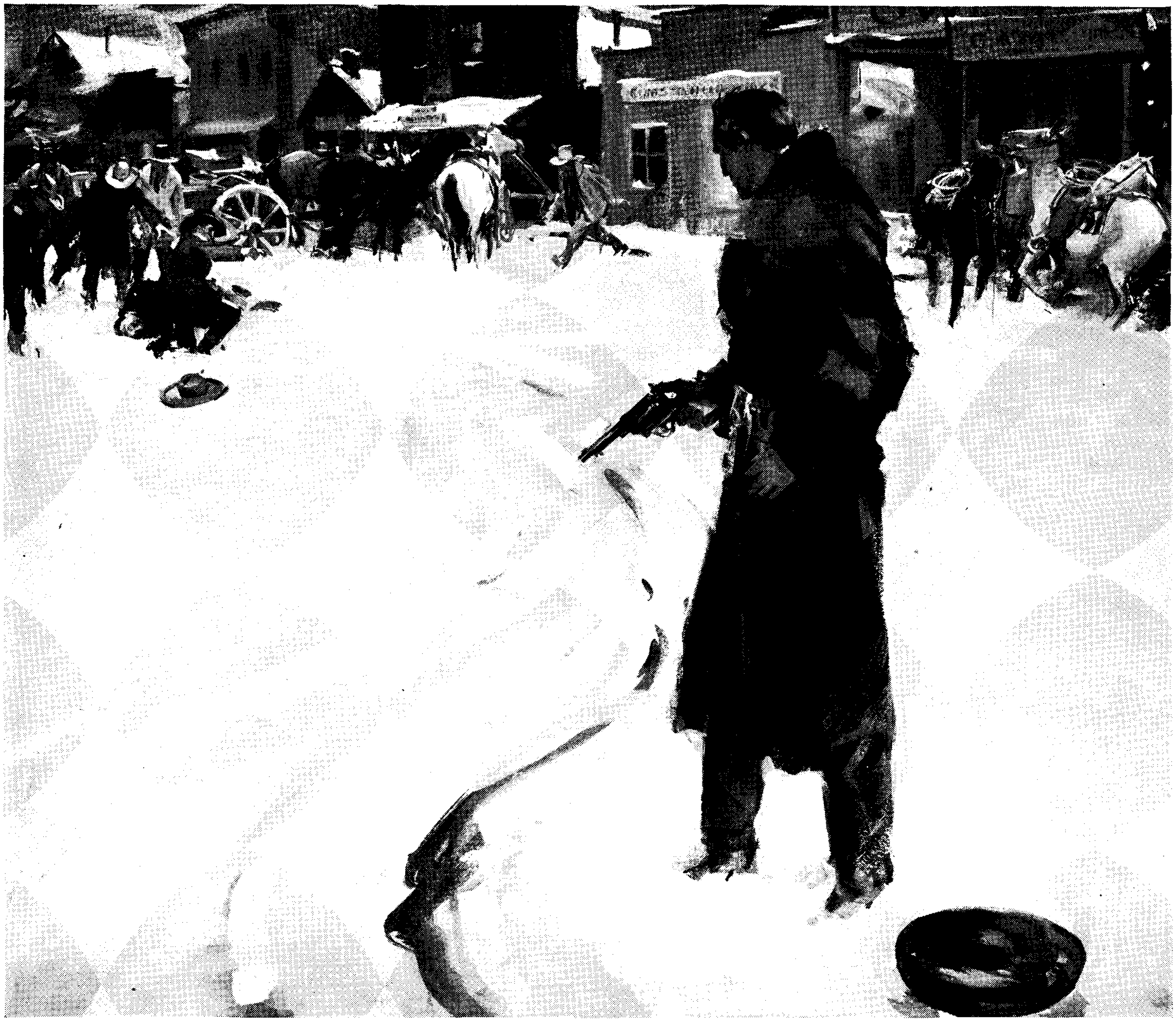

Deep West

By Ernest Haycox

Presently Sawmill looked back to Benbow and struck a straight line through the air with his finger. Benbow put away his gun

The Story Thus Far:

IN LOVE with Connie Dale, daughter of old Jack Dale, owner of Hat ranch near the rough little town of Two Dance, Jim Benbow, Hat's foreman, learns that Connie has promised to marry Clay Rand, a neighboring ranchman. Wretchedly unhappy, he applies himself desperately to the job of dispersing a band of cattle rustlers who are threatening to ruin Hat.

Within a short time, he secures proof that Cash Gore, foreman of Jubal Frick's Running M outfit, is secretly directing the marauders. He does not know, however, that Clay Rand is co-operating with Gore. It remains for two of his friends—Price Peters and Izee Custer—to find this out: and, for reasons of their own, they say nothing (for a time) to anyone about it. . . . Working alone, Benbow trails some of the cattle stolen from Hat to a lonely ranch owned by one Carter. In a fight with Carter and two of his aides, Benbow succeeds in killing him and making his escape.

He returns to Hat to find Jack Dale dying. A few minutes after his arrival, the old man dies. Benbow now makes an important decision: He will muster his friends and attack Gore and his gunmen; after which, should he survive, he will give up his job and go away.

Meanwhile, Connie Dale has begun to suspect that something is wrong with Clay Rand: *some of the men seem to be avoiding* him, and a number are far from friendly toward him. Then, in the course of a talk with Eileen Gannon, the wife of a near-by ranchman, she learns the truth about Clay.

Gathering together all of his closest friends, Benbow rides away from Hat—not, however, until Clay Rand has murdered Price Peters, after Peters has ordered him to leave the country. Benbow's little band goes to the Running M: the place is deserted; it then proceeds to Cherokee, a small group of houses—and a hotel. Benbow, surrounded by his men, inspects the village's solitary street from a distance. Standing before the hotel are half a dozen horses; a sentry, rifle across his arm, is watching them.

Benbow puts his spurs to his mount. "Circle and get behind the hotel," he orders. And his men fall in behind him.

Conclusion

AFTER Gore had gone from Rand's house, the latter stood irresolutely against the wall listening into the yonder run of the wind with a growing care. He had whipped out the light and though the fireplace threw some glow across the room, he stood well away from its reflection, half expecting Gore to put a shot through the window. Gore had lost faith in him and he knew the Running M foreman's way of summarily acting upon his suspicions.

He stood in that attitude for a good twenty minutes and then, still nervous and unsure, he crawled over to his bunk in the corner and stretched out. A swift explosion of wood in the fireplace sent him upright on the bed and for a while he sat that way, a fine sweat covering his forehead. Presently he rose and locked the door and returned to the bunk.

Tired as he was, sleep seemed impossible. By temperament a restless man, he had a vivid mind that tortured him now with all the things it held, with all the thoughts it kept reviving. He laid a palm over his eyes, as though to break up the images flashing brighter and brighter across his inner vision; and he spoke aloud, "Never mind—never mind." But the sound of his voice was high and unnatural and brought no relief.

For him there was no hope at all. He had reached the end of the trail, as long ago, in his more bitterly candid moments, he had known he someday would. There was in him that sense of prophecy he could never control, and a strange faculty that stood aside and saw realistically what the ungovernable and undisciplined side of him was doing. Sometimes he had made his resolutions. After a bad night at the poker table he had made them. After some of his escapades with women he had made them, and sometimes, in Benbow's company, he had made them, feeling the shame of his position. It never mattered, for recklessness soon erased his good intentions, and his strong appetite for the sensations of life broke through his little moments of honesty. Some balance wheel had been left out of him.

He stood in a ruin entirely of his own making, his hopes and his fears inexorably tangled. He was gripped and shaken fiercely by a morbid self-hatred. He had killed Price out of pride. He couldn't face the disgust in Price's eyes; he couldn't endure the thought of Price telling Benbow how much he knew. It was this last thought that had driven him to pull the gun on Price, for even in his most bitterly quarrelsome moments he needed Benbow's loyalty and could not face the prospect of losing it.

Yet he knew he was soon to lose it.

(*Continued on page* 33)

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He thought he must have been out for hours. Impossible. For when he came to, shaking his dully aching head a few moments later, he heard the echo of Toni's cry and saw her distantly, in the clutch of the two half-castes, being dragged into darkness. He struggled to his feet and started after them. The road was deserted; the ricksha runner had vanished. Johnny didn't wonder. At the first sign of trouble, runner coolies simply discreetly disappear. He took two shaky steps. Then someone grabbed his shoulder; spun him violently around. It was Mr. Porter, chief mate of the ship Antares.

"Well!" he boomed. He was angry, in an unruffled immaculate way. "I ought to smash your face!"

"Yes," Johnny agreed bitterly. "I know. But later, Matt. We got to get her out of there. We—"

"Did you marry her?"

"No, you chump! It was a gag."

"I suppose this is a gag, too?"

Johnny groaned. His head ached. But this wasn't any time for nonsense. "Look, Matt," his voice rushed on, "I don't know what this is. All I know is those two devils jumped us and dragged Toni into that shack. Are you coming with me, or do I go in there alone?"

He started off without waiting for Mr. Porter's reply. But he came along all right, growling. Johnny snarled at him to keep quiet, flattening himself in dark shadow in front of the shoreside hovel. There was no light. The girl was simply swallowed up in there. Johnny started for the rear of the native hut, Matt behind him. In the rear courtyard, close against a rattan-blinded window, Johnny stopped.

"Coconut stink," he whispered. "What the hell!" There was no doubt of it. It was an odor a man couldn't mistake. Johnny put his eye to a slit in the rattans, then straightened up. "There's one fella in there. Tamil. Drilling coconuts. Must be a native factory where they make those crazy tobacco humidors they sell tourists."

"What do they want with Toni?" Mr. Porter wanted savagely to know.

"Save it, Matt! We'll get her out of it first and talk about it later."

MATT PORTER nodded. Johnny Garnett had his jacket off, wrapping it about his fist. Then, swaying backward, he smashed suddenly at the window. It crashed in a shatter of glass. Almost instantly he leaped inside, Matt Porter behind him. The Tamil sprang to his feet with a startled scream. Johnny was on him at once. His fist moved in a short quick arc that took the fellow on the point of the chin. He went down, groaning. Meanwhile Mr. Porter sent his shoulder crashing against the flimsy locked door. Johnny helped. They could hear a welter of native tongues, and above it the clear firm quality of Toni's cry of encouragement.

Through the splintered door yellow lamplight revealed her in the clutch of one of the coolies. Her cheeks were afire. And facing them stood a squat swarthy man with coal-black eyes. Johnny stooped. When he came erect he had a coconut in each hand. Matt Porter had already dived for the nearest Eurasian. Johnny heard the smack of his fist as it found a mark.

"Out, Toni!" he cried. "Beat it!"

The swarthy man spun round, reaching inside his tunic. Johnny drew back his arm, hurling the nut with all his strength. It caught the other on the forehead and he sagged without a sound. Matt had Toni by the arm now. They were in the clear, through the door. Johnny saw the flash of a knife again and hurled himself forward. The blade came down, scraping his shoulder. He felt the hot blood. But at the same time he struck out, first to the stomach and then to the chin. The thin face with the oblique eyes seemed to spin around before him. Then it sank. Johnny didn't wait for any more. He turned and raced after Toni and Mr. Matthew Porter. It was the girl's voice he heard first.

"All right, Johnny?"

"All right!"

They ran swiftly along the beach and then dropped behind a looming dune, panting, waiting for pursuit. Strangely enough, there wasn't any. Johnny wondered about that. But Mr. Porter, peering angrily at the darkly running sea, was growling angrily.

"Well, now maybe you'll tell me what this is all about?"

Johnny grinned ruefully, noticing for the first time that he was minus his best shoregoing jacket. "You may not believe it, Mr. Porter," he said, "but I'm blessed if I know." He turned to the girl. "What in the world did they want with you, Toni?"

"All I could understand in there is that they got the wrong girl. The ugly fellow with the black eyes took a good look at me when they dragged me in and started cursing and ranting at those two coolies in a language I don't understand. Then he started apologizing to me in funny English. And then you came smashing in. That's all I know."

Johnny whistled. "That's why they aren't after us. Glad to get clear of it so easy."

Mr. Porter sprang violently to his feet on a sudden thought. "Good God!" he exploded. "The ship! She sails at midnight! We—"

"You mean she *did* sail at midnight," Johnny interrupted glumly.

"No cabs. Not even a ricksha!" Mr. Porter, looking about him, cursed. "Stranded on the beach miles from anywhere. Lord! Come on. We'll have to walk. Maybe they're holding her up for me. Come on, I say!"

Toni looked at him. So did Johnny. Then they both got up and started off toward the town. Toni, between the two men, eyed Matthew Porter in a moment of sudden and sharp lucidity. As long as she wasn't actually married to Johnny, that settled it for him. She was instantly dismissed from his mind. What worried him was the ship. No; not the ship. That promotion schedule of his. That was it! You could see it on his face. That's all that mattered. He could see that little plan of his shattered and smashed to bits. Ruined. No check mark now at the proper time. Instead, disciplinary idleness for a month or two on the beach. Then back to the freight ships for a year to teach him that missing a ship's sailing is a mortal sin no marine superintendent can forgive a merchant officer. Not ever. Johnny Garnett had said Matthew Porter needed a lesson. Well, this was it, all right. But it was doing Toni a lot of good, too.

"Matt," she ventured softly. "I'm sorry."

"Bah!" he growled.

AND he went striding on toward the lights of Singapore, wholeheartedly sorry for himself alone. Toni looked at him quickly again, then at Johnny Garnett. Funny thing about Johnny. He was grinning.

"What about you, Johnny?" the girl couldn't help but ask.

"Who? Me? Oh, well, I've been on the beach before. No harm done, Toni. Glad you're safe."

Toni smiled. There was the boy *in* him again. And you couldn't help smiling when Johnny grinned that way. "Good thing you were lucky in that crap game, Johnny," she said. "It'll tide you over."

Johnny was *still* grinning. "In the first place," he said gaily, "I didn't

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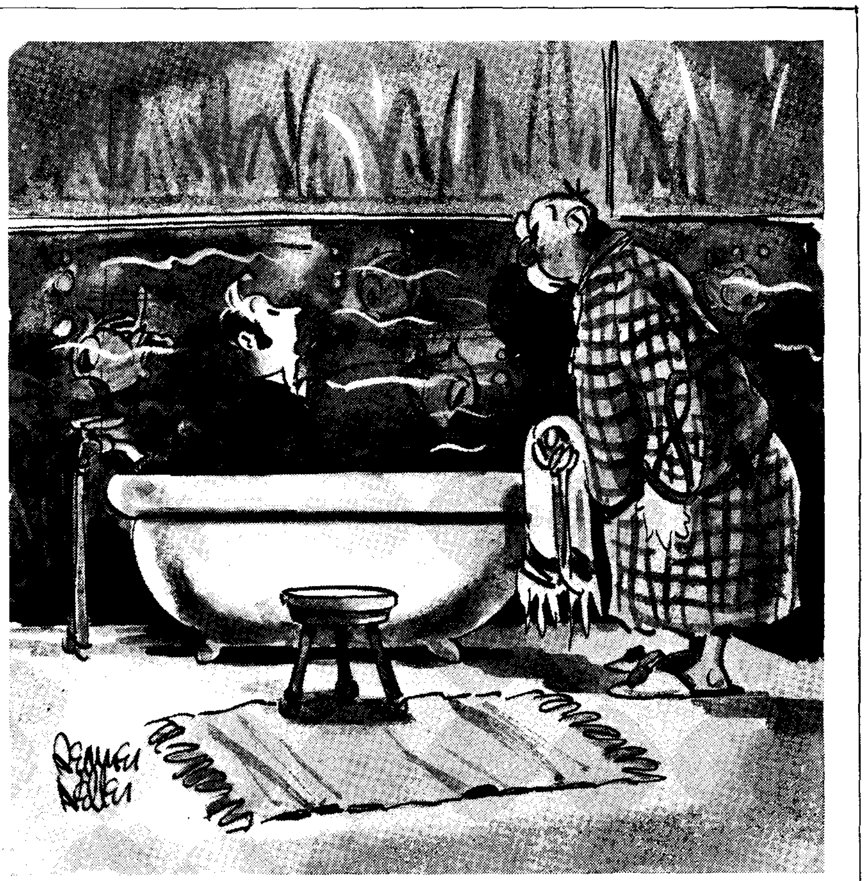
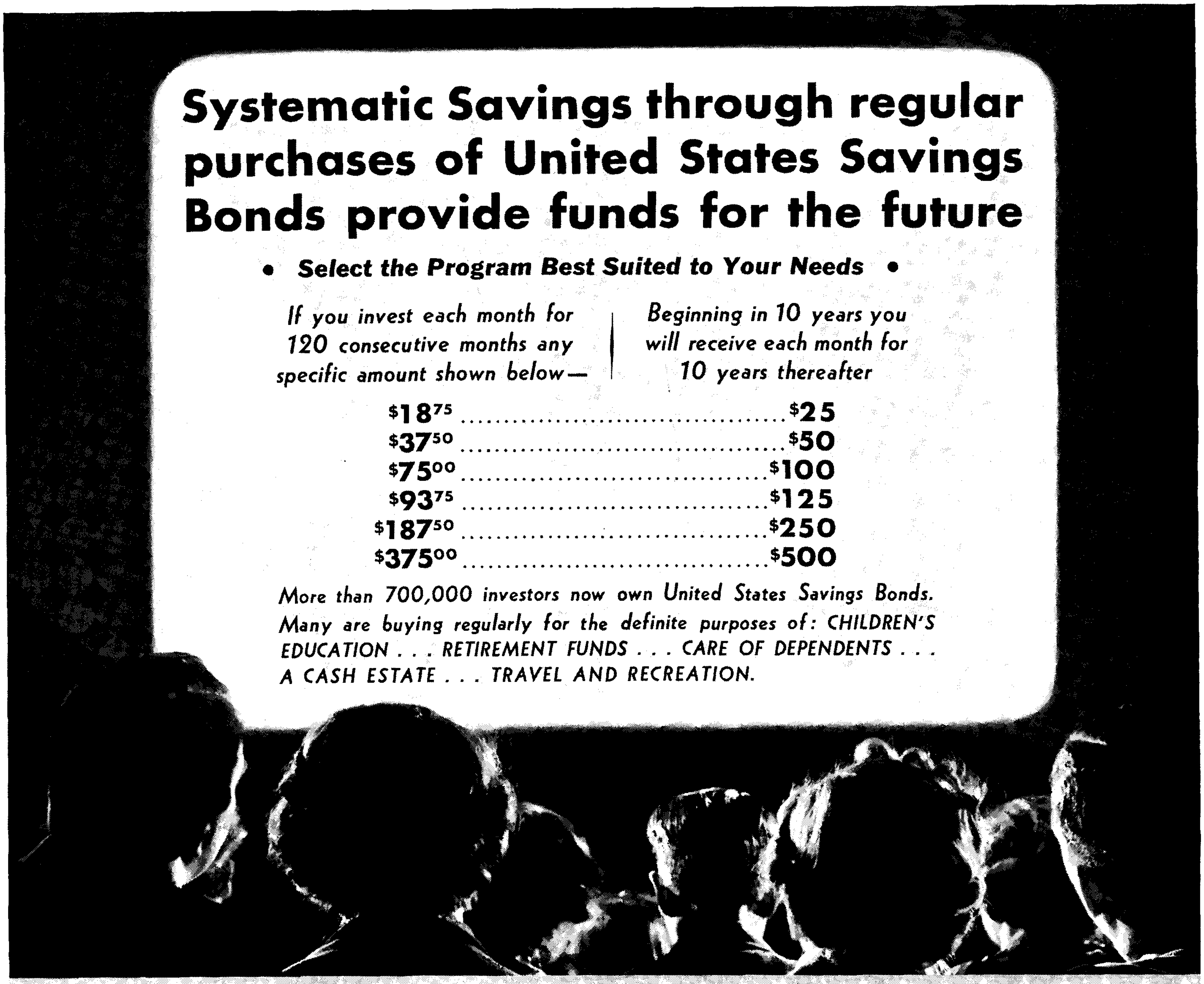


"I've warmed a spot for you, sir. Shall I turn the water on now?"

REAMER KELLER



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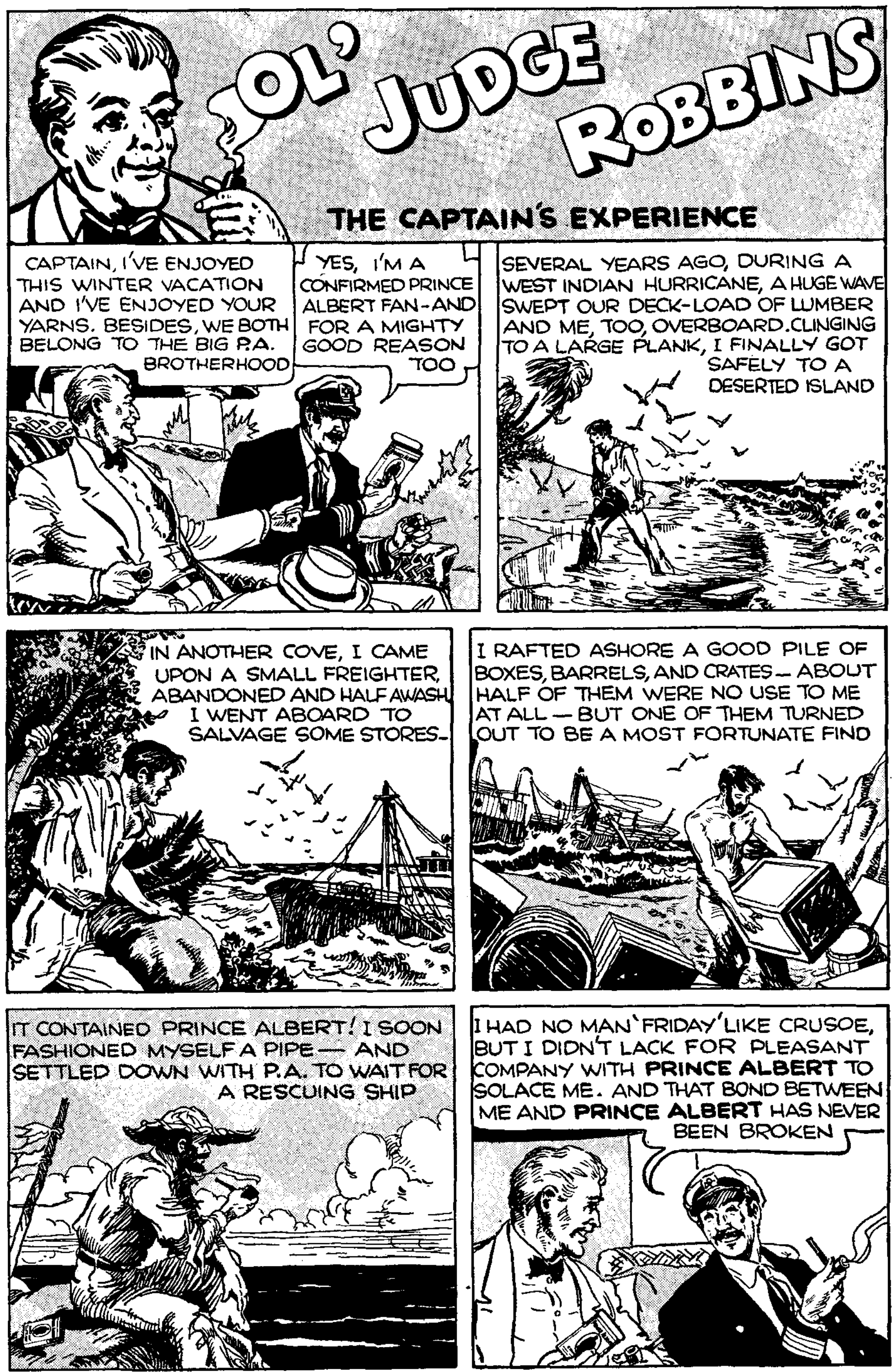
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CAPTAIN, I'VE ENJOYED THIS WINTER VACATION AND I'VE ENJOYED YOUR YARNS. BESIDES, WE BOTH BELONG TO THE BIG P.A. BROTHERHOOD
YES, I'M A CONFIRMED PRINCE ALBERT FAN-AND FOR A MIGHTY GOOD REASON TOO
SEVERAL YEARS AGO, DURING A WEST INDIAN HURRICANE, A HUGE WAVE SWEPT OUR DECK-LOAD OF LUMBER AND ME, TOO, OVERBOARD. CLINGING TO A LARGE PLANK, I FINALLY GOT SAFELY TO A DESERTED ISLAND
IN ANOTHER COVE, I CAME UPON A SMALL FREIGHTER, ABANDONED AND HALF AWASH. I WENT ABOARD TO SALVAGE SOME STORES-
I RAFTED ASHORE A GOOD PILE OF BOXES, BARRELS, AND CRATES— ABOUT HALF OF THEM WERE NO USE TO ME AT ALL — BUT ONE OF THEM TURNED OUT TO BE A MOST FORTUNATE FIND
IT CONTAINED PRINCE ALBERT! I SOON FASHIONED MYSELF A PIPE — AND SETTLED DOWN WITH P.A. TO WAIT FOR A RESCUING SHIP
I HAD NO MAN 'FRIDAY' LIKE CRUSOE, BUT I DIDN'T LACK FOR PLEASANT COMPANY WITH PRINCE ALBERT TO SOLACE ME. AND THAT BOND BETWEEN ME AND PRINCE ALBERT HAS NEVER BEEN BROKEN

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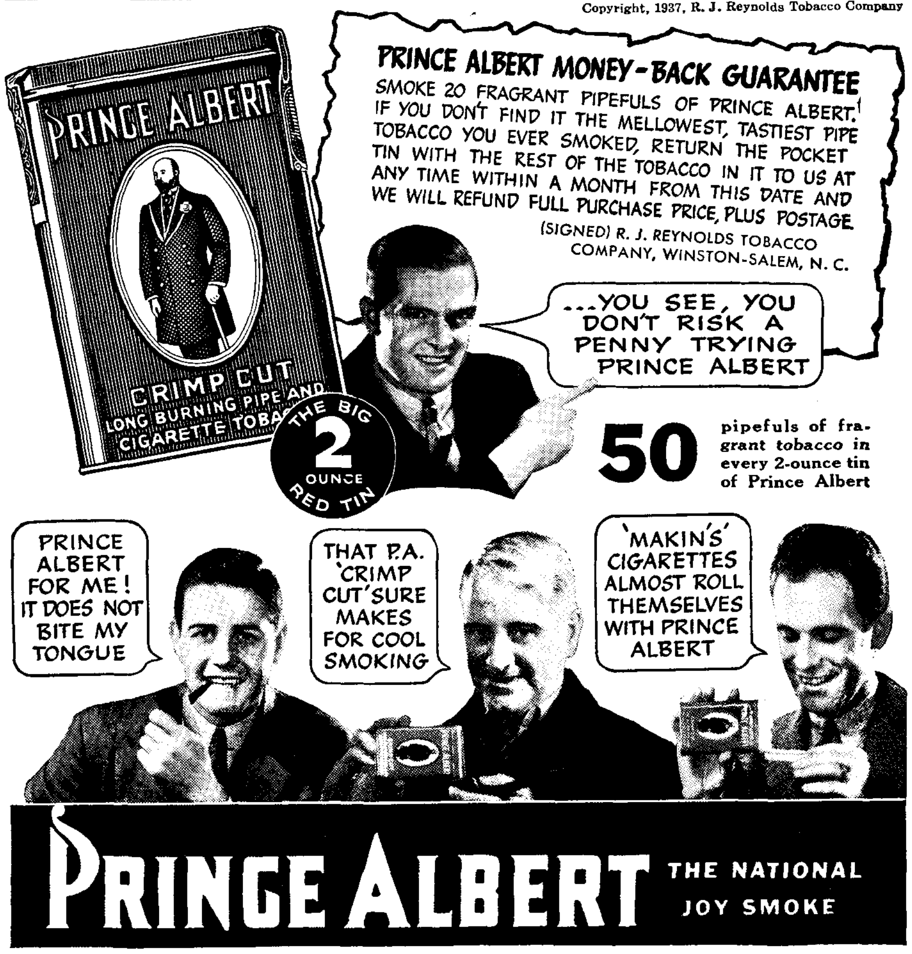
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...YOU SEE, YOU DON'T RISK A PENNY TRYING PRINCE ALBERT
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SMOKE 20 FRAGRANT PIPEFULS OF PRINCE ALBERT. IF YOU DON'T FIND IT THE MELLOWEST, TASTIEST PIPE TOBACCO YOU EVER SMOKED, RETURN THE POCKET TIN WITH THE REST OF THE TOBACCO IN IT TO US AT ANY TIME WITHIN A MONTH FROM THIS DATE AND WE WILL REFUND FULL PURCHASE PRICE, PLUS POSTAGE.
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50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-ounce tin of Prince Albert

(Continued from page 30)

win. In the second place, I never gamble. And in the third place, I borrowed the fifteen bucks from the second engineer. Just on the chance you'd come ashore with me, Toni. See?"

Yes; Toni saw, all right. The business beyond the Praya Road she didn't understand. But other things were settling themselves right in Toni's mind. Surprisingly so. They were back in the populated area now. Matthew Porter was hailing an open cab. They all got in. Mr. Porter sent the Malay driver toward the Keppel Basin docks. That was more important than getting Toni home. But Toni didn't seem to mind. It was well past one o'clock when they went through the gates together onto the gloomy wharf with its heavy smells of rubber and spice and coconut. The Liverpool ship was still taking coal in a blaze of clustered cargo lamps, with yellow men trotting tirelessly up the plank in an endless stream. But the liner Antares was out somewhere in Malacca Strait.

THE dock was a gloomy vault, noisy with the gurgle and suck of water underfoot. And the harbor lights blinked feebly in outer darkness. But Mr. Porter saw nothing of all that. He was in a rage. Nothing like this had ever happened to him before. He was thinking, no doubt, of that check-marked list of his in the desk of his cabin on the ship Antares. It was in ruins now, that meticulously planned career. Beyond hope. Beyond redemption. Then the door of the agent's wharfside office shot open and in the square of lurid light a black shadow loomed.

"Is that you, Mr. Porter? About time!" It boomed hollowly through the cavernous wharf, surly with impatience. "Get along here, will you, please? I can't wait all night!"

"Coming, sir," the chief mate called forlornly: and he started off after an angry look toward Johnny Garnett and Toni.

Johnny whistled softly under his breath. "In for it now, Toni," he muttered. "Me too, I guess. Back in a jiffy. Then I'll see you home."

Toni merely nodded. Johnny's footsteps echoed after Mr. Porter. But he wasn't gone long. And when he came back he sat down abruptly on an upended cask. And he laughed. Toni looked at him a little dismayed. Because Johnny's heart and soul were in that laughter of his. It welled up from his inner spirit, taking possession of all of him, of his freckled face and his stumpy nose. He shook with it, slapping his large-knuckled hands on his knees.

"What in the world?" Toni wanted to know.

"It's rich, Toni!" Johnny managed to gasp. "Rich! We were going to teach him a lesson, were we? Well, we did all right. We haul him off the Antares and make him miss her sailing clean by more than an hour. Mr. Matthew Porter, the man who never makes a mistake. The man who'd sooner miss an arm than miss his ship. So what happens, Toni? What happens, I ask you? The executive officer of the S. S. Tamilar—she follows us on the run—gets blackwater fever or something somewhere between Hong Kong and Manila Bay. So they have to leave him ashore there in a hospital. And who gets the job. You're right. Check! Check it off the list! Mr. Matthew Porter! They got a cable on it half an hour before the Antares sailed. Been looking all over for him, afloat and ashore, trying to *hold* him here so he can step aboard when the Tamilar docks ten days from now. There you are, Toni. What'd I tell you? When a man is marked for glory, there's nothing anyone can do. Nothing. He can mark it off on his promotion chart. Check and double check! Just six months and four days ahead of schedule time!"

"No, Johnny!"

"Fact."

He stood up. He wasn't laughing now. Toni was looking at him with an odd light in her eyes. But Johnny was kicking awkwardly at the cask and rubbing his hand along his trouser leg, frowning. Something on his finger tips seemed bothersome, sticky. He lifted his hand and examined it carelessly. He heard Toni's voice.

"What about you, Johnny?" she was saying.

"Me? I go back home in the next tramp freight and suck my thumbs on the beach for a couple of months for missing a liner's sailing time. I—" He stopped short abruptly and looked up at Toni with a wild light. "Holy cats!" he exploded. "I got it! Toni, I got it!"

"Got what?"

"This!" He poked out his hand, wiggling the finger tips. "Look at it! Sealing wax!"

"What about it?"

"The coconuts!"

Toni shook her pert head sadly. "Nuts, maybe, Johnny," she said with dry irony. "But not coconuts. You better go to bed."

"No, I tell you. The coconuts!" Johnny Garnett was wildly excited. "It makes sense now. That's why they kidnaped you, Toni. They thought you were the dame who was spotting their game. Those two half-castes were sent out after her and they grabbed you by mistake. Otherwise, after we broke loose they'd have chased us. And cut some throats, I can tell you. Don't you see? Those crackers out there weren't making tobacco humidors for tourists at all. That Tamil fella was drilling out the eyes of the nuts. Then in goes the opium, and the three small holes are resealed with wax. Natural as new! No one's the wiser. The stuffed coconuts are mixed in with a couple of hundred tons and they ship the whole lot as careless as any other general freight. Can't you see? Who'd think of pawing through two hundred tons of loose coconuts and expect to find anything like that? Hey? But in New York when the gang takes delivery, they know! And there the stuff is reclaimed! Holy cats! Wait'll I tell *that* to old weasel face in his office there!"

HE WHIRLED on his heel, starting off on the run. Toni's voice brought him up short. There was something about it made his eyes go wide. He turned; came back to her.

"What would it mean to you?" she was saying.

"Oh, I dunno. Satisfaction of it, I guess. Promotion, maybe, instead of the beach." He coughed. "I might even get a chief mate's berth."

That vivid brightness was in Toni's eyes again. "I was engaged to be married to a chief mate once," she said.

"Toni!"

"But he was on a promotion schedule," she went on serenely, "and he suddenly got ahead of himself. I just found out."

"Toni!" Johnny said again.

"Didn't you say the fifteenth time you asked you'd make it stick?"

Johnny Garnett was grinning again. That grin that was so good to see. "Here goes!" His blue eyes puckered, and his stumpy nose got all mixed up in wrinkles. "Number fifteen, Toni. . . . Will you marry me?"

"Check!" she said at once, emphatically.

"Second mate or chief—or on the beach?"

"Check!" was all that Toni had time to say again.

Deep West

Continued from page 28

Somehow the valley had caught wind of him. Connie knew. And as soon as Benbow, riding out against Gore, began to untangle the treachery that threaded every trail in the Yellows, he too would know.

So he had no chance of surviving this coming war and it was the necessity of making up his mind to some definite move that ragged at him and perplexed him and left him confused. He was through on Hat and he was soon to be through with Benbow. He had no remaining friend, then, in the valley; no welcome at any ranch. And his partnership with Gore was over, with Gore's mind frozen against him and the threat of a killing in the wind.

Every road was closed except the one Price Peters had pointed out. He could still saddle up and leave the valley.

But as he thought of it the little devils of his mind woke his pride and his recklessness again. Wild anger rushed through him, knocking down the little sanity he owned. And then fear chilled his nerves and made a lump in his stomach and the sweat came again to his forehead. Thus, spun in the vortex of this terrible, desperate unreason, he fell into a fitful sleep. . . .

HE FOUND himself suddenly awake, standing on his feet in the middle of the room's cold blackness. The fire was dead and the wind rushed along the walls of the house and rattled up the loose boards and went banging away among the movable objects in the yard. The half-blizzard had swung around and now came blowing up from the direction of Running M; and out of that quarter he thought he heard the wind-stretched and distance-thinned rumor of gunfire.

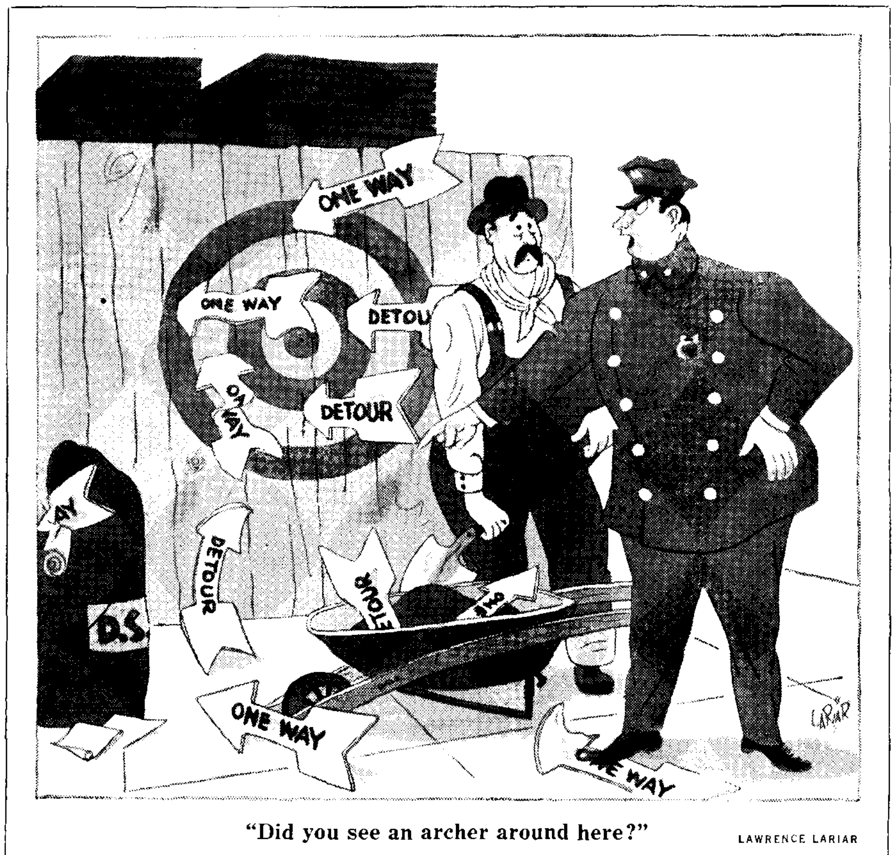
He lighted a match and got out his watch, warned by the faint gray shape of the windows. It was near six o'clock then and suddenly there was in his mind one driving impulse, which was to pack the dead Price Peters to some other quarter of the hills so that suspicion of the killing would not fall on him. He had no idea what had borne this impulse to him, but it was there when he woke and it pressed him in a way that would not let him alone.

He ran out of the house to the barn and found his horse standing there with the saddle still on; he had left it in front of the house the night before and had forgotten it. The sound of firing came on distinctly, and then died. Moving around the barn's gray gloom, he haltered another horse and slapped on a pack rig and led both animals down past his house into the Ramparts trail. He pushed his way up through the snow, and had to hunt for Price's body in the covering drifts; and had a bad fifteen minutes lashing Price to the pack rig. Afterward, in the saddle, he sat quietly considering where he ought to go. The firing had originated somewhere in the canyon above Running M, which meant that Benbow had struck Riley's settlement. The country that way wasn't safe. By the open valley it might be, since the heavy run of snow and the blanketing grayness of morning were still shelter from prying eyes. And it was on the other side of the canyon somewhere that he wanted to leave Price.

He dropped from the Ramparts into the open valley, to discover immediately that Running M was afire, three separate yellow-red blobs of light swelling out above the darkness and the screen of snow. Immediately he retreated farther into the valley and thus circled the burning ranch. Daylight crept dismally through the violent weather when he closed in upon the Ramparts and bucked his way up its stiff slope to the trail. At this point he was not far from the Gannon ranch. Behind him lay Granite Canyon and behind him, at the end of the lead rope, followed the grisly fact of a murder, that fact haunting him and burning its terror deeper and deeper into his brain.

It was his intention to ride straight along the Ramparts to an abandoned cabin well down by the edge of Hat, but the light of the morning, feeble as it was, made him more and more fearful and caused him to change his mind. There

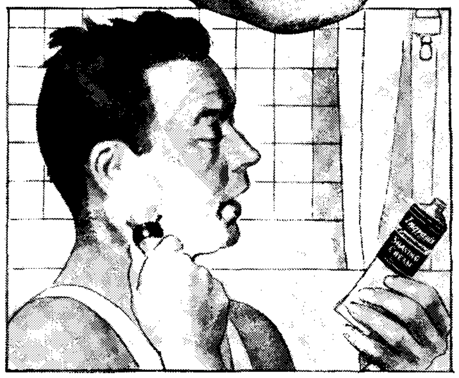
(Continued on page 34)

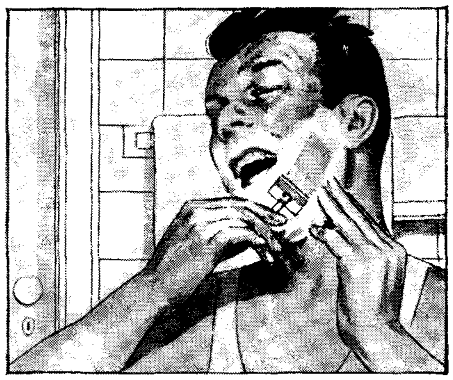


"Did you see an archer around here?"

LAWRENCE LARIAR

FRED ALLEN
says–
"**INGRAM'S**
saves time
INGRAM'S
saves money
INGRAM'S
saves your face!"





When I tumble from bed in the cold grey dawning, I don't feel funny but Portland says I look funny. Lucky for me and my "Town Hall Tonight" audience I'm "Pollyanna" Allen—the second I begin to shave with Ingram's.

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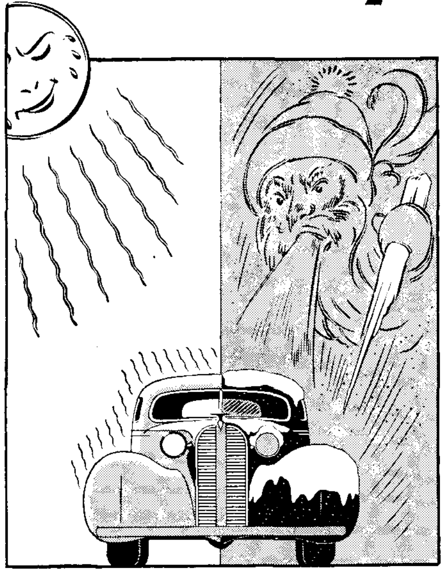
SHAVING CREAM

Cool and Concentrated

how

to Preserve Your Car's Beauty



Weather and wear soon ruin automobile finishes unless Simonized

Simoniz makes it easy to preserve any car's beauty for years. In fact, you can't expect the lacquer or enamel on your car to last long without Simoniz. So, give it this all-weather protection right away. If your car is dull, first use the wonderful Simoniz Kleener to prepare the finish for Simoniz. It restores the lustre quickly, safely, and easily. Simoniz, too, is easy to put on, but mighty hard to wear off. You'll find there's nothing like it for keeping your car beautiful!

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Motorists Wise

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ALWAYS INSIST ON THEM FOR YOUR CAR

(Continued from page 33)

was another trail leading upward toward Cherokee and this he decided to take when he reached its junction directly ahead.

He had, in fact, reached that junction and had swung into the trail when a voice reached out from the rear and challenged him.

He jerked himself about in the saddle—afterward knowing it to be a fatal motion—and thrust his glance back against the dim-showing pine trunks. For a moment he saw nobody; and then a man stepped out from one of the pines and called again: "Who's that?"

Wind distorted the voice and the snow blurred Rand's eyes. He couldn't identify the man, but his reaction was to snatch up his gun and throw a shot back there and to slash his spurs across the flanks of his pony, driving it on at a violent jump. The pack horse, wrenched by the sudden tightening of the lead rope, began to buck and then the rope slid from Rand's fist and when he looked behind again he saw the pack horse trotting toward the Ramparts trail. And a gun began to bang methodically and persistently through the wind.

Throwing his spurs into the horse again he fled up the trail toward Cherokee.

CHEROKEE was a town that had been literally cut out of the pine forest, with the trees marching down within ten feet of the hotel's back entrance. Dismounted there in the pine's shelter, Benbow waited for his outfit to crowd around him.

"This door goes into the kitchen. The dining room is on the left of the kitchen. They're still eating. One man's out on the street with the horses. Izee, you take a couple boys and duck down the side of the building and nail that fellow. And keep the street clear. We go in through the kitchen, as fast as possible."

Izee nodded, wiggling his finger at two men to stick with him. McGinnis and George Gray were beside Benbow, with the rest of the outfit close behind.

Benbow said, softly, "Brace yourselves," and then left the trees. Izee and his two followers jumped at the sound of his voice, like racers leaving the mark, and went down the hotel's side on the dead run. Benbow reached the kitchen door and wrenched it open. A pale old fellow swung away from the kitchen stove—some strange expression licking its heat across his eyes. Benbow pushed him aside, and made a long dive at the dining-room door. The scuffle of boots whirled up a telltale racket in the kitchen and when he reached the door he hit it hard and low with his shoulder and drove it out of its latch, afraid of time's swift passage.

The door sprang back and he was in the dining room, with Nelson and George Gray at his rear and with Nelson howling: "Stand fast!" It was a narrow room, a long table running down toward the lobby exit; and at the foot of that table he saw four men's faces swing in a white blur. All this he caught in fractional smears of motion. Ben Kell started to rise. Indian Riley dropped a cup and tried to run, his short and heavy body caught between table and chair. One man yelled and made no move at all; and the fourth, already risen, wheeled like a cat and threw himself out of the dining room, his boots pounding across the lobby floor.

Kell was on his feet but motionless, his giant's body straining for action and yet locked against it. Benbow called, "Easy, boys," and watched all those three faces freeze. Indian Riley quietly placed both his hands on the table and said in a voice so easy and so indifferent that Benbow never forgot it: "I guess that's it." The third followed Riley's action, his cheeks as pale as paper. The escaping man went through a side window of the hotel, leaving the crash of splintered glass behind him; outside one gunshot ripped the steady whine of wind. That was all. Some of Benbow's men were careening back through the kitchen in an effort to cut off the fugitive. The others had pushed into the dining room. Silence fell, dry and inflammable.

BENBOW walked behind Riley and reached down to the man's holster. He lifted Riley's gun, emptied the cylinder and threw the gun into a corner, and went around to Kell. "Arms up, Ben," he murmured, and watched Kell's huge muscles stir beneath his shirt in rising. He got Kell's gun and the third man's gun. He said, "Walk into the lobby."

Riley got slowly out of his chair. He was smiling a little as he walked into the lobby and his voice was the voice of a man schooled to hide whatever he might feel. They all went into the lobby, and stopped there.

Izee tramped in from the street, obviously angry with himself. "I missed that fellow by the horses. He's gone."

McGinnis called: "Where's that other boy who ran?"

"Never came out of the front door," said Izee.

"Let 'em go," Benbow said. "They took their chances and they had luck. That's all right." He stared at the third man caught in the dining room; this one's face was altogether colorless and his eyes were sprung marble-round. His nerve was gone and it was hard for Benbow to look at that staring, half-deadened expression. He said irritably: "Who are you?"

Riley said carelessly: "Frankie ain't much, Jim. I only took him on a month ago."

"He's a rustler," pointed out McGinnis definitely.

"Not much of one," grunted Riley. "See for yourself. He's lost his sand and he can't talk. He's small potatoes. Let him go."

McGinnis said immediately: "You know the rule, Benbow. You laid it down. No exceptions."

The rest of the outfit, having scoured the street, came back into the lobby. George Gray said: "Five horses. That accounts for this bunch. Three men here and the two that got away. Where's Gore?"

But Benbow had his mind busy with this undersized Frankie who stood there before the crowd and slowly shriveled. Frankie was young but he knew what was ahead of him and fear sent its anesthetic along his nerves and the surface of his eyes showed a greater and greater dullness.

"Frankie," murmured Benbow, "how old are you?"

The answer was a long time coming, so long that the intervening silence grew painful and Izee cleared his throat and looked at the floor. "Twenty-one," whispered Frankie.

"No exceptions," warned McGinnis.

Benbow didn't hear.

"Take your horse and go, Frankie."

Indian Riley was soundlessly laughing.

"I never doubted you was tough, Jim. But I didn't know you had a heart." He quit laughing and shook his head, a faint wistfulness breaking his contained manner. "I wish—" and then shrugged his shoulders. "Well, let's get this done."

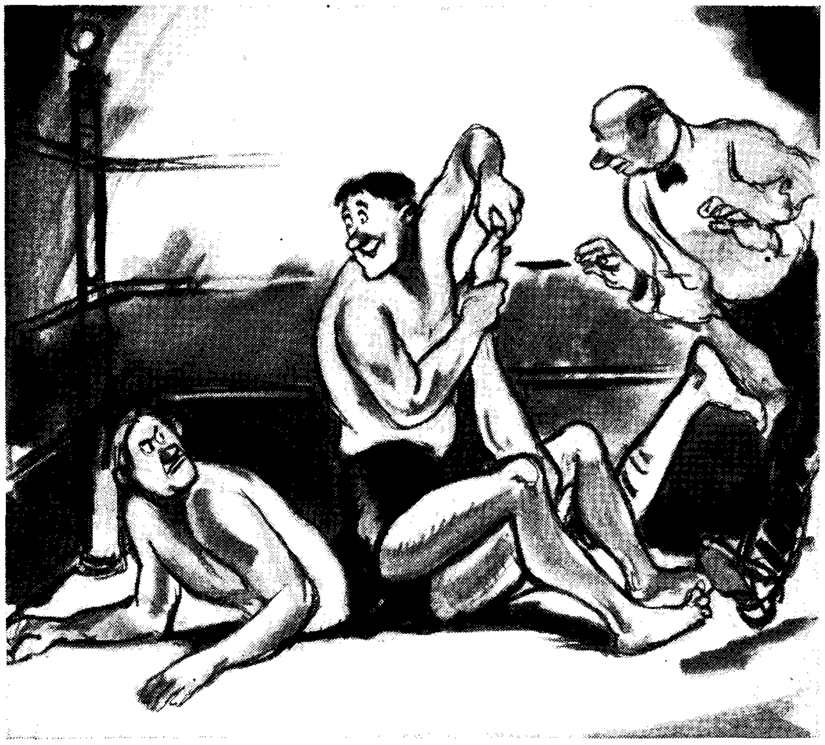
Benbow said: "Where's Cash?"

Indian Riley stared expressionlessly at him. "Don't ask me fool questions."

THERE was in Cash Gore an acute perception of trouble, a kind of animal's intuition. After he left Rand's cabin, the warning of something in the wind was very strong. He thought about it all the way back to Running M, and afterward kept turning it over and over in his head. He had studied Benbow through the last two years with a deep interest and knew how the man's mind worked; and now he weighed Benbow's probable reaction to all the recent happenings, trying to strike an answer. There was no answer, but the smell of the night was bad and so, because he never disobeyed these intangible rumors when they came to him, he suddenly made his decision, called out the crew and left Running M. This was around three in the morning. Going up the canyon, he joined with Riley. Near six, just before daylight, he started back to scout the ranch. It was then that he ran directly into Benbow's men and precipitated the fight.

Much as he had expected trouble, it caught him off guard and the wickedness of Benbow's attack upon Riley's settlement snapped the backbone of his outfit. They went up the pass road pell-mell and when he gathered them up at

(Continued on page 36)



"This little piggy had roast beef"

PAUL WEBB

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OF
BUYING AND OWNING
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LET'S say that you're one of the millions who will buy a new motor car in 1937.

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ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

GONE with the WIND

DON'T LET THIS HAPPEN TO YOU

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KREML

Tested and Approved 4748 Good Housekeeping Bureau

REMOVES DANDRUFF AND CHECKS FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

(Continued from page 34)

the Cherokee trail crossing he knew that he couldn't hold all of them. Two of the Running M crew and one of Riley's riders were dead in the settlement; and Joe Lane, sitting like a drunk in the saddle, had a bad crease in the side of his face. It was the sight of Joe Lane that broke his party exactly in half—the dissenting bunch simply pulling out in the direction of the reservation. He didn't try to argue with them.

LATER, not more than a mile from Cherokee, Joe Lane rolled from the saddle, a dead man before he struck the snow; and that sight and the grisly feel of the day broke up his party again. There was a little show of trouble here, for Gore drew his gun and laid it on the crowd that wanted to drift. He said:

"I've fed you whelps a long time."

One man said, boldly: "Go to hell, Cash. I don't die for thirty dollars a month. You got eggs to fry. You fry 'em."

Indian Riley laughed at that, and still was laughing when they left. Gore rapped out: "What's so funny?"

Riley said: "I guess we're through in this country, Cash. Benbow's kind of tough. I was thinkin'—fun don't last forever. I didn't know that."

"We'll see," said Cash.

Riley stared at Gore with a shrewd consideration. "He's in your craw, and you want your try at him. Sure. Well, you're fast, Cash. Maybe you're faster than he is. I recall, though, that the man is lucky. Well, luck's a thing a man can't fight. I think ours has plumb run out. We better drift."

There were six of them. Cash and Riley and Kell; the kid Frankie, and Joe Rambo and Dode Perris. They were all seasoned except the kid Frankie. Nobody knew why he stayed. After the second bunch had left, Cash took the others along that trail a little way and had each man break into the timber toward Cherokee, in this manner hiding their tracks. They came together again at the edge of town and rode directly to the hotel for a meal.

It was a town Cash trusted; it was his kind of a town. And he held no particular fear of Benbow at the moment, believing that Benbow would be dragging the country and following the major tracks. Yet the smell of the wind was still bad to him and the spookiness that had kept running along his nerves during all the evening still controlled him. He finished his meal before the others and went out and led his horse down to the stable. The man there, Ambrose McRae, was a friend and Cash wanted a fresh horse; and so he was in this stable when Benbow hit the hotel with a clatter that could be heard all down the street. Crouched in the darkness of the place, Cash saw Dode Perris make one long leap to the saddle and rush away, a single shot exploding at him and missing him. Nobody else came from the hotel's front door and Gore understood that the game was up with Riley and the others.

He ducked back to where his horse stood, hearing Benbow's men shouting forward. For the briefest lag of time he considered his chances, and then in one swift heave he ripped off his saddle, unbuckled the bridle and kicked his horse into a stall. McRae stood at the door, throwing back his low and urgent warning: "Comin' this way." Gore hurled his gear behind a stall and threw himself up to the loose hay piled behind the runway. He was buried in it when Izee's party ran in to have a look.

BENBOW repeated his question: "Where's Cash?"

Riley's face was an inexpressive, moon-round surface. He said nothing and Benbow, stirred by an admiration he could not help, knew that Riley had already crossed out any hope of living. It was to be seen in the way the outlaw so quietly and so fatalistically wrapped a calm about him. Silence ran on, with Benbow's crew turned very still and very attentive. Benbow wheeled back into the dining room and considered the table there. He had caught four men at the table, but there were five plates before him. The fifth plate had been used. He thought about that and afterward remembered the man who had guarded the horses. It explained this extra plate.

Yet when he returned to the lobby he wasn't quite satisfied. He couldn't shake from his head the deep belief that Gore wouldn't retreat until the last shot had been fired. Lifting his eyes beyond the ring of valley men he saw Sawmill Baker, who ran this hotel, posted in a corner. Sawmill held the key to Cash Gore's whereabouts; and Sawmill, though nobody else knew it, was friendly to Hat. Yet Benbow understood he couldn't ask Sawmill the direct question without putting the hotel man in a hole. Cherokee was a town that would always be a refuge for the toughs and Sawmill, if he valued his life, had to keep his mouth shut. Benbow liked Sawmill too much to embarrass him.

McGinnis seemed to be thinking about Sawmill also, for the Diamond-and-a-Half man pointed a finger at Sawmill and said: "Gore been here?"

Sawmill said quietly: "Gentlemen, I run a hotel and I can't answer your question."

McGinnis, thoroughly angry, simply bawled: "You'll answer it or you'll get your backbone stretched."

"No," said Sawmill, "he hasn't been here."

BENBOW kept his eyes on Indian Riley's face when that answer came, trying to locate some faint stir of emotion. There was none; and Ben Kell's expression was, as before, sullen and sly and hard.

Izee said: "He might've been here but he ain't now. We rummaged all the buildings."

"Been upstairs?" said Benbow.

Izee showed a faint surprise. "Why, no," he answered; and then went immediately toward the stairs. Two Diamond-and-a-Half men walked with him.

"He's not here," called Sawmill Baker.

The group stood still, listening to the search party's footsteps drag along the upper hall. Doors slammed. Izee called down: "Nothin' at all."

Riley broke his long silence: "I'm straight with you boys. Cash ain't in town."

"He didn't run," stated Benbow.

Riley stared at Benbow. "No," he answered, "he ain't the runnin' kind. I always kinda liked him for that."

"Who killed Arizona?"

Riley shifted his feet and said impatiently: "Let's get this over. I know what's comin'."

Benbow said quietly: "I'm sorry, Riley."

McGinnis lifted his head, listening for something. He wheeled away from the group and went to the front doorway—and stood there, his head poked carefully around the casing. Riley shrugged his shoulders at Benbow's talk. "I went into this business with my eyes open, Jim. If I'd gotten away, I'd still be at it. You'll get no regrets from me." Then he thought of something else: "But listen. I didn't kill that Travelin' Kid. I want you to know it. He never amounted to anything, one way or another. It was tough business—and I'm glad I ain't got it written in my book."

Benbow looked at Kell. "You tried to trap me behind Dunmire's stable, Ben. I heard your voice. It was a bad mistake—for you."

Izee came across the lobby. "Nothin' at all," he repeated. "I—"

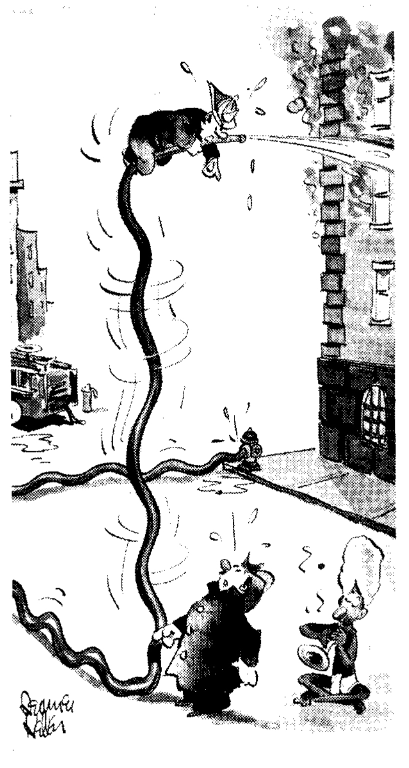
McGinnis whirled from the door, jumping for Riley. He seized Riley's arm. "You go stand in that door. Everybody else keep away from the windows —and keep still. Come on!"

Riley said, "Why?" suspiciously, but McGinnis pushed him to the doorway. The rest of the crowd had backed toward the lobby's side walls. Benbow called, "What is it, Nelson?" Nelson only shook his head, watching Riley go as far as the door and stop there. Considering all this with a quick interest, Benbow observed the way Riley looked up the street and then suddenly wrenched his head about to shoot a strange, half-grinning glance at McGinnis.

McGinnis breathed: "Use your head, Riley."

Riley drawled, "Yeah, I know," and squared himself at a rider coming down the street.

FROM where he stood, Benbow had only a vague view of a long pair of legs straddling a horse. The rider had turned in at the hotel porch, and had stopped. Izee's breathing lifted and fell and the silence began to sing, to turn thin. A voice said:



"Make that mug stop playin' them pipes!"

REAMER KELLER

"Where's Cash, Riley?"

Benbow jerked his shoulders high and stiff, and started forward. But he only took one step, for Izee suddenly got in front of him and drove his arms against Benbow's chest. Izee muttered savagely, half furiously: "Damn you, keep still!" Benbow knocked Izee's arms down. He didn't move again and he didn't speak, yet all the angles of his features were sharp and deep and a sudden blaze of yellow rage poured out of his eyes, and played on Izee wickedly. Men's breathing seemed to have stopped. Riley was speaking carelessly, almost laughing:

"I thought you was supposed to meet him this mornin' at the ranch."

The man outside said: "He tell you that?"

"Sure. Wasn't that the agreement?"

"Why didn't he keep his mouth shut? What're you doing over this way? I expected you'd be in the canyon."

"Just a side trip," said Riley. "You want to see Cash? He's in here eatin'."

The long legs swung down from the saddle and hit the porch. Riley wheeled back from the door, his grin suddenly shining across the room, strange and narrow and bitter. And then Clay Rand was in the doorway, his high and thin body stopped there, and freezing there.

Riley said, in a scornful way: "When I despise a man he's pretty low. Lower than me. Here's your hound dog, McGinnis. Waste no sympathy on him."

McGinnis' voice bit like a bullet into Rand: "What you want to see Gore for?"

Rand suddenly had composed himself. His voice was careful and cool: "That's my business."

"Your mistake," said McGinnis. "It's our business. I want straight answers from you, Clay."

"I've sold beef to Running M," said Rand. "I want my money before he gets away. What's wrong with that?"

"A lot," said McGinnis.

Rand said, with a repressed bitterness: "If I'm so damned disagreeable to you gentlemen, I'll get out of here."

"Wait a minute," said a voice in the doorway, and as everybody whipped around, Joe Gannon limped into the lobby and shook the snow from his coat. He made a gaunt, chilled shape in the room and there was the stamp of exhaustion and illness on his work-hollowed face. He had something to say, and said it in a voice that wasn't steady:

"I was up above my house, on the Ramparts. I saw him come by and turn into the Cherokee trail. He was leadin' a horse that had something lashed in a pack rig. I knew he was crooked two weeks ago, because Eileen overheard him talkin' to Gore. So I challenged him to stop. He threw a shot at me and I threw some at him and then he got out of there in a hurry. But he lost his lead rope and the pack horse came back my way. I got it on my place now. I also got what was lashed to the pack rig." He stopped a moment, his voice feeble and without strength. "It was Price Peters. Shot below the heart."

INTO that stunned quiet Rand's sudden and deep gust of breath was like a blast of steam. He made his violent whirl toward the door and was half through it when Indian Riley, all the while watching Rand closely, drove his solid body straight at Rand and nailed him to the casing with the full smash of his shoulders. Nelson McGinnis ran up and half the men in the room jumped over there. Clay Rand's voice was rash and savage and turned mad then, howling below the melee. Somebody hit him across the head and his voice quit; and then the fighting was over and Rand was again on his feet, a little stream of blood running down his white cheeks.

McGinnis wheeled around, speaking to Benbow: "No exceptions, Jim."

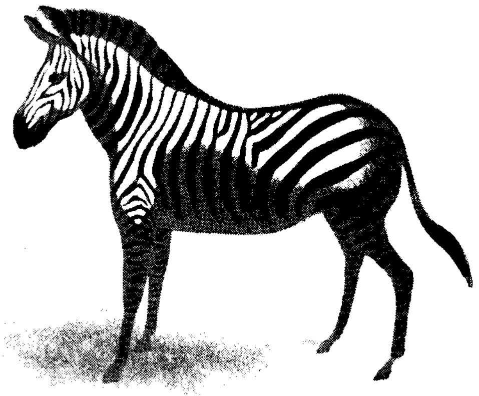
Yet even then the crowd waited for Benbow to speak. It was his presence that constrained them and it was the gray and bloodless show of misery on his face that held them still. A long, long interval before he broke that stillness, lifting a hand in a gesture all of them understood. He said, in a weary voice, "No exceptions," and watched them close around Rand and Riley and Kell—and lead them out. Somebody said, "The stable," and afterward they filed down the street. Izee gathered up three of the racked horses and took them along; and a man ducked into the saloon and came out in a moment with a pint of whisky.

Following behind, Benbow saw all this. And stopped in the stable's arch, he saw the men of his own outfit throw three ropes up over one of the stable's high beams. They were tying Riley's hands, and Kell's—and Rand's. Riley looked indifferently at the three ropes and said: "Do a man a favor, Jim. Put that yellow-haired dog on another beam. Kell and me—we're a little particular."

(Continued on page 38)

B stands for Bear . . . a fun-loving mug,
Remarkably **Tough** . . . he slays with a hug!

Z is for Zebra . . . with awning-striped fur,
His legs move so **Fast** that his color schemes blur!



Now mix them both up and mix them up well,
And there, sir, you have the **New Golden Shell**

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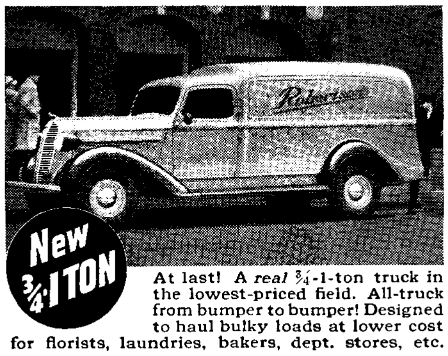

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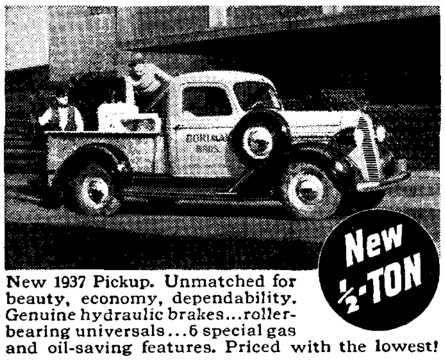

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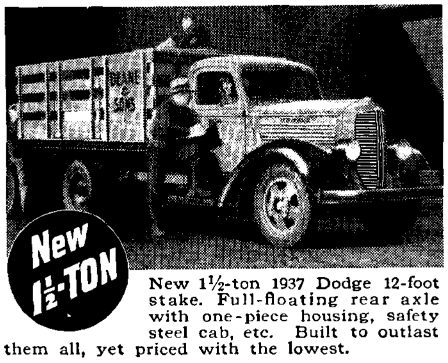


New 1½-ton 1937 Dodge 12-foot stake. Full-floating rear axle with one-piece housing, safety steel cab, etc. Built to outlast them all, yet priced with the lowest.

SWITCH TO DODGE TRUCKS AND SAVE MONEY!

(Continued from page 37)

They took down one of the ropes and threw it over a beam farther back. Nobody was talking and the feeling of sickness crawled around while Hat's riders knotted the loops and squared those loops underneath each man's right ear. There was some trouble getting these men, so trussed, into the saddles; afterward they backed the horses directly beneath the straight fall of each rope—and tightened and tied the ropes' free ends to adjoining stall posts.

They stood like that—Kell and Riley paired, and Rand sitting alone behind them. One of McGinnis' men opened the pint whisky flask and offered Riley a drink. He said, evenly: "This'll be the first time I ever refused whisky." Kell bent down and took a long, deep pull; and afterward Rand emptied the bottle.

The quietness in here got worse, all the men standing back and waiting. Something had happened to Kell, some oddness closing him out from the world. But Riley's poker expression never broke. He said: "Hell will be hot, which is a comfort. I ain't been warm since midnight. When you whip out these horses, whip 'em hard. I want this job well done."

"Riley," said Benbow, "I admire you."

"I wish," said Indian Riley, with a touch of sadness, "I wish—" But his broad shoulders lifted and fell and he closed his mouth, and fatalism covered him completely. He never spoke again. Everybody was waiting here, not knowing why. McGinnis reached up and took a pair of loose halter ropes from a stall post and looked at Benbow. But he moved around Benbow and handed one of the ropes to a Diamond-and-a-Half man, motioning that one back to Rand's horse, himself moving behind Riley and Kell.

Benbow said distinctly, "I'd never ask a man to do something I'm not willing to do," and reached over and took the rope from McGinnis. But he turned then and walked on until he stood near the head of Rand's horse; and stopped there, looking up at the man who had so long been his partner.

Rand had nothing in his eyes that eased it for Benbow; nothing of softness or of regret, nothing to remind Benbow of all their riding days. Yet Benbow remembered them—remembered all the fun and all the laughter, and all the high excitement. It was when they had been young and the world was as they wanted it to be. Long, long ago. And his thoughts turned to Connie and his mind went black and he saw Clay Rand as a stranger sitting high and straight and pale on the horse and he whipped himself around and took two paces forward and drew his arm and sent a slashing blow across the rumps of Riley's and Kell's horses. And plunged toward Cherokee's street. He heard certain sounds run their grisly tune together—the 'tunk,' of the ropes whipping tight, the snap of bone and the groaning of the beams beneath all this weight, and afterward a faint threshing and a faint strangling. Silence settled behind him and he plowed up through the snow of Cherokee's street with his head bent over, seeing nothing.

HE WENT back to the hotel and got his horse and led it into the street, and stood beside it, nothing yet clear in his head. The rest of the outfit came out of the barn and passed by him, on the way to their horses behind the hotel. In a little while they rode back. McGinnis said: "We're going down to see how Gordy Howland is."

Benbow watched them ride away. Izee cut out of the column and came back, and looked at Benbow, and then whirled off. Presently they were gone. Somebody crossed the porch at a slow step and when he looked around he saw Joe Gannon swing into his saddle with a distinct effort of muscle and ride up the street, bound for the valley.

Benbow walked into the hotel and found Sawmill Baker standing in the exact middle of the floor, seeming to listen and seeming engaged in hard debate with himself.

Benbow said: "I want the truth from you, Sawmill. Was Gore here?"

Sawmill slowly nodded. "He came here with those other boys and ate in a hurry and vamoosed toward the stable. I thought he was in there, but if you boys didn't locate him I guess he went out the back way."

Benbow murmured, "It isn't finished," and dragged a heavy hand across his face.

Sawmill cleared his throat. "Jim," he muttered, "I'm sorry as hell—"

Benbow wasn't listening. The sharp edge of something scraped across his mind and roused it. He had stood in the stable, watching Riley; and he had backed into a stall and laid his hand on the rump of a horse stabled there. The rump had been wet and warm.

Sawmill said, "I knew about Clay—"

BENBOW made a quick downward gesture with one of his arms and wheeled from Sawmill, his boots gouging up streaks of sound that rolled hollow echoes along the deserted lobby. He passed through the doorway, his glance swinging up and down Cherokee's street with a hard and grasping care. He dropped one foot to the lower steps and he was stretched out like that when a voice said, "Benbow," evenly, and stopped him dead.

The street showed him nothing. His horse and the horse of the pale outlaw who had bolted through the hotel's side window remained at the near-by hitch rack. Directly across the street the saloon's door swung gently on its hinges, indicating the recent passage of a man. Snow slanted thickly down and the light of the day was dull. He held his body still and he held his arms still, with all his senses pitched abnormally sharp and with all his nerves drawing tight. The voice came again, unhurried and quiet—and fatally sure: "Benbow."

Benbow's traveling glance whipped back to the edge of a house adjoining the saloon and at last found Cash Gore.

Gore's shoulder rested against the building edge, as though he had been long waiting in that attitude. The distance was a good eighty feet, with the snowfall and the gray shadows making him a thin and obscure shape; nor could Benbow discover any clear expression on that man's cheeks. Taciturn and secret-minded he had always been, and so he remained now. There was in Benbow's head, crowded as it was with warning and with all the messages of trouble, a moment's wonder. Gore had been there, watching the hotel door, and Gore had had his chance for a quick surprise shot, and had refused it. It was a puzzle to which he never knew an answer, for Gore, straightening away from the building's edge, whipped up a gun and fired.

The long sullen voice of that shot and the snap of the bullet's passage through the hotel wall were in his ears when Benbow lifted his own weapon and took deliberate aim, and drove his shot home.

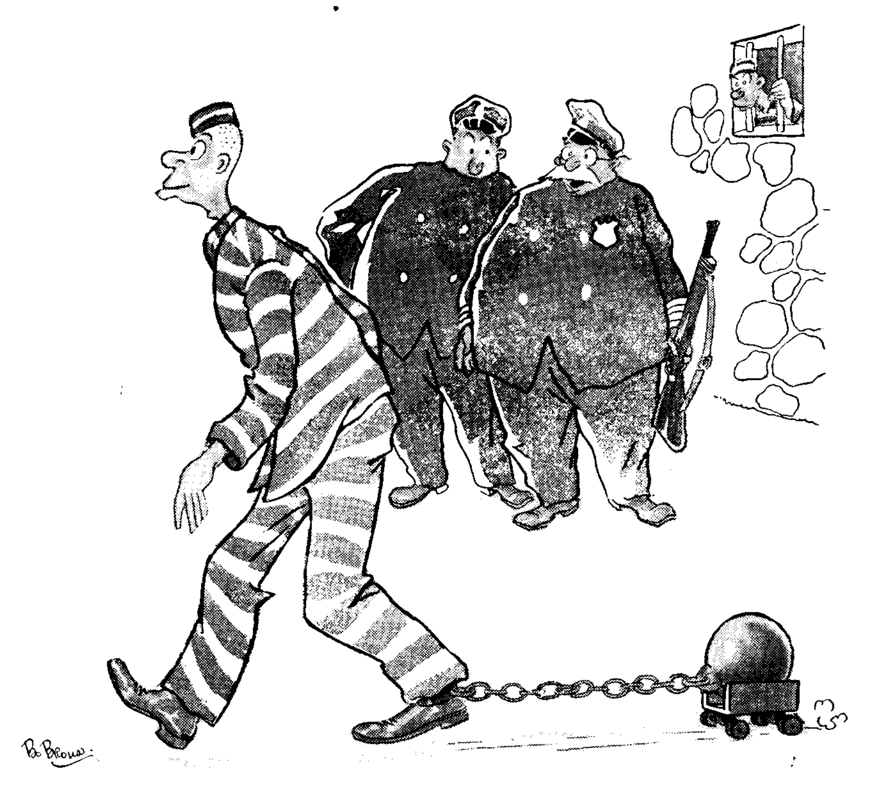
He never fired again, knowing that this single shot had to be good. Gore, missing one, would never miss another—if another came. The muzzle of Benbow's gun kicked up and he held it poised like that, with its powder smoke rolling back into his nostrils. A fresher wind ripped up the loose snow and flung it across the air in a series of white, ragged breakers, hiding everything over there. Benbow's mind acutely registered the passing moments, and at the end of those long, long moments the snow cloud dissolved and he saw Gore lying full length in the street.

Sawmill Baker ran from the hotel and crossed the street and bent down; and men rushed from the saloon and went up to join Sawmill. The two of them crouched head to head, and presently Sawmill looked back to Benbow and struck a straight line through the windy air with his finger. Benbow put away his gun and went directly to his horse and climbed into the snow-covered saddle, and rode out of Cherokee, bound back for the valley.

A MILE below Cherokee, Nelson McGinnis' party ran into Gordon Howland, who was returning with his men. Howland said: "They passed Buckman's shack on the run. We never caught up. They're headin' out of the Yellows and it's all over. You find anything in Cherokee?"

Izee, who had come this far in greater and greater doubt, suddenly turned his

(Continued on page 40)



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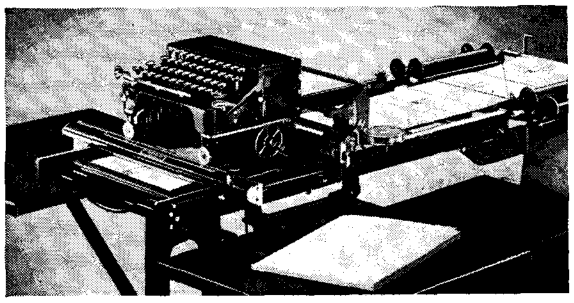

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EMERSON'S BROMO-SELTZER

(Continued from page 38)

horse about and left the group, racing back to Cherokee ahead of them. Coming into the settlement he discovered Sawmill Baker and the saloonman and Ambrose McRae crowded around the dead Gore; and he listened soberly while Sawmill told him the story. He made no comment on that, for there was something else heavily weighting Izee's thoughts. He said: "Which way did Jim go?" When Sawmill pointed up the street Izee whirled that way and left Cherokee behind.

He followed Benbow's tracks as they cut down through the trees, passed Karen Sanderson's place, and afterward struck straight for Joe Gannon's ranch. Once Izee sighted Benbow at the end of a straight alley, but he instantly drew his pony to a slower pace, and in that manner came out upon the Ramparts trail. Here he stopped, watching Gannon's yard and watching Benbow's horse waiting beside the house. A quarter hour later, after Benbow reappeared and rode into the valley, Izee descended the slope and found Eileen standing at the house door. Benbow had even then vanished in the thickening whirl of the half-blizzard. Eileen was crying.

Izee got painfully from the saddle and stamped into the house and when he saw Price laid out on a corner couch he took off his hat and went over, not saying anything. Gannon sat in another corner of the room, speechless and exhausted. Eileen turned in from the door. Izee presented his back to both of them, his sturdy shoulders sagged down. It went like this a long while; until Gannon spoke in as dreary a voice as Izee had ever heard:

"I guess Benbow will remember my part in this business a long while. Izee, did I do right? I got to know."

Izee slapped his hand at his pants pocket and drew out a handkerchief and blew his nose. Eileen was crying again, in a way that was soft and terrible.

"Did I do right?" called Gannon, his tone rising and breaking.

Izee clapped on his hat and whirled for the door, never showing his face to either of them. When he answered Gannon he threw his words over a shoulder: "You got nothing to regret. It was a thing that had to come." He stopped to think about that, and to think about Gannon, who had never been liked. And after that pause had dragged out he said, quietly, "You're all right, Joe," and went back to his horse and cut through the weather. When he raised the vague shape of Benbow, he settled down to a patient pursuit that carried him all across the valley. He saw then that Benbow wasn't going to Hat, which was as he suspected. At this point he halted, watched Benbow fade on toward the Two Dance hills, and at last disappear. Izee turned westward in Hat's direction, bucking the drifts.

THE long detour around Hat brought Benbow into Two Dance just as full dark howled across the world. He took his horse into the stable, meeting Bert Dunmire there. Dunmire said: "Tough luck, Jim."

"What?"

"A Block T man just got in with the news." He stared at Benbow's face and added: "You better get yourself a drink."

Benbow wheeled out of the place, crossing the street. He stopped irresolutely in front of the Cattle King and plugged his hands into his overcoat pocket, and remained there with his head tipped down. A man came from the Cattle King and looked carefully at him and said, "Hello, Jim," and went on, without receiving an answer. A man and a woman hurried up the walk from the depot, the woman laughing in a resonant, pleased way. He heard this vaguely, and didn't actually see them until Karen Sanderson called his name. He recognized her then, and was faintly interested in the man who came to a quick and soldierly stand and showed Benbow a pair of bright-blue eyes.

Karen said: "Jim. This is my husband, Fritz Sanderson. He has just finished serving his years in the German army."

Fritz Sanderson bowed exactly from his hips and took Benbow's hand. He said, in precise English: "You are the Benbow my wife has written me about several times."

Benbow said: "I didn't know this, Karen."

She looked at him, her smile dying, her lips softening. She murmured, "It was not of interest to anybody, was it? It has been a long wait, but life in Germany is hard these days, and so I came here to find a place. We have a new country now and there will be no more army."

"Fritz," said Benbow, "you are lucky."

FRITZ bowed again from the hips, and said, "For the consideration you have shown my wife, I am in your debt, and hope someday to repay."

Karen put out a hand, touching Benbow's arm. Her glance came across to him, straight and gentle, and honest. "You see," she murmured, "I have kept Fritz informed."

Benbow said, "Luck," and went on toward Faro Charley's, leaving these two people definitely behind. They turned to watch him go, and Sanderson quietly observed the way of his wife at that moment. He said: "A good friend, so? But he has trouble."

"There's been a fight in the mountains."

"I did not know there was war in America."

"It will take time to tell you, Fritz. But this man is great—and he has lost something."

Sanderson said gently: "It has been a long wait. You have had hungers, Karen. But not for food."

She said, "Yes," and met her husband's eyes without hesitation. "Yes."

"It is so," he murmured. "But now I am here."

"And I am happy. Let us eat. We'll not make it home tonight."

Benbow went into Faro Charley's, the sudden heat of the place at once sinking into his muscles and loosening them. There was a table of Mauvaise men in one corner, and Faro Charley stood behind the bar. That was all. Benbow put his elbows on the bar and let most of his weight drop there, his legs seeming to lose life. His eyes stung and the big muscles running along his shoulders and arms were like sheets of lead. Faro Charley reached behind and set a bottle and a glass on the bar without comment. But there was something about the man's reserve that sent a spark of interest through Benbow and made him speak clearly:

"Faro, I don't blame you much. But a good man used to sit in here and lose his money. It was one of the things that turned him bad. I'm telling you I don't blame you, or hold you responsible for another man's life. But I can look back now and see what I should have done. I should have run you out of Two Dance. Maybe it would have helped. When's the train come through here?"

"Which way?"

"Any way."

"One o'clock."

"Give me a hundred dollars, Faro. I'll send it back sometime."

He poured a heavy drink and let it go down; and dropped his head again, the weight of his body pressing more urgently against the bar. There was somebody coming into the place. Indifferently looking over the room, he saw Izee stand a moment at the door, and then walk on to where the Mauvaise men were playing. It occurred to him, as the vaguest of thoughts, that Izee was a fool for riding around the country in this weather; and afterward chairs scraped the floor and the Mauvaise men were leaving and Izee was leaving and Faro Charley laid a hundred dollars on the bar. Faro said: "I'm no man to truck for anybody, but you could have my shirt if you wanted it, Jim. Let it ride like that." He faded beyond Benbow's closing vision.

FOR Benbow was looking inward at some of the bitterest pictures his life had ever furnished him. It was the picture of Clay Rand sitting pale and speechless on the horse in Cherokee's stable, with a rope around his neck and nothing in his heart that would come out. It was the dead face of Price Peters on Joe Gannon's couch. It was the warm smile of Connie as she paused on Hat's porch and looked up to Clay in a way no man could mistake. And that was the end of it. That was the picture that would stick, and torture him, and never let him alone. He remembered then what Jack Dale had said: "You've got something ahead of you that will take your heart out. I'd warn you, only you'll come through it." This was what Jack Dale had meant. It had taken his heart out and he had come through it. But he had nothing left.

A hand touched his arm. A hand pulled him around. And Connie's voice said, "Jim," and he turned to see her there before him, the rose-stain of the wild wind on her cheeks and her eyes shining with an emotion he didn't understand. They were alone here, with the Mauvaise men gone and Faro gone.

He said, "Connie—Connie, don't look at a man like that."

"I've heard the news, Jim."

He said: "You'll remember me the rest of your life for what I've done to you." He was straight on his legs, his black hair unkempt and his cheeks dark with beard. There was a gauntness and a thin-edged exhaustion showing along his face. The shadowing across his eyes held no hope.

Connie's hands gripped his arms hard enough to bring a faint change in his face. She said: "I sent Clay away from Hat last night. I knew what he'd done then. And I can tell you something else. Hat is so empty when you're not there! I found that out. It's always been like that, only I have just found it out. Why don't you tell me you want me? How far does a woman have to go?"

He said, dully: "Connie—"

"It began a long time ago," she murmured. "And it's got to end this way, Jim!"

He had been holding the empty whisky glass in his hand. He put it down carefully, and brought her toward him, like a man reaching for something he was afraid he might lose.

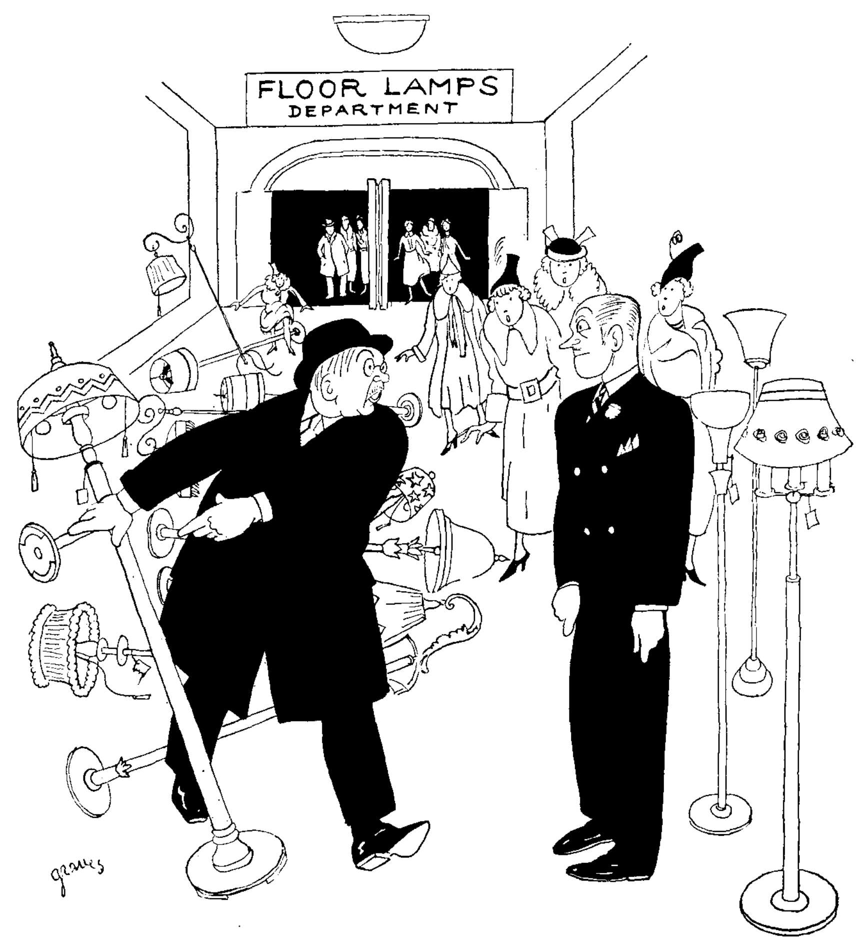
Izee surreptitiously looked in through the saloon door and saw that, and went slowly up the street, enormously relieved. It was the way he wanted it to be—each of those people having something the other needed. It was a thing Jack Dale had hoped for, and so now, somewhere along a high green trail, old Jack must be pleased with what he saw in Faro's saloon. Izee wasn't an imaginative man but he thought then that he could hear old Jack's long, hearty laughter ringing up against the Pearly Gates. It was his fancy. Afterward Izee remembered Mary Boring, and the fancy died and he stopped on the walk, borne down with his own personal troubles.

There was an Omaha drummer hurrying up from the depot, a fat little fellow with huge sample cases in either fist. Izee stepped in front of him, bringing the drummer to a startled halt. Izee said gruffly, "Friend—what you think about marriage?"

The drummer looked at him, suspecting the worst. He said, "What?" and went by Izee rapidly.

"Well," growled Izee, "I'll be damned if I know either."

THE END



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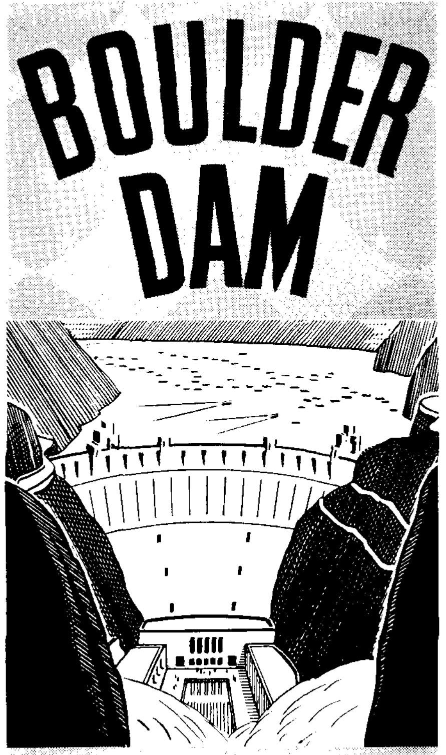

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THE PROGRESSIVE
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The Mission of Japan

Continued from page 13

course would have been. I have always been strongly in favor of an alliance with Japan; but I would not have that alliance if it meant a quarrel with the United States.

The ending of the alliance was considered by Japan as a frightful blow and insult. How deep this ran cannot easily be imagined by the British and American democracies. It was clearly a response to that call of color and blood about which no argument is possible. The United States has not always considered how much such a severance cost our complicated, world-entangled empire. Having to choose very reluctantly, and as I think inopportunely, we made it perfectly clear that if there were a war between the United States and Japan, Great Britain would not be on the side of Japan. So the Japanese had to consider the possibility of the whole of the English-speaking world, including the bulk of the world's naval power, as potentially antagonistic. This was a very grave and untoward world event.

However, at the same time that the British were divesting themselves of the many advantages of the Japanese alliance in trade and in Asiatic affairs for the sake of the United States, a most ill-judged campaign arose in America to try to weaken and cut down the British Navy. Needless to say, this was not done by threats or unkindness. It was done by the pressure of American navalists brought to bear on British pacifists during years when money was hard to come by. An absurd naval controversy then began. Both Great Britain and the United States started from the basis that never in any circumstances would they declare war on one another. It was an "unthinkable" idea. Then, with a complete lack of logic, the doctrine of parity was proclaimed. But if war is "unthinkable," what is the point of parity or any other balanced relation of fleets? Nothing will induce the British nation to build against the United States. If the United States demands parity with Britain it is not because they contemplate a war with Britain, but only because they wish to have a navy "second to none."

Who Wants to Attack Japan?

Today all these disputes which darkened counsel for so many years have evaporated in a thoroughly good understanding between two English-speaking admiralties; and late in the day the British and American nations have awakened to their mistake. On the contrary, it is an undisputed fact that the decision of the United States to build, say, two or three more great battleships would be considered a stabilizing event for world peace throughout the British Empire. But while we have been reciprocally cutting each other down in the course of a struggle for a meticulous and meaningless party, Japan has effectively made herself mistress of the Yellow Seas.

Here we must enter upon naval technicalities. There are only three nations in the world which at the present time are capable of forming a line of battle at sea. In six or seven years the aspect may be different; but as we now lie, Britain, the United States and Japan alone possess battle fleets; that is to say, complete navies potentially capable of major warfare upon the oceans. Luckily (perhaps) these three navies are separated from each other by the huge oceans. If any one of these fleets traversed the thousands of miles of ocean spaces to attack one of the others, it would suffer an automatic diminution in naval power which would, at least, reduce it to a third of its actual strength.

Here is the explanation of the newly revived dominance of Japan in the Far East. Neither the British nor the American Navy is strong enough to attack Japan. Even if today they were united, it would take three or four years of immense effort and expenditure by the whole of the English-speaking peoples to bring predominating naval power into the Yellow Seas.

There is no need to cry out about this. For who wants to attack anybody, let alone Japan? Japan is absolutely safe.

She has no need to fear any external menace. It would only be by years of aggressive wrongful deeds on the part of Japan that there would be welded together such a combination of foreign powers as would be capable of setting on foot and mounting the vast naval and aerial offensive which would be necessary to gain the command of the Japanese home waters. Unless the Japanese themselves forge the weapons of their own destruction, they may in Lord Fisher's phrase, "sleep safe in their beds." No one wants to hurt them; no one can hurt them without an expenditure of moral, financial and economic energy spread over a considerable period of time and far beyond what the prize to be won would be worth. Here is the strength of Japan.

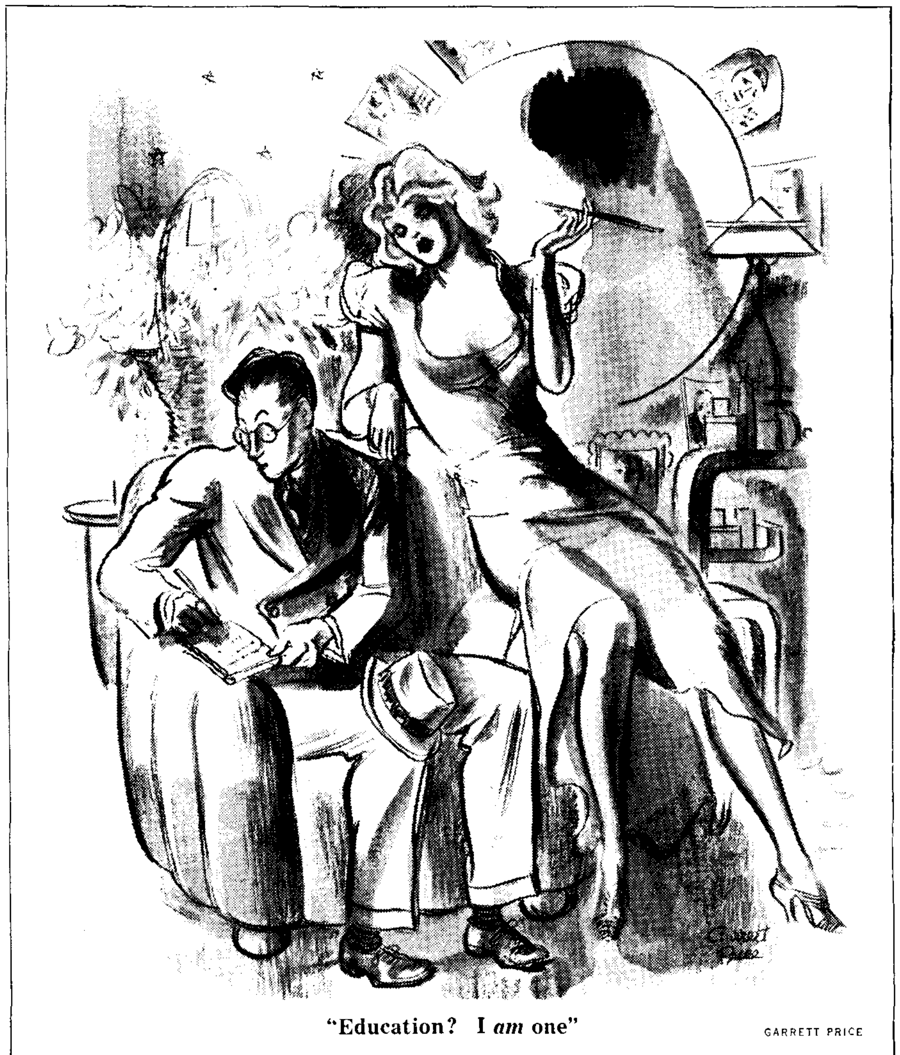
It ought not, however, to be a strength which is misused. In Great Britain, the United States and Russia are friendly powers with every conceivable inducement to remain friendly with Japan. But these powers have great and long-established interests in China. These interests are commercially of high value. There are also cultural and moral interests of inestimable importance. The trade of the United States with China and what we call the Far East (or Far West from the opposite viewpoint) is a great matter not to be brushed aside in an arrogant and overriding spirit. Hong Kong is a thriving British colony. Shanghai is a magnificent international settlement, one of the leading seaports of the world, created by a hundred years of British industry and investment. British and American missionaries have long carried on their arduous, perilous task throughout China. The Chinese, also, have rights of their own.

A Dangerous Path

We could not endure the violent uprooting and extirpation of all our long, slow, lawfully gathered interests in China. Still less would the English-speaking world remain impassive before a slogan translated constantly into action of "Asia for the Asiatics," meaning thereby Asia for the Japanese. All this would be a very dangerous path for Japan to tread. It would be a path from which those who have most hailed her successes and welcomed and befriended her advances would most earnestly and solemnly dissuade her.

We have now a new grouping of the world. The old reactionary empires present themselves in new guises. They use a different technique. They unfurl new standards and display symbols not hitherto seen among men. On the other hand, the parliamentary democracies give full effect to that deep loathing of war which is probably instinctive in all large masses of struggling human beings. They are sure to arm too little and to arm too late. Nevertheless, their might and resources, if put to the test, are very formidable provided that they can be

(Continued on page 44)



"Education? I *am* one"

GARRETT PRICE

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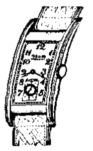
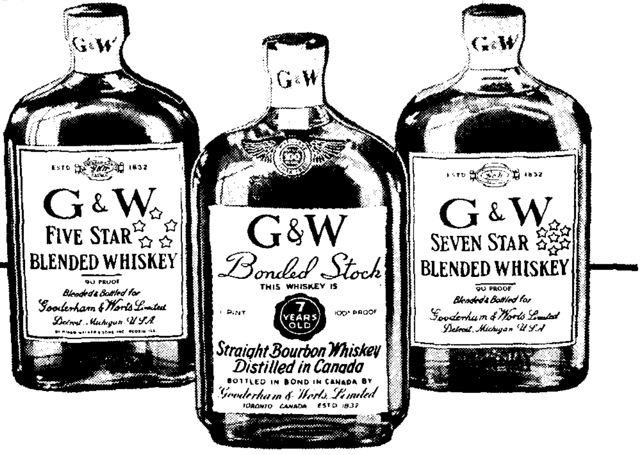
REMEMBER your guest . . . and he won't soon forget you. Serve him a whiskey you can pour in the living room . . . and not have to "sneak" in the kitchen. Get G&W. Why G&W? Because it's G*ood* W*hiskey*. Good to begin with because it begins with good ingredients. Good all the way through because it's *controlled* at every step. Take the G*uess* W*ork* out of pleasing guests . . . G*et* W*ise* . . . get G&W tonight . . . it's G*ood* W*hiskey!*

Want to Win a Curvex G*ruen* W*atch?**



FREE! Ten $50 Gruen Watches for the 10 best lists of 10 famous "G & W" names or expressions (like G*rass* W*idow*, G*ee* W*hiz*) plus your comments on G&W whiskies or gins. Full details on entry blanks at your dealer. Contest closes March 31, 1937. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of ties.


G&W
ESTD 1832
G & W
FIVE STAR
BLENDED WHISKEY
90 PROOF
Blended & Bottled for
Gooderham & Worts Limited
Detroit, Michigan U.S.A.
G&W
G&W
Bonded Stock
THIS WHISKEY IS
1 PINT
7 YEARS OLD
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Straight Bourbon Whiskey
Distilled in Canada
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SEVEN STAR
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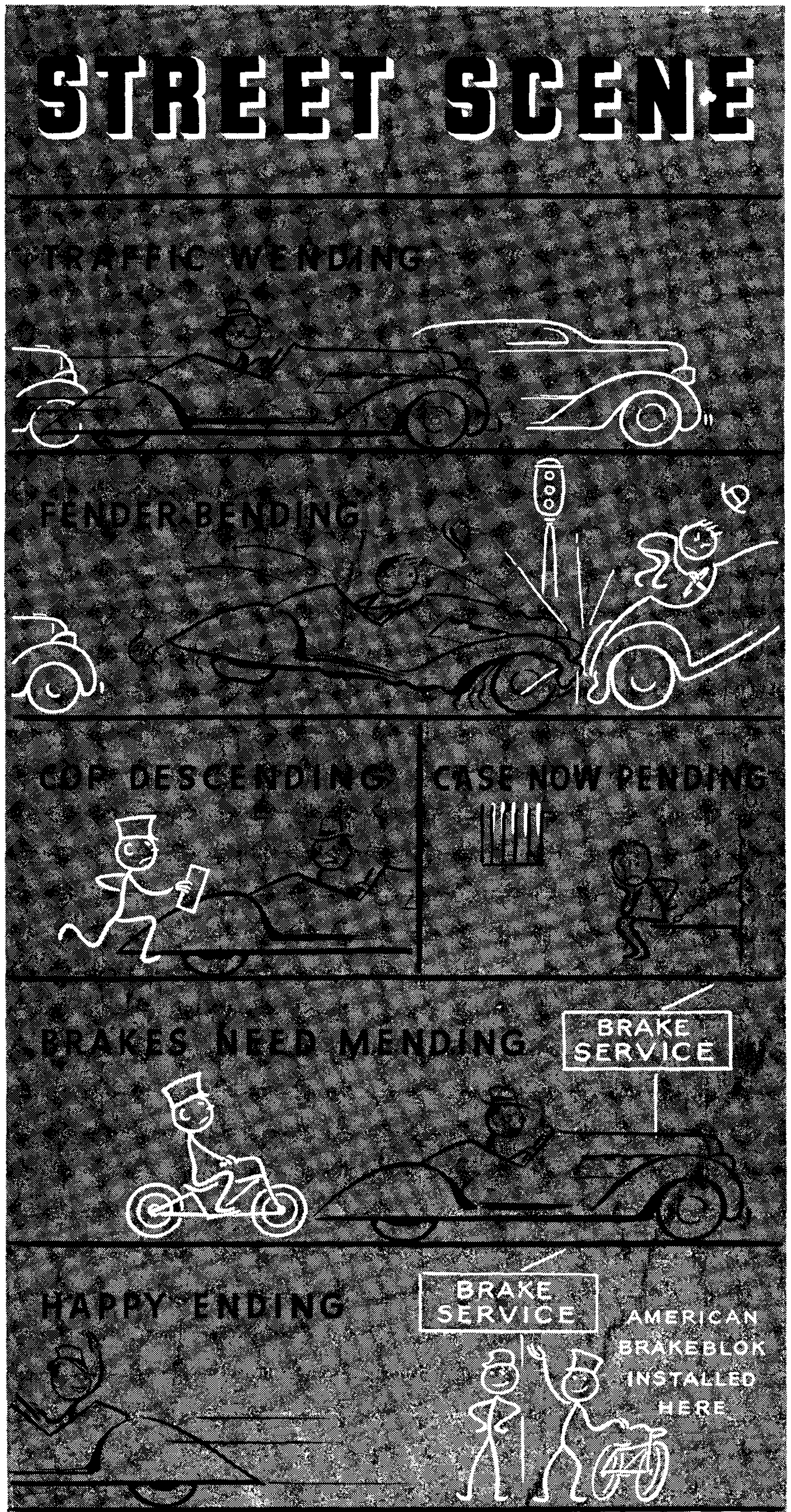
Get Wise . . . get G&W *. . . it's Good Whiskey*

© 1937 Gooderham & Worts, Ltd., Detroit, Michigan — Est. 1832. G & W 7-STAR BLENDED WHISKEY — The straight whiskey in this product is six years old; 35% straight whiskey, 65% neutral spirits distilled from grain, 90 proof. G & W 5-STAR BLENDED WHISKEY — The straight whiskey in this product is six years old; 23% straight whiskey, 77% neutral spirits distilled from grain, 90 proof. G & W BONDED STOCK STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY — Bottled in Bond in Canada, 100 proof.

*Entry blanks available only in states where such contests are permitted.



if all cars were equipped with American Brakeblok, the safety brake lining, there wouldn't be so many big and little accidents on the streets and highways. This brake lining stops your car with greater ease, speed and smoothness — keeps brakes in better adjustment and lasts far longer. When your brakes need new lining, be *sure* you ask for it by its *full* name . . .

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THE SAFETY BRAKE LINING

AMERICAN BRAKEBLOK Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

AMERICAN BRAKEBLOK CORPORATION, Detroit, Mich. *A Division of* American Brake Shoe & Foundry Co.

(Continued from page 42)

realized in good time, and provided that they are combined.

Therefore, all the British and American friends of Japan—personally, I may claim always to have been one—would always hope and pray that the valiant Japanese people will try very hard and very patiently to live on neighborly terms with us and with other countries, and will not by a disproportionate self-assertion build up against themselves some combination which might eventually lead to a melancholy trial of strength.

For Mutual Protection

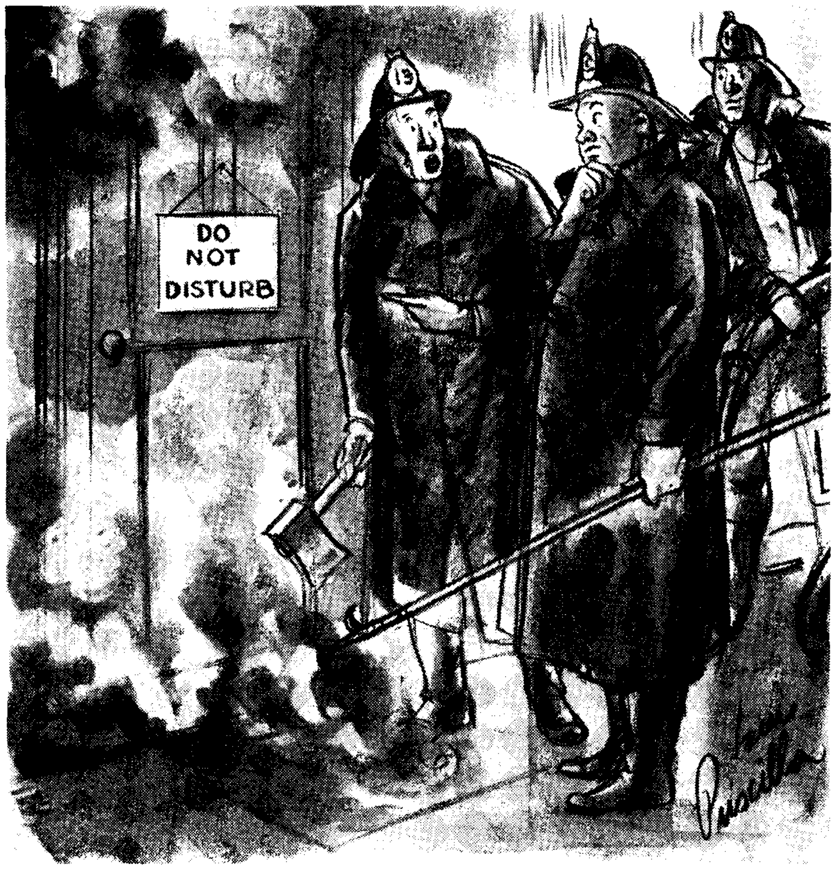
A great change has taken place in the last few years in the public opinion of the Western democracies. They have largely recovered or are recovering from the world economic stringency and dislocation. They have very reluctantly come to the conclusion that they must arm. Their peoples, although they quarrel volubly about politics, are solidly united on fundamentals. They have the control of the world money markets. They are the only solvent manufacturers of credit. The bulk of the gold supply lies with them. Except for the local waters of particular powers they have the seas and the oceans, carrying with it control of the commerce and resources of the world. It would be a great mistake if a gallant nation like the Japanese thought too little of the United States because of the clatter of presidential elections; or of France because of the political ferment that always goes on there; or even of Old England, because she cannot get recruits for her army—until there is a war. It will be far better if we all treat one another with justice and mutual respect, and with an earnest desire to find out, not how we can gratify our own ambitions, but how we can meet the reasonable grievances of others.

I have been in Parliament since the year 1900, and I am one of the dwindling band of members who voted for the ratification of the original Anglo-Japanese alliance. I watched with enthusiasm the loyal co-operation of Japan in the Great War. The impression left on my mind by many years of working with the governments of the Mikado has been that the Japanese are a sober, steady, grave and mature people; that they can be trusted to measure forces and factors with great care, and that they do not lose their heads, or plunge into mad, uncalculated adventures. But of late years we have been confronted with a somewhat different Japan. The elder statesmen and their sagacious power seem to have dispersed. For the last four or five years the political movement of Japan has seemed to effect itself through the murder of statesmen who were deemed too prudent or circumspect, or who in other ways were objectionable to secret societies of army officers. Great and honorable Japanese leaders have fallen in a swift succession to the sword or bullet of assassins.

The Mikado's government and his august and sacred authority have been exerted to punish the criminals. We have been conscious in Britain and the United States that it was only with a grievous effort that this indispensable process was accomplished. A state or empire possessing brave, powerful fleets and armies, whose supreme direction may be affected by systematized murder, is one about which ordinary civilized neighbors must feel serious anxieties. It is so easy to launch a modern war. Somebody signs a paper or utters an ejaculation; someone presses a button, and terrible things begin. Where they end no one can say, least of all those who begin them. The lesson of the World War was that those who fix the moment for the beginning of wars are not those who fix the hour of their cessation.

All these admonitions would be quite valueless unless the ocean powers, the English-speaking peoples, and the Western democracies took all the necessary measures for their self-defense and, as I hope, mutual protection.

But since these processes are now in progress on both sides of the Channel and on both sides of the Atlantic, we may hope that the shadow which now falls upon the Pacific will only be a shadow ever shortening as the sun of world confidence and good will rises again to the zenith.



"What do we do in this case, Chief?"

LOUIS PRISCILLA

Prosperity Blues

Continued from page 21

Nud stepped into the path, right in front of Joe Booty.

"You got to wade through hot lead," Nud warned him, "befo' you kin shoot my friend Dock." And he fired into the air.

Joe Booty was dumfounded. "You's shootin' at me wid a pistol!" he accused. "Ain't nobody kin do me like dat!" And he fired two shots into the air.

"Hit's my pistol," Nud shouted, "and I kin shoot anybody I wants to wid hit!" And he fired three shots.

"Ain't no man livin'," Joe Booty roared, "kin shoot at me like dat wid a pistol!" The four remaining cartridges went up in space.

"Now, I'm gonter kill you fo' sho'!" Nud yelled, firing his last two bullets.

Joe Booty ran. Nud, having won the duel, went straight to the store and bought himself a pint of wine.

The noise, however, had aroused other pistol owners. From scattered cabins along the bayou and as far back as the Windmill Cut, guns popped without rhyme or reason.

THE Widow Duck was outraged. She went out in the rain and waded over to the foreman's house. "Giles, whyn't you stop dat foolishness?" she demanded. "Dem mens is shootin' pyore pistols! All over ev'ywhars!"

Giles laughed. "Dey can't harm nobody," he explained, "so long as dey don't do nothin' but shoot up in de air."

"Shootin' pistols is ugly," the Widow Duck grumbled, "and de Lawd don't love ugly. I bet some bad luck is fixin' to happen."

Bad luck happened that very night, and indirectly it was all due to pistols. Specifically, it was the outgrowth of Joe Booty's pistol.

Ruth L was slow. She moved and thought slowly. Where quicker-working minds would have been lured in other directions, Ruth L plugged away at the idea of marrying the foreman's brother. She didn't mind divorcing Joe Booty if she could get Dock. She had thought of nothing else in the three weeks since Dock had made some pleasant talk-talk to her and had got her to steal Joe Booty's pistol. During those weeks, Dock had not only shown no indications of friendship for her but he had actually taken another wife.

Ruth L discussed the matter with her sister, Auburnia. She pointed out the social advantages to the whole family if she married the brother of the foreman. "You know Dock is de pet," Ruth L explained. "He got de best land and de best mules, and he drive de truck to town on Friday. Giles is a plumb fool about him. And de Bossman figure, next to Giles, Dock jest about hung de moon."

"Un-hunh," Auburnia agreed, "hit'd be nice. And efn maybe Giles got sick and died off or somethin', den maybe Dock'd git to be de natchal foreman."

Ruth L's hopes did not go so high. "Giles," she speculated slowly, "ain't likely to do us no favors like dat. He don't even look puny."

Ruth L and Auburnia discussed the situation daily. Finally, with more of a lucky guess than a streak of brilliance, Ruth L hit upon the nub of the difficulty. "Us got to run Blue Racer offn de place," she decided. "'Cause how'm I gonter marry Dock when he already married up to Blue Racer?"

Auburnia considered. "Yep," she agreed, "us got to run Blue Racer off. And hit'll be good ruddance, I say. I don't like her nohow. I don't like de way she strut about, jest like she thought about ev'ything first."

"Let her strut," Ruth L grumbled. "Us kin make her strut on back whar she comed f'm."

And so, while everybody was shooting pistols, Ruth L stayed home and baked bread, and Auburnia went over to Bodcau Bayou and bought four dollars' worth of catfish. And before sundown, the word was sent around that Joe Booty and Ruth L were giving a fish fry that night for their special friends, Dock and Blue Racer.

Supper, the invitations said, would be two bits a head, which entitled one and all to as much catfish and bread as they could eat, and all the social pleasures they could get by mingling with the other guests. They would be permitted to bring their own wine, but if it was brought they'd have to leave it outside the house. Everybody knew the rule against bringing drinking liquor inside a house at a party, and Ruth L didn't want Giles breaking up this party.

Before dark the sky cleared and a brisk wind blew. Giles put his head out into the air and whiffed. "I wisht tomorrow was Monday 'stead er Sad'day," he said. "Dat rain softened up de ground some, and dis wind gonter dry her out some. I sho' would be happy efn I c'd put fifteen middle busters in de field in de mawnin'."

"Come along," chided Betsy. "Put yo' Sunday shirt on and git yo' mind on de party."

The festivities were slow to start. There was an air of over-politeness. Men and women who had worked side by side in the fields for years sat stiffly against the walls, nibbled daintily at fish sandwiches and spoke in their most formal vocabulary.

But after a while the tension broke and talk got natural. People started having fun.

"Whar dat Blue Racer at?" Giles asked. "Come hyar, Blue Racer, and wiggle yo'se'f in a cheer by me."

"She ain't got hyar yit," Auburnia stated. "Maybe she ain't comin'."

"Yeah, she comin'," Giles declared. "You, Joe Booty, you git over to Dock's house and tell him and Blue Racer I say to come on to de party."

"Hyar dey come now!" Nud called from the front porch. "Dock is totin' her on his back, so she won't git her shoes muddy."

"Whyn't she come barefoots, like de yuther ladies?" Ruth L wanted to know. "She kin tote her shoes in her hand and put 'em on at de po'ch."

DOCK carried Blue Racer to the door and set her down. She fairly glided into the room. She was dressed in a black rayon gown that fitted skintight from shoulder to ankle. Black shoes and stockings and a big bow of black ribbon in her hair completed her costume. She was a sensation. Even Ruth L decided her pink dress was colorless by the side of Blue Racer's stunning black.

"Whew!" exclaimed Giles. "Gal, when I named you Blue Racer, I sho' named you right. Come on. Let's eat!"

They talked and chatted and ate catfish. The men went out to the bayou bank, where they had bottles of wine cached, and took a nip. When Giles grew sleepy, he and Betsy went home. Then the wine was brought into the house, and the men shared it with the ladies.

Joe Booty, fortified by wine, decided to renew his duel with Nud, and shot twice out the window. Nud hadn't reloaded his own gun, but he announced that his shotgun was ready and he was going home to get it. Dock took the pistol away from Joe Booty, removed the cyl-

(Continued on page 46)

"How I Broke-in an Ornery Pipe"

by SLIM MURPHY
Champion Rodeo Rider

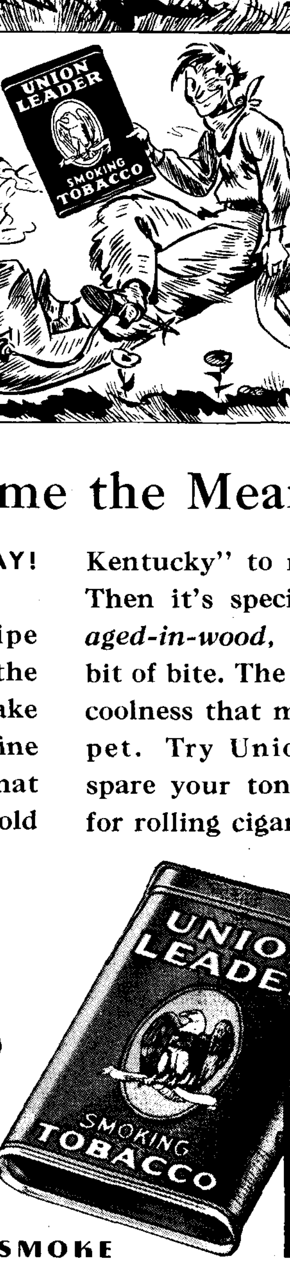
"A 'green' mustang it was – with a mean back-bite."
rrrrrr!
"But I'd gentled these 'smoking steeds' before!"
UNION LEADER SMOKING TOBACCO
?
hm?
?
"Now the old hell-cat's tame enough for my 'tenderfoot tongue'."
UNION LEADER SMOKING TOBACCO
mm!
FRED COOPER

You too, can tame the Meanest Pipe

THIS EASY, INEXPENSIVE WAY!

Don't let a back-biting pipe throw you. You can take all the meanness out of it in one shake of a Union Leader tin! The fine fragrant Burley tobacco in that big dime's-worth is "bred in old Kentucky" to mellow ripeness. Then it's specially cured, and *aged-in-wood,* to banish every bit of bite. The result is smooth coolness that makes *any* pipe a pet. Try Union Leader, and spare your tongue! (It's great for rolling cigarettes, too!)

UNION LEADER 10¢



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FOR PIPE AND CIGARETTE

THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE

BANKS FURNACE sprains ankle

Son applies Absorbine Jr. at once. Brings Quick Relief

WRITES O. H.,* of Oak Park, Ill., "I was on the way down the cellar stairs to bank the furnace for the night and I slipped on the last step. A terrific pain shot through my ankle and up my leg. Just managed to hobble upstairs. My son got the bottle of Absorbine Jr. from the bathroom—rubbed it on my ankle and by morning the swelling and pain were practically reduced to nothing."

You, too, will find in good old Absorbine Jr. a wonderful family liniment. Many doctors and nurses and clinics recommend it highly for sprains and strains, sore muscles, muscular rheumatic pains. And it's a world-famous treatment for destroying the fungus of Athlete's Foot.

Get a bottle today. Your druggist has it. $1.25 a bottle and thrifty because a little goes so far. For free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 357 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

*Based on actual letter in our files

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, bruises, muscular aches, sprains, Athlete's Foot, Sleeplessness

(Continued from page 45)

inder and returned the gun. "Now, Nud, you save yo' shotgun shells," Dock advised. "You couldn't miss ev'body wid dat old twelve-gauge."

"Dat's right, Dock," Joe Booty agreed. "A shotgun do scatter. Nud ain't got no right to go shootin' at me wid no shotgun."

"He ain't gonter shoot you," Dock soothed. "Nud is my friend, and he do like I ax him to."

"Lemme be yo' friend, too, Dock," urged Joe Booty. "Le's I and you quit bein' mad."

"I ain't never been mad," Dock said.

"Me, neither," stated Joe Booty.

"You's gittin' droncked," Dock estimated.

"Yeah," Joe Booty agreed. "Us better git out in de cool, befo' I gits sick. I got sick on dat wine, one time, and hit might' nigh ruint me."

Dock led Joe Booty out of the house, and together they strolled along the bayou path. Joe Booty professed, over and over, his friendship for Dock, and Dock said repeatedly that he never had been mad at Joe Booty.

"Ruth L axed me to git you outn de house," Joe Booty confessed. "I don't know how come, but she axed me. You know, Dock, Ruth L ain't mo'n half a fool. Sometime I think she smart, and sometime I think she crazy."

"Ruth L wouldn't suit me," admitted Dock.

They had walked only two hundred yards when they heard Nud, running toward them yelling at the top of his voice. "Dock!" Nud was shouting. "Dey's killin' Blue Racer! Ruth L and Auburnia got her down, beatin' her wid a poker!"

"Hunh?"

Nud came up, panting. "Auburnia 'cused her 'bout somethin', and whilst Blue Racer was argyin', Ruth L hit her f'm behind!"

Dock ran toward the house as fast as he could.

Nud was right, as far as he was able to tell. He had heard Auburnia accuse Blue Racer of stepping on her foot. And when Blue Racer turned on Auburnia to call her a "dirty ole lie," he saw Ruth L hit Blue Racer with a poker. Blue Racer dropped to her knees. That was all Nud saw, for he promptly left to call Dock.

Meanwhile, Blue Racer had got up from her knees and wheeled about. And when she wheeled she had a razor in her right hand. The razor had been pulled from the top of her stocking, but no one saw her pull it. She was swinging it before they had time to get away. People jumped for the front door, the kitchen door, and the window. But exactly an even dozen, men and women, didn't get there in time.

SOME were merely scratched, and some were considerably cut up. Auburnia's new red dress was slashed down the front and the doctor had to take fourteen stitches in her arm and leg. Ruth L's wounds were described on the hospital chart as "a deep slash, nine inches long across the posterior, together with brush burns and contusions about the head and chest." The last-named ailments were incurred when she dived out the window and landed head first in a rain barrel. Shine was barely scratched on the arm, but Mamie T, who tried to reason with Blue Racer, took a gash on the side of her face, before she could change her mind and run.

Just as the melee ended, Dock, who had been running to rescue his wife from the murderous poker, opened the door and stuck his head in. Blue Racer, still screaming and whirling, whipped the razor across his forehead before she realized it was her husband.

" 'Scuse me, darlin'," Blue Racer apologized. "I didn't know hit was you."

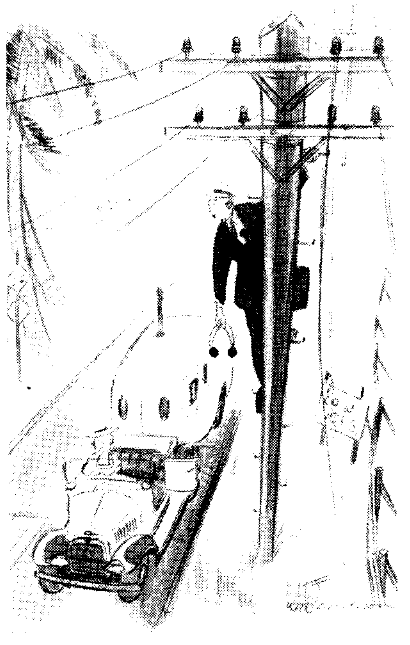
Dock wiped the blood from his forehead. "Put dat razor up, honey," he ordered. "You might' nigh cut my haid off."

Blue Racer, still trembling excitement, closed the razor and dropped it in her stocking top, not, however, until she had made certain there were no more customers handy.

"Go git Giles," Dock instructed Nud. "Tell him to bring de i-deen bottle and a bunch er wroppin'. Some er dese people been hurt bad."

Giles and Betsy both came. The foreman administered first aid, expertly and silently. When that job was done, Giles got mad. He glared about the room. The lesser wounded were looking glum and abused.

"NOW!" Giles roared. "Ruth L and Auburnia, y'all got to go to de hospital and get sewed up. And you too, Mamie T. And, Fletch, you better git a few stitches in yo' laig. And, Johnnie T, you might 'er broke yo' haid whar you butted de kitchen door down, gittin' away. You better let de doctor look and see did you bruise yo' brains. And, Blue Racer, you take and mop dat gash on Dock's haid wid i-deen, and den put some er dis stickin' plaster on hit.



"It's not like it was stealing, Emma. I left a nickel up there!"

FRITZ WILKINSON

"And, Dock, you go git de truck and take dese fo'ks to de hospital." Giles glowered around the room, once more.

"And what I mean," he went on slowly, "you take 'em to de *pay* hospital. Don't stop at Charity. Tell dem doctors at de hospital dese niggers is payin' cash money, and dey don't want no change. Tell 'em de best dey got ain't too high priced. Onderstand?"

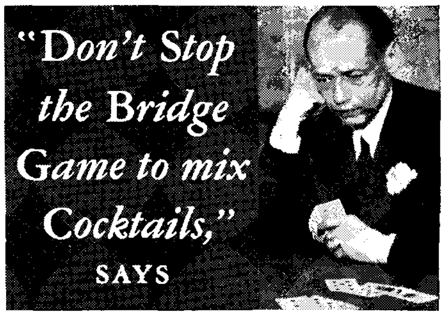
"Yas-sah," Dock grunted.

"Den, git!" Giles commanded, and Dock left.

"And de rest er y'all," went on the foreman, "go home and dig out ev'y dime you got, 'cause you got to pay de hospital bill. Hit'll take ev'y dollar and tokie you got and maybe some credik on next year's crop. Onderstand?"

There was not a dissenting voice in the crowd.

"And now," Giles concluded, "y'all niggers ain't got no mo' money, and no chance er gittin' none to next fall. So I wants to see all you mens at de barn at sunup in de mawnin', so us kin start plowin' for next spring, and I wants to see y'all ladies in de patch, scrappin' dat cotton for Christmas. And maybe efn us git de field cleaned out, and de ground broke up good, maybe us'll hit dat lick next year!"



"Don't Stop the Bridge Game to mix Cocktails," SAYS

ELY CULBERTSON

World-famous bridge personality and author of the "GOLD BOOK" of bidding and play

Save time at the bridge table . . . or anywhere . . . by serving America's finest cocktails . . . CLUB COCKTAILS . . . ready-mixed in the bottle . . . ready quickly to ice and pour. Few barmen can mix cocktails like these. Not one in ten thousand home-mixers can. Small wonder! Heublein has been mixing superlative cocktails for 60 years. Best ingredients. Best flavored. Best for all purposes . . . all occasions . . . they're so convenient. Properly iced, there are 17 or 18 drinks in each bottle. Try a bottle . . . and see.

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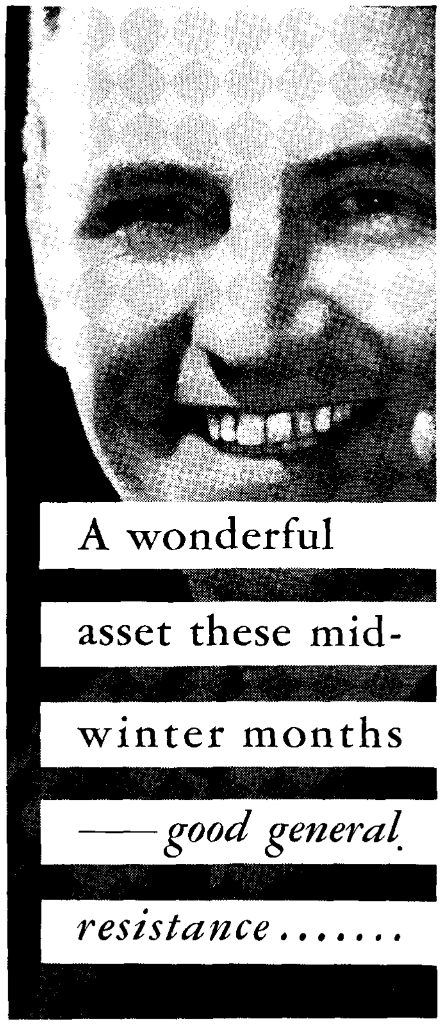
JUST ICE AND SERVE
HEUBLEIN'S
THE CLUB
RUM
COCKTAILS

HEUBLEIN'S THE CLUB COCKTAILS

CLUB COCKTAILS *come in all nine popular kinds, including the celebrated ready-mixed* Rum Cocktail *(70 proof). At state-operated and other liquor stores*

PREPARED AND BOTTLED BY HEUBLEIN OF HARTFORD



A wonderful asset these mid-winter months —good general resistance.......

This month, you'll have to go through the most trying few weeks of the entire winter! During February a peak is reached for those conditions which start so unexpectedly and cause such discomfort. Will you be prepared?

There's this to think about. If you've put in a strenuous winter of hard work, with too little exercise, sunshine and fresh air, your *general resistance* is likely to be low. And low general resistance is one thing you can't afford to risk right now.

Before the season has advanced another day, start to build up your general resistance pleasantly, easily—with *Adex!*

First, Adex will supply you with the factor that is a definite aid toward good general resistance. This factor is Vitamin A, often referred to at this time of year as a "first line of defense."

Adex also supplies "sunshine" Vitamin D. In providing you with these factors, Adex is giving you the protective benefits of cod liver oil, halibut liver oil and other *natural* vitamin sources.

Give Adex a fair chance to do you good. When you begin with it, take it regularly. Never miss a day. Have it on the breakfast table every morning.

Get Adex in tablets or capsules, at any drug store. Made only by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists since 1858

ADEX

The modern way for adults to take Vitamins A and D

One tablet equals a spoonful of good cod liver oil

A Thing No Girl Would Do

Continued from page 17

"Renshaw," Mary Travis said, "Joe Lawrence has agreed to go with us as mate. Isn't that splendid?"

"It would be splendid," Renshaw Sherman said, "except that I've already hired a mate—a chap I know who's been sailing master of many yachts—of everything from a forty-foot yawl to a three-masted schooner."

"You'll have to tell him you've changed your mind," Mary Travis said.

So Joe Lawrence went to Miami and spent two weeks living aboard the Esmerelda and getting her ready. He was lucky enough to run into Sam Stebbins, who'd been cook of the big cutter Renown in the race to Norway. Sam never drank anything but tea. Joe Lawrence hired him and told him to get a couple of men to scrub the ship inside and out.

The morning before Mary Travis and her guests were due, Joe saw the yacht club tender heading for the Esmerelda. The tender ran up to the ladder and Renshaw Sherman, in faultless yachting clothes, came over the side.

MR. SHERMAN gave Joe a short greeting and walked the Esmerelda's deck looking for something to complain about. The brasswork was polished; the deck was as clean as a good housewife's kitchen table, and every line was coiled to a mathematical nicety. Mr. Sherman went through the lists of stores, of tools, of spare gear. He had a look at the chain locker, at the forecastle, at the galley.

"Are you ready to sail, Lawrence?" he asked when he was through.

"Yes, sir," Joe said.

"My things will be on the yacht club dock at six o'clock this evening," Renshaw Sherman said. "Stow them in the port stateroom. Miss Travis' and Mrs. Bishop's things go in the double stateroom aft. Mr. Bishop will have the starb'd stateroom. They will be coming on board tomorrow at noon. See that you have a good lunch. We sail on the tide."

"Yes, sir," Joe Lawrence said.

"And move your own stuff out of the passageway stateroom into the fo'c'sle. You're not a member of the afterguard. You're a paid hand."

"Aye, sir," Joe Lawrence said.

He took Mr. Sherman ashore in the dinghy.

"It seems," Sam Stebbins said, when Joe came aboard again, "it seems as how we've shipped with a bloomin' naval orficer."

"It do," Joe Lawrence said.

He didn't like it. But he was going to put up with it on Mary's account.

The Esmerelda sailed at two in the afternoon, three minutes after the tide turned. There was a stiffish southeasterly that day and the Gulf Stream was lumpy. Joe Lawrence saw Mrs. Bishop turn pale and dive down the companionway. Her husband followed her ten minutes later. They lay in their bunks groaning all afternoon. Sam Stebbins got a hot dinner but the Bishops would have none of it.

The Esmerelda took a dusting that night. Isabel Bishop was sure the yacht was about to founder. It couldn't possibly live.

"And I don't care," she wailed. "I'd rather be drowned. Then I couldn't be sick any more."

Renshaw Sherman came on deck at daylight.

"I beg pardon, sir," Joe Lawrence said, "but the Bishops seem to be having a hard time. If I eased her off they'd be more comfortable."

"My man," Renshaw Sherman said, "when I want your advice I'll ask for it."

"Aye, aye, sir," Joe Lawrence said.

Mary Travis came on deck ten minutes later. She had a pannikin of hot coffee which she gave to Joe.

"Renshaw," she said, "the Bishops have never been offshore in anything smaller than the Mauretania. We really ought to ease her off on their account."

"They shipped on a cruise," Renshaw Sherman said. "We're bound for Turk's Island and it's not our fault if the wind's dead ahead. Let them learn to like it."

The Esmerelda made Turk's Island after five days and everybody went ashore except Joe Lawrence. Mary Travis came back in the dinghy with Sam Stebbins after a couple of hours.

"The Bishops aren't having any more," Mary Travis said to Joe. "They're going to stay here until they can get a steamer for New York."

"Then," Joe said, "the cruise is off."

"No," Mary Travis said. "Renshaw is all for going on and so am I."

She helped Joe pack the Bishops' things. Sam Stebbins got the stuff into the dinghy and Mary Travis went ashore with them. Sam came back an hour later to tell Joe that the skipper and Miss Travis were having dinner ashore with the Bishops. He had orders to wait for them and bring them out. Sam got food for himself and Joe and went back.

Joe Lawrence guessed that he would have at least an hour alone aboard the Esmerelda. He took a bath in a bucket of warm water from the galley stove and shaved and got into clean clothes. Then he found a cushion and dozed in the cockpit. He hadn't had much sleep on that long beat from Miami. But he heard Renshaw Sherman's voice across the water and then Mary Travis'. They were coming out in the dinghy.

Joe stowed his cushion and stood by the ladder. He gave Mary Travis a hand. Sam Stebbins wasn't in the dinghy.

"Mr. Lawrence," Renshaw Sherman said, "we're sailing. Stand by to get under way."

"But where's Stebbins, sir?"

"He's ashore. He's staying ashore. He's drunk. I paid him and I fired him."

"He was such a good cook," Mary Travis said.

"He was when he was sober. But I won't have a drunk aboard. I'd rather cook myself."

THEY got the sail on her. Joe Lawrence had to admit to himself that Renshaw Sherman was as much help as Sam would have been. He wasn't afraid of work. But Joe couldn't imagine Sam Stebbins drunk. He had been sober enough two hours earlier. And he was notorious as a man who never took a drink.

When they were offshore again, Renshaw Sherman laid their course. He seemed pleased with himself and with the world. His tone was almost friendly when he spoke to Joe.

"You go below, Lawrence," he said. "I'll take this watch."

Joe Lawrence left him at the wheel with Mary Travis sitting on the deck beside him and went to his bunk in the fo'c'sle. Renshaw Sherman waked him at four in the morning. Mary Travis had turned in. Joe went up on deck and took the wheel. He had a lot of time to think.

Joe reflected that they had made one port and they had left half the yacht's company ashore. Renshaw Sherman had been glad to get rid of the Bishops. Joe could understand that. The Bishops didn't like cruising and they were no help. But Joe thought Sherman was a fool to fire Sam Stebbins, even if he had taken a few drinks. And he couldn't be-

(Continued on page 48)

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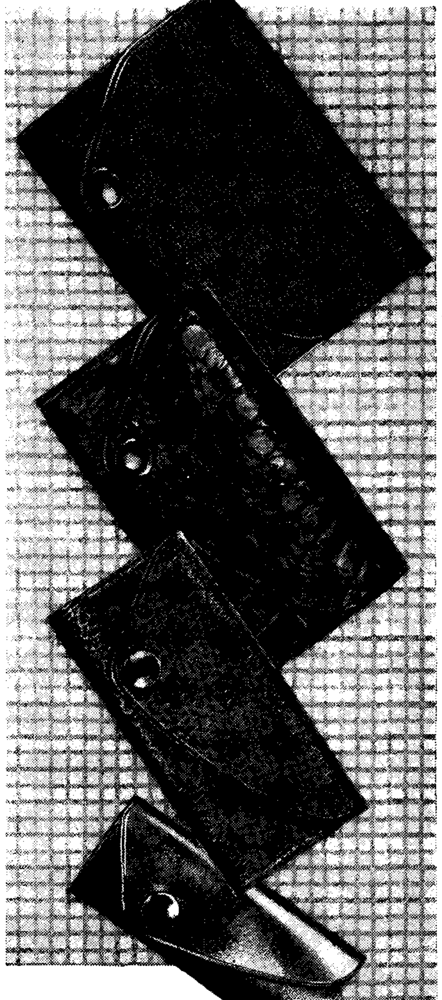

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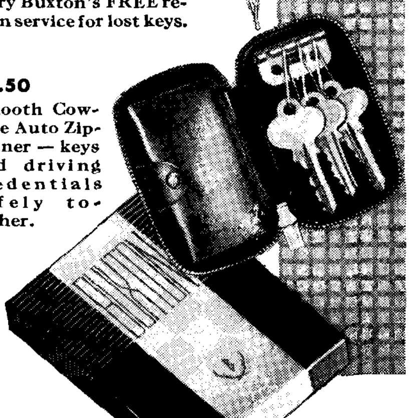

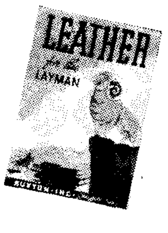

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BUXTON

KEY-TAINERS
BILLFOLDS
POCKET CASES

(Continued from page 47)

lieve that Sam had. What purpose could it serve to get rid of a man like that?

Joe looked aloft at the fading stars. There was a design in the stars. There was a pattern. But there wasn't any design in what had happened so far aboard the Esmerelda—for him.

He thought of Mary Travis asleep below. He had scarcely spoken to her since the day she'd hired him. And now he would see even less of her. She'd share the watches with Sherman. She'd eat her meals with him.

Mary Travis came on deck at half past six.

"Can I get you some breakfast?" she asked.

He shook his head. "Not now," he said.

She sat down on the deck beside him.

"I'd like to talk to you," she said. "But—" she bent her head toward the cabin where Renshaw Sherman slept—"we can't talk."

THEY sat side by side, their shoulders touching as the yacht rolled, without saying a word. He knew that she was troubled. He wanted to comfort her. He put his arm around her. He couldn't help it. They were sitting thus when Sherman stuck his head out of the hatch. His face scarcely changed expression. But Joe knew he was furious.

"I'll take over, Lawrence," he said. "Go below and get your breakfast and some sleep."

Joe went below and in time he went to sleep. Sherman woke him at noon. It was his watch. Mary Travis was in the galley cooking ham and eggs. Joe saw when he got on deck that the wind had hauled around to the west. The wind was abeam and the Esmerelda was reaching like a racing yacht. Mary Travis gave him ham and eggs at the wheel.

She said it was perfectly silly for two men to insist on watch and watch when she could steer a course. She said Joe could take the watch now. He'd be off at four o'clock. Then he could sleep till midnight. Renshaw could take over from four to eight. Then she'd take over from eight to twelve, when Joe came on again. Renshaw could sleep from eight o'clock until four in the morning.

Renshaw Sherman had to admit that was sensible.

Joe Lawrence rolled into his bunk at four o'clock. But he did not sleep till midnight. He awoke at ten o'clock. He took a look at the course Sherman had plotted on the chart. They weren't more than a couple of miles off the shore of Haiti. Joe went on deck. Sherman hadn't turned in. He was still at the wheel. Mary Travis was sitting on the deck. She was wearing a cotton dress of the sort that consists of blouse and shorts and a wrap-around skirt.

"I'm glad you came on deck, Lawrence," Renshaw Sherman said. "I'm going to run free and I want you to rig boom guys."

Joe got wire pennants and tackles out of the lazaret. He stood on the lee deck while Sherman headed her up. When the fore boom came aboard Joe caught the end of it with one hand and slipped the loop of a pennant over it. He went aft with the other pennant. He had to stand on the afterdeck. The Esmerelda had fallen off a little. The main boom was so far outboard that he could not reach it.

"You'll have to head her up more, Mr. Sherman," Joe said.

Sherman headed her up. The boom swung in. Joe reached as far out over the water as he could and keep his footing on the deck. He caught the end of the boom in his left hand and reached out with the loop of the pennant in his right hand. He couldn't make it. He was hanging out over the water by his left hand. His feet were still on the deck but the yacht was falling off and the weight of the wind in the sail was irresistible. He couldn't let go of the boom and get back on deck. He was too far off balance.

"Head her up!" he yelled.

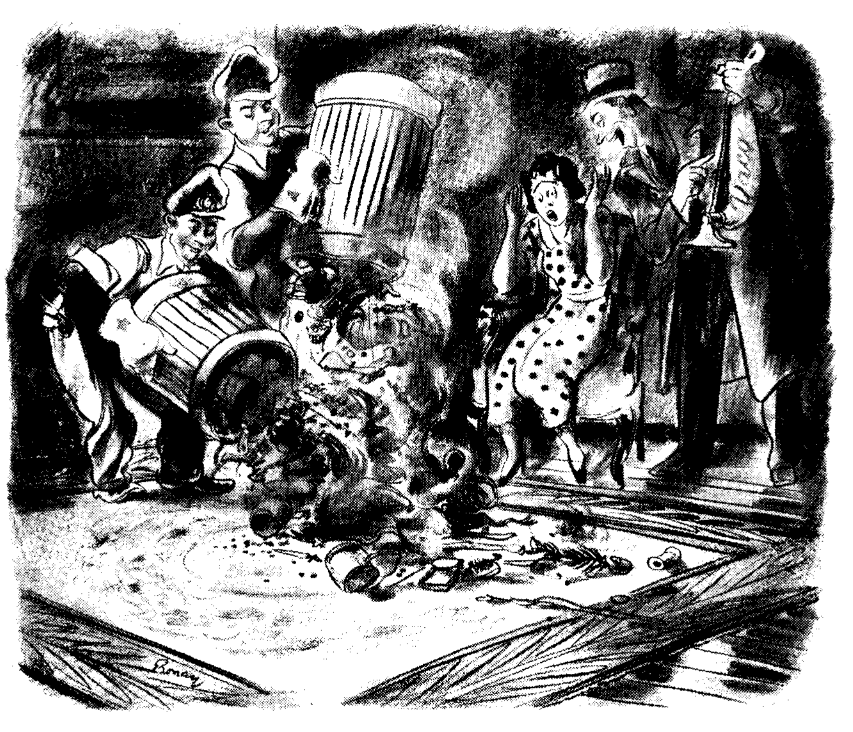
He knew in the instant before he hit the water what Renshaw Sherman was doing. He came up and wiped the water out of his eyes with one hand and looked for the Esmerelda. The Esmerelda was a tall gray shadow in the dark and then she was gone. He was alone in the dark water with not one chance in a hundred of being picked up. And then he heard Mary Travis call his name.

"Joe," she called. "Joe!"

It took him a moment to realize that she was in the water, too. He called out and swam toward her. He reached her.

"He'll never be able to find us. He'll be too busy coming about singlehanded. We've got to swim for it. Stick close to me and when you get tired put your hand on my shoulder and rest."

"I won't get tired," she said. "I can swim farther than you can. That's why I jumped in after you."



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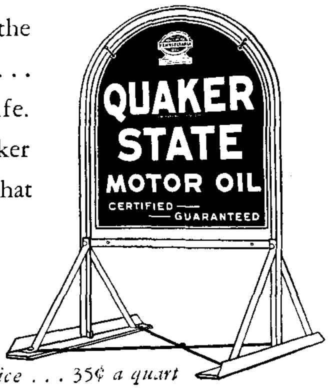

"You're a damned fool," Joe said.

"I'm not nearly so much of a fool as you are," she said.

"Save your breath," Joe said sharply.

He began to swim with a slow even side stroke that he could continue for hours if a shark didn't come along, or a barracuda. Mary Travis swam beside him. He didn't say anything about sharks, hoping she would not think of sharks.

"Renshaw did it on purpose," Mary Travis said. "He let her fall off so you'd be pulled overboard."

"Shut up," Joe Lawrence said.

They swam on and on. They swam for what he guessed must be an hour. He hoped it was an hour. He could hear Mary gasping a little at each breath.

"Put your hand on my shoulder," Joe said.

"I don't need to."

"Do what I tell you," Joe said.

She put her hand on his shoulder. He swam slower. He had no way to guess how far they had come. He didn't know how far he could swim in an hour—if it had been an hour. He didn't know what current there might be. He couldn't be sure that they had been swimming in a reasonably straight line.

"I'm almost through," Mary Travis said. "Let's float."

They turned on their backs and floated. The waves slopped over their faces at rhythmic intervals. But they could float and rest.

"I want to talk to you," she said. "I must talk to you now because we may never make it. And if we're going to die there are things we ought to say to each other first."

"You know I love you, Mary," Joe said.

"I thought you did. But it's nicer when you say it. I've loved you ever since I was sixteen and you taught me to tie a bowline on a bight."

He kissed her then and she kissed him, their lips salty with sea water.

"I'm not tired any more," she said.

They swam on and on. They swam and floated and swam again. They swam until their feet touched bottom and they walked out hand in hand on a sandy beach. They had nothing but the cold wet clothes they had been swimming in. There was nothing to do but go to sleep on the sand.

When they awoke the sun was shining. They were warm in the sun. But they were hungry and thirsty and they would have given a great deal, if they had had it, for one cigarette to share between them.

THEY walked down the beach for two miles. They came to a narrow point jutting out into the sea. They cut across the base of the point, through a tough bit of jungle. Then they saw the Esmerelda anchored half a mile offshore, her sails furled. They stood there watching while Renshaw Sherman got the dinghy overboard and rowed toward shore. He wasn't two hundred yards from where they stood when he pulled the dinghy up on the sand. But they were hidden. He could not see them.

"He's got a revolver," Joe said.

Renshaw Sherman raised the gun and fired three shots in the air at regularly spaced intervals. Then he sat down on the bow of the dinghy and waited. It was plain he meant the three shots for a signal. He was hoping that Mary and Joe had got ashore and that they would hear the shots. After ten minutes, Sherman fired three more shots in the same way. Then he dropped the revolver in the dinghy.

"He hasn't any more cartridges," Joe said. "I'm going to walk down there and tell him where we stand. You stay here."

"He tried to murder you last night," Mary Travis said.

"He isn't feeling murderous now. He wants to find us. He's hoping against hope that we got safe ashore. He knows that he can never go back without us."

"Yes," Mary said, "that's how he would feel. Let's go."

They stepped out of their hiding place and called to Sherman. He stared at them and then he started running toward them. He was gasping for breath when he reached them. He tried to talk and could not. He put one hand on Mary's arm and one hand on Joe's arm and hurried them down the beach toward the dinghy.

"Thank God," he said. "Thank God."

Neither Mary nor Joe spoke until they reached the dinghy. Sherman leaned his shoulder against the bow of the dinghy to shove off. He took it for granted they were all going back to the Esmerelda. He didn't know that they knew what he had done.

"Sherman," Joe said, "it's no go."

Renshaw Sherman sat down on the bow of the dinghy. He looked at Mary and then he looked at Joe.

"I see," he said.

"We're going to take the dinghy and bring you food and cigarettes and things. We're going to leave you here. We'll sail along shore until we come to a port. Then we'll send somebody back for you."

RENSHAW SHERMAN sat on the sand with his arms around his knees while Joe and Mary rowed out to the Esmerelda and got the things he would need. Joe got ready to shove the dinghy off and leave him.

"Goodby, Sherman," he said.

Mary Travis stood there looking at Renshaw Sherman. He was a man she had trusted.

"Why did you do it?" she asked. "How could you do it?"

"I told you I wanted you."

"I know you did," she said. "But I don't believe you did. Not really."

"You'll find out why I did it," Renshaw Sherman said, in a last gesture of defiance. "When you get back to Greenfield Hill you'll find you haven't much money left. You aren't a millionaire any more. And by that time I'll have disappeared. You won't be able to do much about it."

Mary Travis stood looking at him for a long minute. She had trusted him.

"I don't believe we'll ever try to do much about it, Renshaw," she said. "I don't believe that we care much for revenge."

Joe Lawrence shoved the dinghy off and motioned to Mary Travis to jump in. Joe rowed out to the Esmerelda and they climbed aboard. They looked back at Renshaw Sherman sitting on the sand with his arms around his knees.

The spectacle saddened them. They assured each other that Sherman was in no danger. He had food and cigarettes and things to last him for a week. He had some money. It couldn't take more than a day to sail to some port along the coast of Haiti and hire a native boatman to go back for Sherman.

But they could not stay sad for very long.

"I think we can get married at a port in Haiti," Joe Lawrence said.

"I am sure we can," Mary Travis said.

So they got the sails on the Esmerelda and headed her down the coast.

Renshaw Sherman sat and watched the Esmerelda sail away. He had, he told himself, made a good plan. He had foreseen what would happen at every turn except the last. He had foreseen that he would get rid of the Bishops and of Sam Stebbins and of Joe Lawrence. The thing he hadn't known was that Mary Travis would go in after Joe Lawrence when he went overboard. No man could have foreseen that. It was a thing no girl would do.

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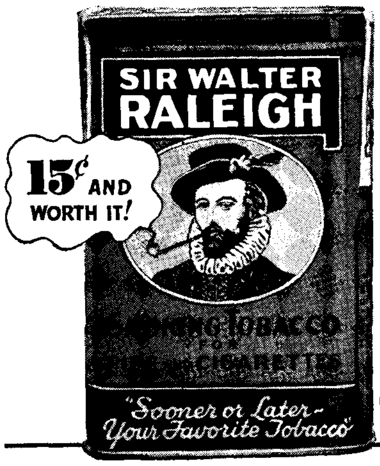

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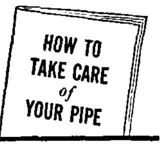
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The Good Prospect

Continued from page 10

make it. In a week or so they'd be ready to buy, and no one but Joe would get their order. At nine, when Joe left, he walked out with him to the porch and talked a moment there. Fenner and Lisle's employed him—the wholesale grocers. Sometime, he thought, they'd need an accountant, and he would keep his ears open for Joe. That is, if he'd like a salaried job again.

Looking up at him, Joe could only stutter. If something like that—William Frederick Cramer pulled away from him, his face gleaming in the shadow. It wasn't, he muttered, at all certain; he shouldn't bank on it, or excite his wife about something that might never come to pass. He shouldn't tell her a word about it—not until it was definite. Women built their hopes so high that they were crushed if something went wrong.

Joe could see that too, plainly enough to be sure that he'd never tell her a word of this. He hadn't even told her about the sale; and he wouldn't, until it was put through.

Fine, Mr. Cramer said, shaking hands—fine. Just for a moment, after his good night, Joe was struck with something very familiar about Mr. Cramer, an angle, a facet of his expression brought out by the light from the hallway falling across his features as he turned. But on the walk home, the faint impression faded from his mind; he could think only of the job.

"TAKE your time now," McCann said. "Don't get excited. Just think back, Mrs. Nolan; try to remember anything unusual that happened. A little thing—maybe something he said, or something he did—might help us a lot. He wouldn't have gone out with some friends last night, and drank maybe a bit too much?"

The light, tremulous quiver that answered him moved and vanished across Elizabeth Nolan's pale cheeks. Joe wouldn't do that; he would never stay away all night, all day, without a word. And she couldn't think of anything unusual; unless the dentist—

McCann prodded his plate with a faint scowl. He didn't like to talk or even think of dentists. But what was out of the way about this one?

Elizabeth Nolan wasn't sure. It had happened three or four days ago, and at the time it didn't seem important; it was just a bad tooth that was bothering Joe. This Tuesday, when he came home, the tooth was out. He told her that he'd gone to a city clinic; but this morning, in his coat, she had found a card.

It was on the dresser now, and in a moment McCann had it propped across his blunt fingers. It all sounded funny. Why would this Joe lie about a city clinic? Dr. August Rapp, by his address, wasn't doing any free work, not in that section. McCann knew it well; he knew it took a good practice, high fees, to stay there. The point was odd; it defied logic. Why would the boy lie? Getting up, he thanked the girl, and told her not to worry, trying to sound reassuring when he said it. On the street, after a brief period of fretful thought, he caught a cab and gave the driver Dr. August Rapp's address.

It was then about three o'clock, Friday afternoon.

The second time Joe visited the Cramers a back tooth ached dully against his jaw. Mr. Cramer was, apparently, off that afternoon, for he opened the door for Joe, and was sympathetic when he heard about the tooth. It should, he thought, come right out, for something like that, if it was neglected—

He stopped there for a moment, thoughtfully, with a slight frown, and then lit a cigarette.

"Here," he said slowly. "I can fix that up. You're worried about the money, of course. Isn't that it?"

It seemed that Fenner and Lisle's had a company dentist, who took care of the employees. And William Frederick Cramer had good teeth; he had never been to see this dentist himself. His point was simple: all Joe had to do was to see this dentist, and to say he was William Frederick Cramer. Mr. Cramer himself would make the appointment, the next morning, and Joe could call his wife in the afternoon, so that she could give him the dentist's name, and the time for his appointment. The whole thing wouldn't cost him a nickel.

At first Joe protested, because it didn't seem right, and because somehow or other Mr. Cramer might get into trouble with the company. But that, Mr. Cramer said, was impossible, as long as he told no one, not even his wife. For women—well, he knew how Myra spread things around, sometimes without thinking about it at all. If Joe would promise to keep it entirely to himself, who could find out? The dentist had never seen him; he would of course accept him without question as William Frederick Cramer. If he kept it to himself, there was no chance to slip up.

And it was all right, even absurdly easy, though Joe all the time felt a little ashamed. Dr. Rapp didn't ask him any questions; after Joe had given his name to the nurse as Mr. Cramer he was ushered into the inner office, where the doctor pulled his tooth, and marked some others out on a chart he had. There was an upper molar that he thought should be looked after. Next Tuesday, at four, Mr. Cramer could have another appointment.

Joe said he'd phone if he could make it, since there was no sense pushing the thing too far, or taking advantage of Mr. Cramer's kindness. Dr. Rapp merely nodded, and from the desk picked up a card with his name and phone number on it, under his address. It didn't strike Joe at the time as an odd thing for a company dentist to do; when it was in his pocket he forgot all about it.

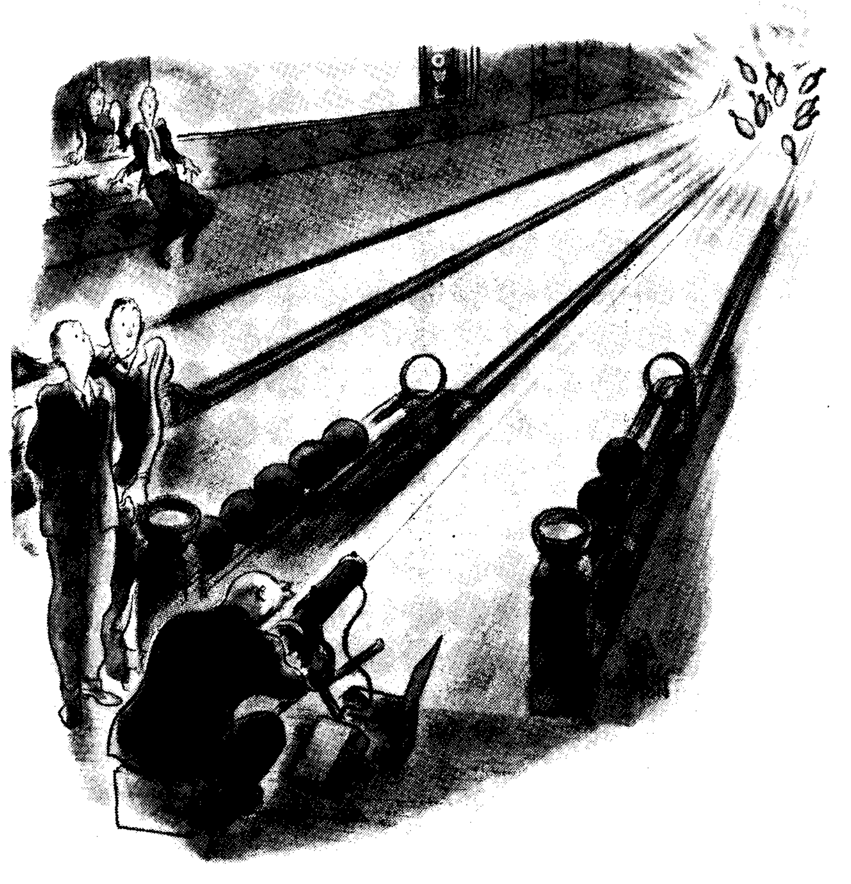
He knew he wouldn't be coming back.

Dr. Rapp was pretty positive at first that he'd never had a patient named Nolan. It wasn't until McCann showed him the photo Elizabeth Nolan had given him that his eyes changed and showed interest. This was Cramer, he said—he'd seen him Tuesday. In the morning his wife had come in, to make the appointment, and to pay for the extraction—a fact which Dr. Rapp had thought at the time to be a bit strange, since most men preferred to pay their own bills. McCann nodded absently, thanking him; later he came back from the corridor to find if this Cramer had left his address. He hadn't; but in the phone book there was only one William Frederick Cramer listed.

It was then just twenty minutes past four.

THURSDAY night when he went to close the sale with Mr. Cramer, so many things happened that the actual events were rather hazy in Joe's mind. Mr. Cramer was waiting in the living room for him, dressed and shaved, with a suitcase at his feet. He was leaving that night for Albany, since he had to be there in the morning, on business; but the startling news he had for Joe was that he wanted him to go with him. There was an opening in the Albany office which he had just got wind of that day; and he knew Old Higgins very well. If Joe came with him now, so that he could be there in the morning to present himself when the office opened, Mr. Cramer was pretty sure he could land the job.

(Continued on page 52)



"He cares for nothing but results"

LONG DISTANCE RATES REDUCED AGAIN!

ON JANUARY 15, 1937

Eight reductions in about ten years have substantially cut the cost of Long Distance telephone service.

The latest reduction in Long Distance rates became effective January 15.

Many interstate rates, for calls of more than 42 miles, are reduced. These reductions apply to all day and to many night and all-day Sunday rates for such calls.

The reductions for the first three minutes range from 5c to $1, depending on distance.

It costs less now to do business in distant cities—quickly, *personally*. It's easier for far-apart friends to keep in *close* touch.

Sample rates listed in the table below definitely indicate the downward trend during the last decade. Quality of transmission and speed of service have been markedly improved in the same period. The average time required to establish a Long Distance connection was over five minutes in 1926—is less than a minute and a half today.

**HOW LONG DISTANCE RATES HAVE BEEN CUT
AS THE RESULT OF 8 REDUCTIONS IN THE LAST 10 YEARS:**

RATES FOR 3-MINUTE DAYTIME CALLS*		Station-to-Station		Person-to-Person	
From	To	January 15, 1926	January 15, 1937	January 15, 1926	January 15, 1937
Cleveland	Detroit	$ .65	**$ .50**	$ .80	**$ .70**
New York	Washington	1.35	**.85**	1.65	**1.20**
Chicago	St. Louis	1.70	**1.00**	2.10	**1.35**
Detroit	Washington	2.50	**1.30**	3.10	**1.75**
Philadelphia	Asheville	3.15	**1.55**	3.90	**2.05**
Buffalo	Nashville	4.15	**1.95**	5.15	**2.60**
Chicago	Dallas	5.05	**2.30**	6.30	**3.00**
Boston	New Orleans	8.60	**3.75**	10.75	**4.75**
Baltimore	Salt Lake City	11.90	**5.00**	14.85	**6.75**
New York	San Francisco	16.50	**6.50**	20.60	**8.75**

*** Night and all-day Sunday rates are still lower.**

LOOK!

If you think this black, tarry sludge-filled oil will do the same lubricating job as the clean high-grade oil you originally put in your crankcase, you may be headed toward some bad luck.

The manufacturers that protect their engines with a Purolator Oil Filter don't think so. They know how dirt, and grit, and hard carbon, and small metal particles can score and damage closely fitted moving parts... So they install a filter that keeps the oil clean as it circulates...and it's up to you to keep that filter in service.

A *genuine* Purolator keeps the oil so clean that it even retains its color for thousands of miles of driving. But after a time it becomes filled with sludge and abrasives, and should be reserviced.

Your garage man will change it in a very few minutes when that job becomes necessary. Have him check the condition of your crankcase oil. He knows. Motor Improvements Inc., Newark, New Jersey, makers of

PUROLATOR

The Oil Filter on Your Motor Car

LICENSED UNDER SWEETLAND PATENTS

Practically all garages that service Purolators on cars that are factory-equipped are prepared to install a genuine Purolator, engineered especially for Ford V-8's—passenger cars or trucks. The price with all the attachments is $3.25, plus a small charge for installation.

(Continued from page 50)

Joe thought, the first thing, of Elizabeth; it was the only detail that made him hesitate. But Mrs. Cramer said she'd be glad to take the trolley over and tell her what had happened, and after that there was no reason to stop. In half an hour they were out on the road, in Mr. Cramer's small coupe, doing forty through a quiet countryside.

They didn't talk very much until they were clear of the city; Mr. Cramer seemed a little worried now about the dentist. He said if they ever found out about that at Fenner and Lisle's they'd fire him, and he wanted to know if Joe had told anyone, even his wife. Three or four times he brought that up; and every time Joe assured him that he hadn't mentioned it to anyone.

But something else was really occupying his mind. Mr. Cramer had shaved off his mustache—tired of fooling with the darn' thing he said—and now more than ever his features troubled Joe with an elusive sense of familiarity. This time, however, it worried him only briefly before it was clear, so astonishingly clear, that it seemed incredible he had never been able to place it before. The mustache helped to reveal it now, of course; but even then—

In his excitement he grasped Mr. Cramer's arm, with an uncertain laugh.

"Maybe I'm a little dizzy about the job and all," he said. "I thought you looked kind of familiar, though I could never just place it. The mustache being off has made it easier, I guess. You look an awful lot like me, Mr. Cramer. I bet if I had your glasses on I could fool your wife."

Mr. Cramer smiled. "Nonsense," he said.

"It isn't," Joe went on earnestly. "If I had your glasses on—"

Something tense came up under Mr. Cramer's smile; a thin cord tightened along his jaw. Somewhat sharply he said he'd never noticed it. It was absurd.

WHEN Mrs. Cramer opened the door for him perhaps a minute after his ring McCann had rid himself of his cigar. He looked a middle-aged, guileless fat man, who could murmur something about reading a meter without being questioned.

Mrs. Cramer was neither nervous nor friendly. It was pleasant and quiet, sunnily peaceful; in a way, McCann felt ashamed of himself. He thought he had a bad mind—a suspicious mind.

Nevertheless, he went out, after visiting the cellar, through the living room, as if he didn't remember what door he'd used coming in. That was a pleasant room too. But the thing that caught McCann's eyes like a blaze of lightning was a framed picture on the upright piano. For an amazed moment McCann stared at it; and in the street, after he had rounded a corner, he took the snapshot of young Nolan out of his pocket to stare at it in turn. Without the mustache, without the glasses, the two pictures might have been those of twins.

At first McCann figured that was screwy. This Nolan, he thought, might be married to both of them. He'd read of things like that, of men having two families in the same town, a couple of miles apart. Only there was a catch to that, since young Nolan had been married to Elizabeth over a year now, and he'd never been away from home before, not for one night. If this Cramer had vanished a year ago, about the time young Nolan had married Elizabeth—

The newsman could check that. Every night, he said, Mr. Cramer came down for a late copy of the paper—every night but last night. McCann, prodding his plate thoughtfully, asked about the mustache. Cramer had one of those?

The newsman looked at him curiously. "Until two or three days ago. I was kidding him when he came down without it, he looked so young. What you want to know for?"

McCann grunted: "I'm writing a book." His trolley came then and he ran for it, but all the time he stayed aboard he kept worrying about this thing. It didn't seem to have any edges that would help fit it into place. The mustache placed William Frederick Cramer and it placed young Nolan. They were different men. Two or three days ago, perhaps the very day Joe Nolan went to the dentist, this Cramer shaved it off. Why? Why the dentist?

He was the solving piece, McCann thought—fit him in and the rest would follow. Teeth were as good identification, almost, as fingerprints.

McCann got off the streetcar then, slowly, looking very pale, and telling himself he was crazy. Something like that— Still, from a booth he called headquarters, and then his home, to tell Molly he wouldn't be there for supper.

At seven, he called headquarters again. In a moment he hung up, something heavy and cold pressing around his heart. The last thing of all fitted in—the fact that in the American Eagle Mutual Company William Frederick Cramer was insured for fifteen thousand dollars.

THEY were going so fast that it was chilly in the car; the wind rushed at them from the darkness with a drowsy snarl. Joe was just beginning to drowse when Mr. Cramer stopped the car.

"Carburetor trouble—always have it. I better look at it. You sit here."

He got out, closing the door behind him, and raised the motor hood. Then he bent forward, his figure dark cut against the fanned-out yellow streams of the headlights laned before them, his head turned slightly toward Joe, as if he weren't looking at the motor at all.

Joe couldn't tell what had changed. He thought it was the stillness—the immense woods' stillness—that made him jumpy. Then he saw the car parked ahead, and the sight of it brought a relief so great that his heart pumped inside him in one great bound.

"Maybe," he said, "you better dim your headlights. It looks like there are some petters ahead of us."

Mr. Cramer almost jumped. He glanced back across his shoulder to stare a moment at the dim reddish glow of tail reflectors showing faintly in the deep shadow of a clump of trees. Then he muttered something and leaned down below the hood, his right hand coming out of his pocket empty.

In a moment or two he got back into the car. "It'll hold," he said. "Now we better push on."

Mr. Cramer stopped only once more, for gas; at eight o'clock they were in Albany. There he thought it might be better if he saw Mr. Higgins first, alone. Joe could take the car and store it at a parking lot, and then meet him at five, after his own business was done, outside Fenner and Lisle's. That would, he thought, be best. The personal interview mightn't be necessary.

AT FIVE Joe was waiting with the car before Fenner and Lisle's warehouse.

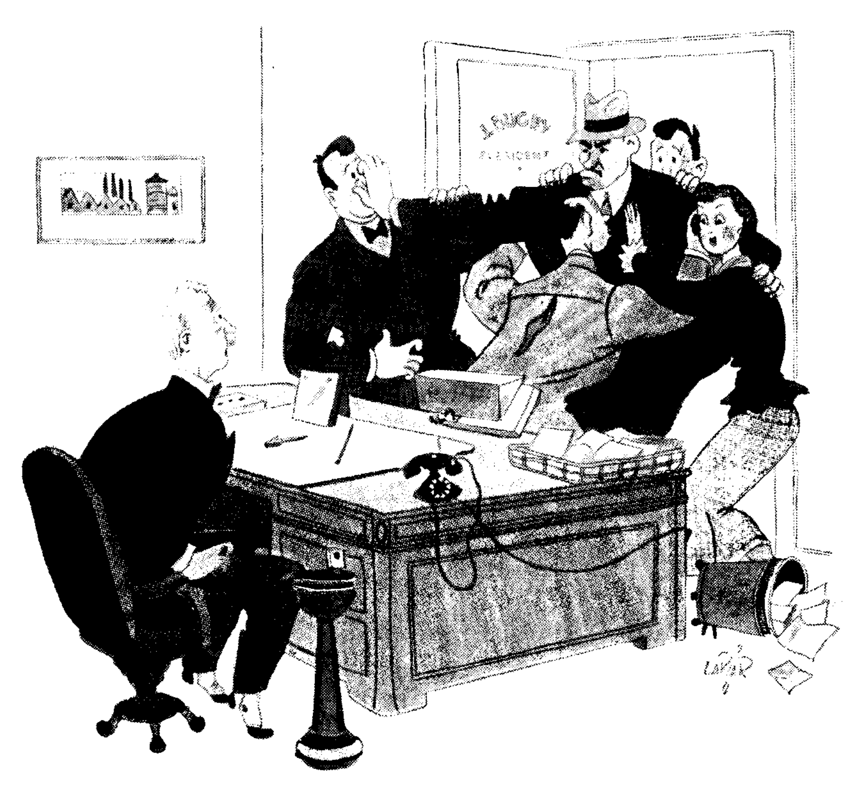
Mr. Cramer appeared about six, long after the other men had gone home. And he didn't come from the main building, but rounded the corner from, he said, the private offices. He looked very tired, very pale, as if he hadn't slept at all; and his exhaustion made him irritable, despite the great news he bore. The job was Joe's; it was all set now; he had the papers. Next Monday Joe was to report at the New York branch.

At seven they were clear of Albany, speeding southward in the gathering spring dusk, a few minutes after McCann had had his call from headquarters, and just as he was facing Mrs. Cramer once more on the porch.

"What I don't know," McCann was saying, "I can guess." His fat face wasn't kind or guileless any more; it was drawn down tightly around his mouth. "I guess you needed money—maybe your husband was out of work—and so you picked up young Nolan because you saw right away how much he looked like your husband. Then you gave him some song and dance about going to this dentist and using your husband's name, so that if anything ever came up Rapp could identify him as William Frederick Cramer.

"The very day young Nolan went to the dentist your husband shaved off his mustache, so that would fit. Probably a lot of people told him it made him look younger; it usually does. Whatever kind of accident you planned to rig up on Nolan, he'd be dead, and he'd look a hell of a lot like your husband, and anyone

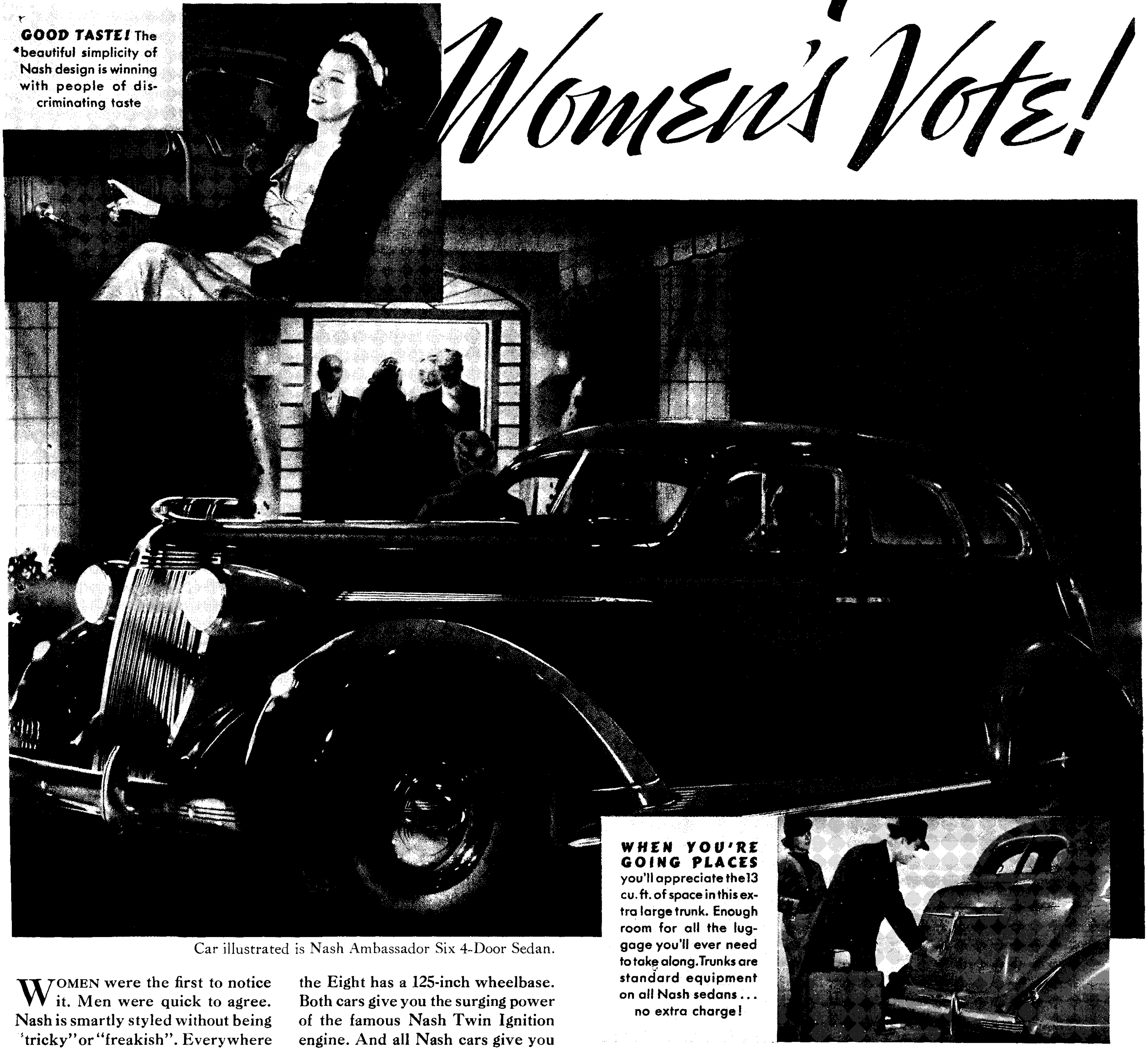
(Continued on page 55)



"Er . . . won't you come in?"

LAWRENCE LARIAR

Nash is Winning the Women's Vote!



GOOD TASTE! The beautiful simplicity of Nash design is winning with people of discriminating taste

WHEN YOU'RE GOING PLACES you'll appreciate the 13 cu. ft. of space in this extra large trunk. Enough room for all the luggage you'll ever need to take along. Trunks are standard equipment on all Nash sedans . . . no extra charge!

Car illustrated is Nash Ambassador Six 4-Door Sedan.

WOMEN were the first to notice it. Men were quick to agree. Nash is smartly styled without being "tricky" or "freakish". Everywhere it's winning people of *good taste!*

And plus all its style and smartness, the new Nash LaFayette-"400" is now more than sixteen feet long from bumper to bumper. It gives you extra headroom, elbow room, legroom.

The Nash Ambassador Six is now an extra long 121-inch wheelbase car, the Eight has a 125-inch wheelbase. Both cars give you the surging power of the famous Nash Twin Ignition engine. And all Nash cars give you oversized hydraulic brakes, steel bodies, plus a list of costly engineering features. See the new X-Ray system now at all Nash Showrooms.

NASH SPEED SHOW Floyd Gibbons as M.C. with Vincent Lopez and his Orchestra. Famous guest stars of stage, screen, radio. C.B.S. stations coast to coast Saturday, 9 P.M. EST. Tune in!

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117-inch wheelbase

NASH AMBASSADOR SIX $755 *and up**
121-inch wheelbase

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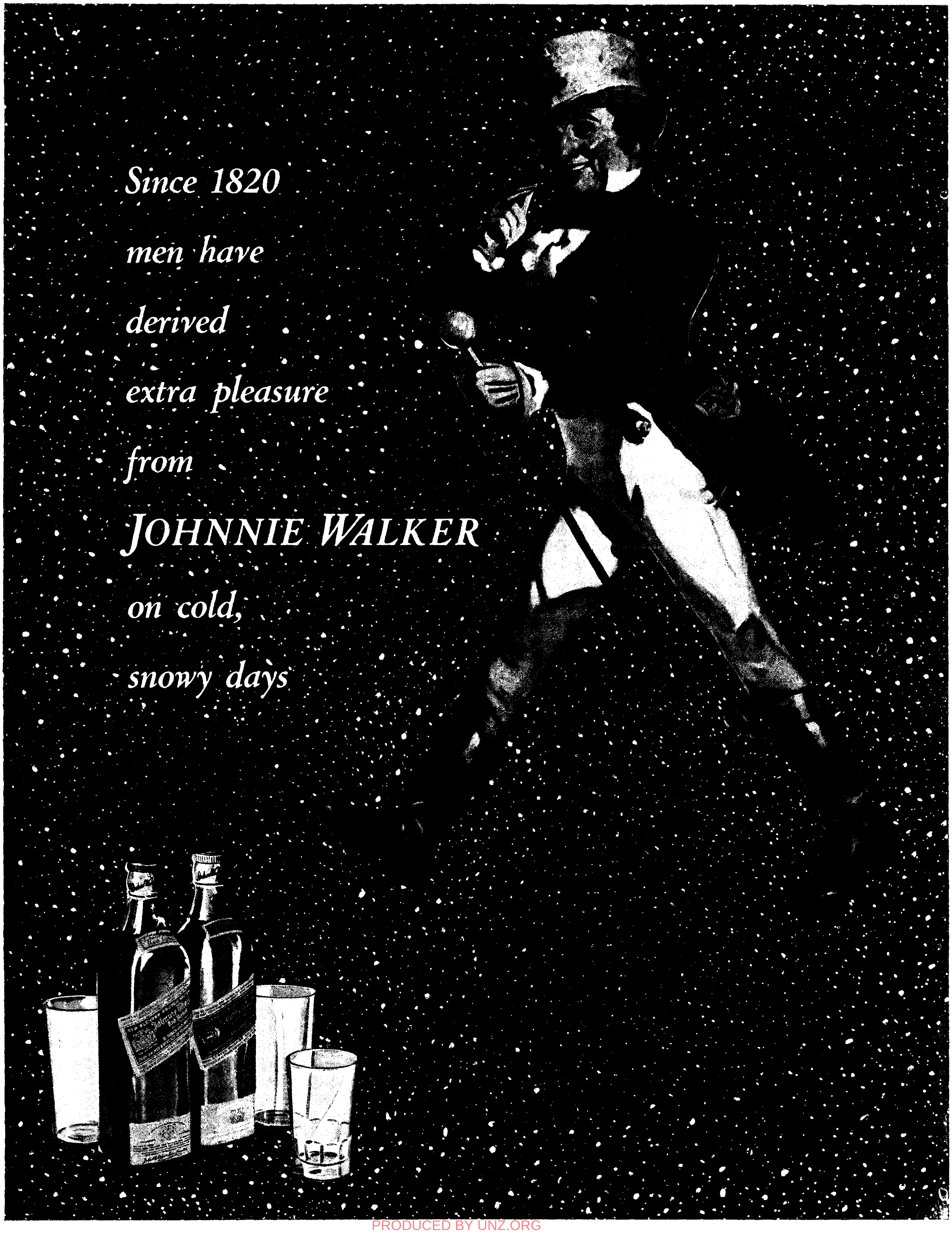
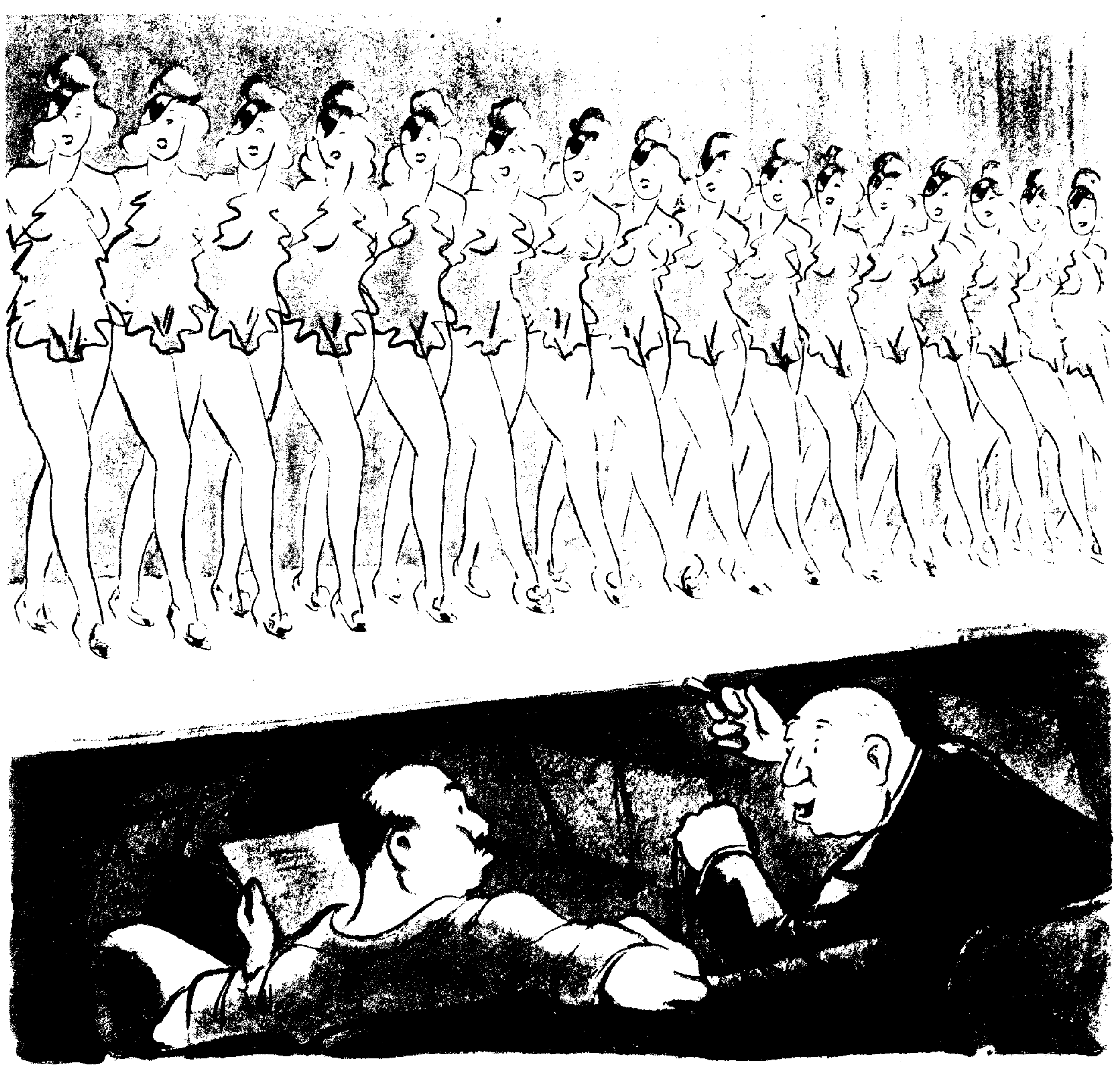

Since 1820
men have
derived
extra pleasure
from
JOHNNIE WALKER
on cold,
snowy days



"How's my niece? She's got talent, eh?"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

who saw him would just say how young he looked. They'd put down any difference to the mustache and the glasses. You both thought there wouldn't be any trouble collecting insurance; someway or other you'd talked this Nolan into not telling anyone about you, even his wife. That made it perfect. Nobody knew he was coming here; when he was found he'd have your husband's glasses on, and his license in his pocket. There wouldn't be any identification question; he'd be brought here, and buried as soon as possible. In another town, where no one knew you, you could join up again, with fifteen thousand dollars in your pocket. Neither of you ever figured on a leak."

She listened to him silently, looking out to the street, with her hands in her lap. It was hard to say just how McCann knew he had her, how he knew that any minute now she was going to crack.

"You got one chance," he said. "Maybe not much of a one. If young Nolan's dead I can't help you; even if he isn't I can't promise anything. But if we stop it before it's done the charge won't be murder. That's worth thinking about. Where'd your husband take him?"

She watched McCann for a moment with queer, glazed dark eyes, and then she began to cry. The license number and the make of William Frederick Cramer's car she whispered dully, clutching his arm, swearing between his questions that she knew nothing. Nothing! If anything had happened—

McCann had all he wanted when a dark coupé pulled up before the house and two men got out. They greeted him and sat stolidly on the porch, on either side of Mrs. Cramer, while he went inside and used the phone.

"Shoot it to the state cops," he said. "Have them cover every road out of Albany. His idea is to knock off the kid and leave him in the car, so that it will look like a hitchhiker did it. Maybe it's over already; he could have pulled the job last night. Only if he did, someone would have found the body by this time. I think we've still got a chance. He'll dawdle along and do the job pretty late, on a side road—that's the safest way. Somewhere near a railroad too, so he can get away easy. It's fifty-fifty we can get him first. Step on it, Larry."

Then McCann hung up, wiping his face with a hand that shook slightly. There was nothing more he could do now—nothing but sit out there and wait, and hope that when he saw Elizabeth Nolan, very soon now, he could tell her everything was fine, there was nothing to worry about, her Joe would be home okay. Monday morning he'd be back to work at his old job, at a salary.

MR. CRAMER had evidently been drinking that afternoon. His breathing was heavy and sour, his face flushed; every time a car passed he glanced at it quickly out of the corners of his eyes. He didn't speak at all, just watched the road, with his lips compressed and a mottled color in his cheeks.

Once they stopped for gas, and behind the car Mr. Cramer spoke in a low tone to the attendant. He seemed to be asking something about the railroad, though Joe didn't pay much attention. He felt angry, both at himself and at Mr. Cramer; he wondered why he was jumpy again, and what was biting Cramer to make him act this way. Tiredness, maybe. If he hadn't slept all last night—

Outside the village they hit a dirt road, leading right. Mr. Cramer stopped just inside it.

"Take the wheel," he said. "I'm sick of driving. Go straight up this road."

It didn't look like a short cut, but Joe didn't argue.

"I should have relieved you before," he said. "I guess you're tired. You look bad, Mr. Cramer."

"Do I?" the other man asked harshly. "Well, I'm fine. I'm okay. I'm all right."

Joe tightened his own mouth. This Cramer, he thought, seemed to be getting screwy. Why would a remark like that make him so sore? They went up the road and came out over a low hill, above a railroad, with a dark field on their left, and a white farmhouse ghostly against it, one window framed in dim yellow. Cramer cursed when he saw it. They went on, bumping over ruts. They went past the house, a mile into woods. Cramer took his hand out of his pocket and held it down against his leg.

"All right," he said. "All right. Stop the car."

He was half swung around in his seat to face Joe; his words were as thick as his breathing. His expression was so queer Joe thought he was sick.

"I'll help you out," he said.

Cramer only shook his head. He got out by himself, leaving the door open, so that Joe could see his hand, and the gun in it.

"What is it?" he asked. "What's the matter?"

The feeling of last night—the disturbed emotion of quiet and loneliness that stretched endlessly around them—thickened his lips as if they were held away from his gums with pads of cotton. This Cramer, he thought— Behind them a car whined for the hill and Cramer looked back toward it, his face as pale and sharp as modeled wax.

"I am sick," he said, wetting his lips. "I'm sick, Joe. I carry this gun for Fenner and Lisle's, but I haven't got a license for it. I came in here to get rid of it, Joe. I'm going to throw it in the field. Just let this car get by."

THE headlights got painfully bright on the mirror; in another moment, going very slowly, the car slipped by. It was a light coupé, dark-colored, very like one that had passed them going the other way, before they turned off the state road. Joe thought that as he saw it, but he felt he was wrong. Why would it have turned to follow them? He had a sudden, crazy impulse to shout out at it, to ask it to stop. He didn't. It went by.

"You can do it now," he said.

The panic that had almost made him yell out deepened when he saw Cramer's face. It didn't help at all to tell himself that he was crazy, that Cramer was all right, a swell guy. He was thinking that no one in the world, not Jarrett's nor Mr. Russell nor even Elizabeth knew he had ever met the Cramers. Joe tried to fight that, gritting his teeth. What was the matter with him?

Cramer didn't throw away the gun. After the other car had gone over the hill beyond them he raised it and pointed it at Joe. His face was covered with perspiration, and his eyes looked frenzied.

"Okay," he said, with a chatter in his words. "Don't move."

"Wait a minute," Joe said. "Wait a minute. Don't point that thing—"

He was feeling with his left hand for the catch on the door behind him, but he couldn't find it. Very slowly, as if inch by inch, Cramer seemed to be pushing the gun toward him.

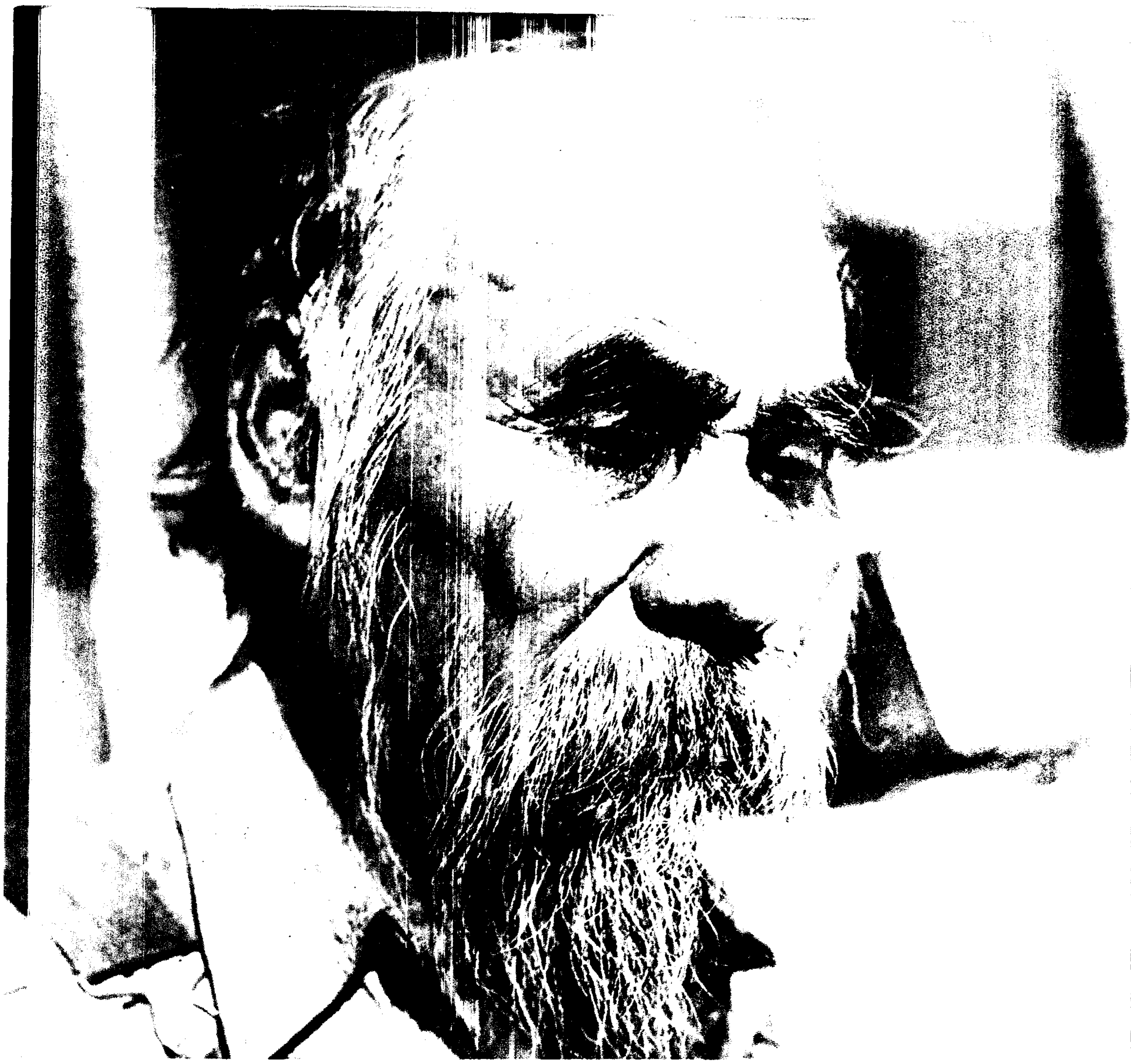
"Look out," Joe said. "Don't—"

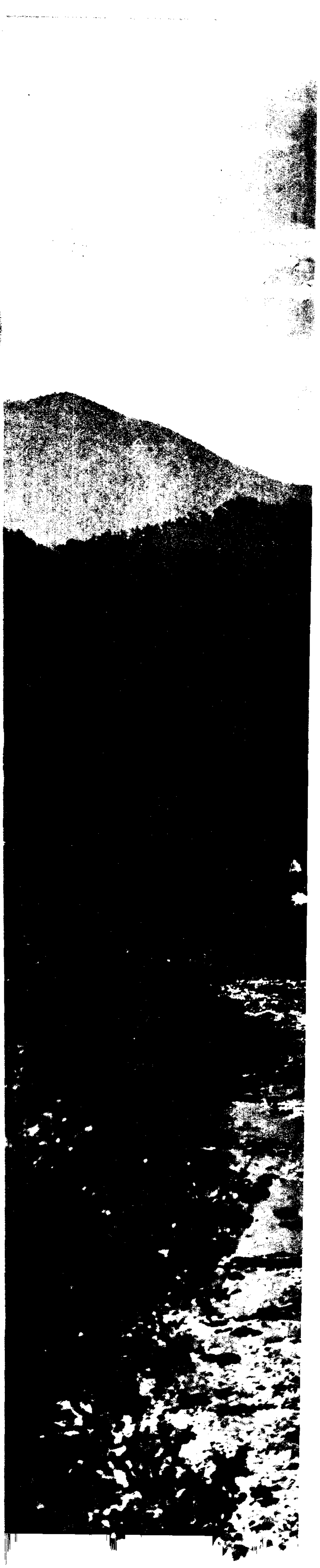
Then he knew it wasn't any use to talk any more. He knew that Cramer was going to kill him. There wasn't time to think of Elizabeth, there wasn't time to be frightened.

"Hey," he said, and tried to grab the gun, as he saw by the crazy twitch of Cramer's lips that he was going to fire. Plunging at him from behind the wheel, he saw the flash, he heard the report; slivers of glass from the windshield bit deep into his cheek. Then he was on Cramer, fighting, and Cramer was suddenly very big, and very strong, and he had turned into two men, confused and struggling in a shaky mass on the running board.

In a moment the second man, the big man, had Cramer flat against the hood, and was twisting the gun out of his hand. When he had it clear he tossed it across the car and straightened Cramer up with a hand at his collar. This second man was in the uniform of a state trooper, and as he saw him clearly Joe remembered how slowly the other car, the coupé, had been going—slow enough for a man to swing off, behind them, where he wouldn't be picked off by the headlights.

It must have been the coupé, for it was coming back to them now over the brow of the hill, while William Frederick Cramer sat on the running board, his head in his hands, and a little spot of blood on a knuckle of his right one, where the trooper had crushed it against the car, just before he fired.





Land of the Cherokee

By Herbert Ravenel Sass

The Great Smoky National Park, within twenty-four hours' travel of half of us, is being spruced up for your vacation trip. Its roads will be open all year so you may visit its snow-capped mountain peaks and its hundreds of miles of clear, swift trout streams. Here is the last remnant of Eastern wilderness

PHOTOGRAPHED BY IFOR THOMAS, COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

I WASN'T paying much attention to what Standing Deer was saying—something about the superior merit of locustwood for bows. We were in Ocona Luftee Valley in the Great Smoky Mountains and I was thinking about Tsali. Tsali and his sons facing the rifles, facing the firing squad. This is what I was thinking.

Millions of people are coming here soon, coming to see the Great Smoky National Park, and none of them ever heard of Tsali. They don't know about the things he did. That's wrong. They ought to know about it. It's the greatest thing here—the most magnificent. It doesn't matter what color his skin was . . .

"Chief," I said suddenly, "what about Tsali? What about Tsali and his sons?"

Standing Deer looked at me but he didn't answer. I don't know whether I saw anything in his eyes or not. I thought that he, too, saw for a moment Tsali and his sons looking into the muzzles of the rifles aimed at their hearts. But this may have been imagination; Indian eyes are often hard to read. Some Indian children were playing beside the river and a woman passed with her papoose on her back. Standing Deer seemed to be watching them.

I didn't mention Tsali again and that afternoon I left the Smokies. A few days later, in a city three hundred miles away, I saw in the newspapers that President Roosevelt, making his first visit to the new Great Smoky Mountains National Park, had stopped at the Cherokee Indian reservation in Ocona Luftee Valley where former Chief Standing Deer had placed on the President's head an eagle-feather headdress and proclaimed him Chief White Eagle of the tribe. The President, the papers said, had been shown an Indian blowgun and was much interested in the long cane tube and the needle-sharp darts.

But there wasn't any mention of Tsali. If Standing Deer thought of that matter, thought of the old man and his sons quivering on the bloody ground after the merciless rifles had spoken, he didn't say anything about it to the President. Probably it wouldn't have been the right thing to say on such an occasion. There was another President involved—a strong man but a good hater; and probably this smiling President whom Standing Deer crowned with the eagle-tail headdress did not know Tsali's story.

There are very few people who do know it outside of Ocona Luftee Valley in the shadow of the Smokies. But now the time has come when it should be known.

This will be (for the two are inseparable) partly the story of Tsali and partly the story of the Great Smoky National Park, the youngest of all our national parks and probably the most important of them all. It won't be a description of scenery. Scenery is a grand thing to see but as reading matter many people find it dull. One of the very best things about the great new national park they are making on the "Roof of Eastern America" is the fact you won't have to read about it; you'll be able to see it yourself.

It lies almost in the center of that most populous part of the United States which is east of the Mississippi River and south of the Great Lakes. It is incomparably the finest tract of wilderness east of the Father of Waters and yet, in these days of quick travel, it is almost at your door.

From the top of Kuwahi—Tsali's mountain—a circle with a 600-mile radius will include the cities of St. Louis, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Detroit, Louisville, Milwaukee, Indianapolis, Columbus, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, Norfolk, Richmond, Wilmington, Raleigh, Charlotte, Charleston, Savannah, Atlanta, Jacksonville, Memphis, Nashville, Birmingham and New Orleans. This means that the Great Smoky National Park, excelled in size only by a few of the large Western parks and excelled in beauty by none, is within twenty-four hours by road or rail of more than half of the population of the United States—within easy reach, in other words, of millions who haven't the time or the money to visit the Yellowstone or the Yosemite or the other scenic areas of the West.

A Park for All Seasons

That is a fact of first importance and that is why the Great Smoky Park, carved out of Tennessee and North Carolina, is going to be in a practical sense the most important of the twenty-two parks in our national system. That, too, is why—although it is not yet completed and hasn't yet been opened officially—it had, last year, more visitors than any other national park in the United States. Another great point in its favor is the fact that it will be an all-weather park, its roads open at all seasons, as beautiful in winter when its peaks are capped with snow as it is in spring and early summer when flame azalea and rhododendron make it a wonderland of vivid bloom. Within a comparatively short time, the National Parks Service believes, the number of visitors to the Great Smoky Park each year will reach the 3,000,000 mark.

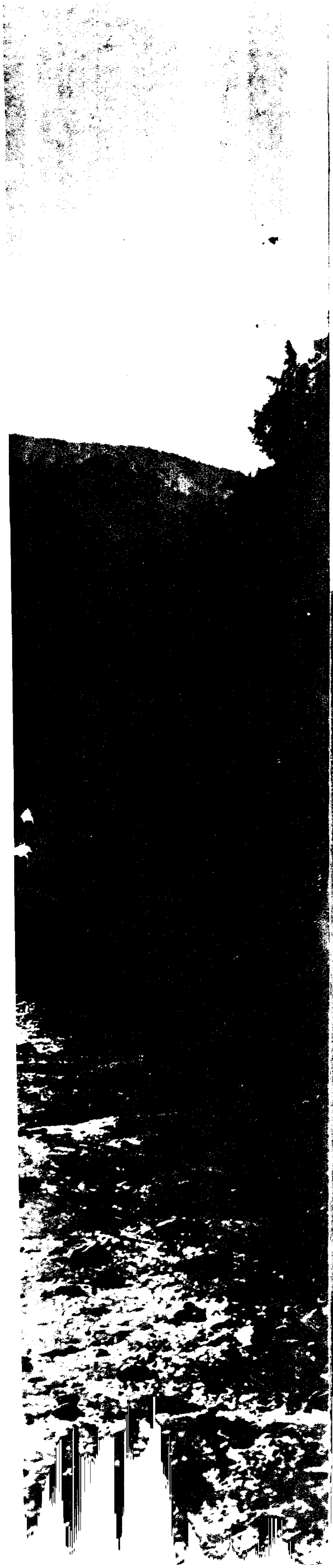
What they will see there cannot easily be described. Certain salient facts, perhaps, will give the prospective visitor a hint of what he may expect.

Though not as high above sea level, the Smokies (so named from the mysterious blue haze that hovers over them) rise as high above their valleys as the Rocky Mountain summits with only a few exceptions so that the effect is equally impressive. Topping the main mountain mass are sixteen peaks more than 6,000 feet in altitude and twenty-nine peaks more than a mile high. On their slopes and in their deep valleys are the largest virgin red spruce and

Opposite Page: An old man of the tribe, a descendant of the Cherokees who remained in the Great Smoky Mountains

Center: The Great Smokies, as beautiful in winter with snow-capped peaks as in summer with their varied foliage

Below: Chief Standing Deer, present chief of the 3,000-odd Cherokees in and about the Great Smoky Mountains



One of the present-day Cherokees, with ox and primitive equipment, farming the land of his ancestors

Well-kept roads make Great Smoky Park the most accessible of all the parks of our national system

hardwood forests in the United States—more virgin forest, in fact, than in all the rest of the East combined. The clear swift streams provide 600 miles of beautiful trout water. Protection will make the park a paradise of animal life; it is already a plant-life paradise so wonderful that no known area of equal size in the Temperate Zone can match its richness and variety.

In brief, the Great Smoky National Park will preserve for posterity the last remnant of the primeval Eastern American wilderness—a "remnant" some 440,000 acres, or 687 square miles, in extent, beautiful beyond description and so rugged and lofty that the advancing tide of civilization fell back daunted before it, flowing around it instead of over it and leaving it all these years unconquered and unspoiled.

It is a grand thing that the Great Smoky has been saved. North Carolina and Tennessee, the federal government and the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial Fund joined forces to save it at a cost, to date, of $11,000,000; and the task has not yet been quite accomplished, for the area actually acquired is still short of that stipulated by the federal law. For this reason there has been no formal opening as yet, since under the law the park will not become an official reality until the entire area has been secured. But the National Parks Service administers and protects it and it is already real enough to have drawn last year, as previously remarked, more visitors than any of its much more advertised rivals. When, as will undoubtedly happen soon, the Park Service can really go to work on its development and officially invite visitors, it is predicted that more people will see the Great Smoky every year than all the twenty-one other national parks combined.

Keepers of the Ancient Lore

That is why this is the time to tell Tsali's story. Almost suddenly it has become a matter of personal interest to 60,000,000 people or more. When you go into the Smokies from the little town of Bryson City, which will be one of the chief gateways to the new national park, you will pass through the 63,000-acre reservation of the eastern band of the Cherokee tribe. This will be a surprise to the average traveler; like most other people, he supposes that in order to find Indians you have to go to the West. It is true that the main body of the Cherokee nation now lives in the West; but there are more than 3,000 Cherokees in and about the valley of Ocona Luftee under the eastern rampart of the Smokies, and in certain respects they are among the most interesting Indians in the United States.

From the beginning they have been there, still dwelling in their old homeland, planting their little farms in the mountain coves and beside the clear streams, their presence unknown to the vast majority of the conquering race which swept long ago over the red man's country and drove him far beyond the Mississippi. They go to the white man's school maintained for them by the government, they have learned the white man's ways and his language (though they have not forgotten their own) and, except on special occasions, they wear the white man's garb. But some of them keep in their hearts the red man's ancient lore and maintain the red man's customs; and for many people they will be among the most interesting features of the great new national park which surrounds their reservation on three sides.

It is due to Tsali that they are there; and Tsali's story — however lamely I may tell it—seems to me, in its valor, its pity and its triumph, to be one of the great true stories of America.

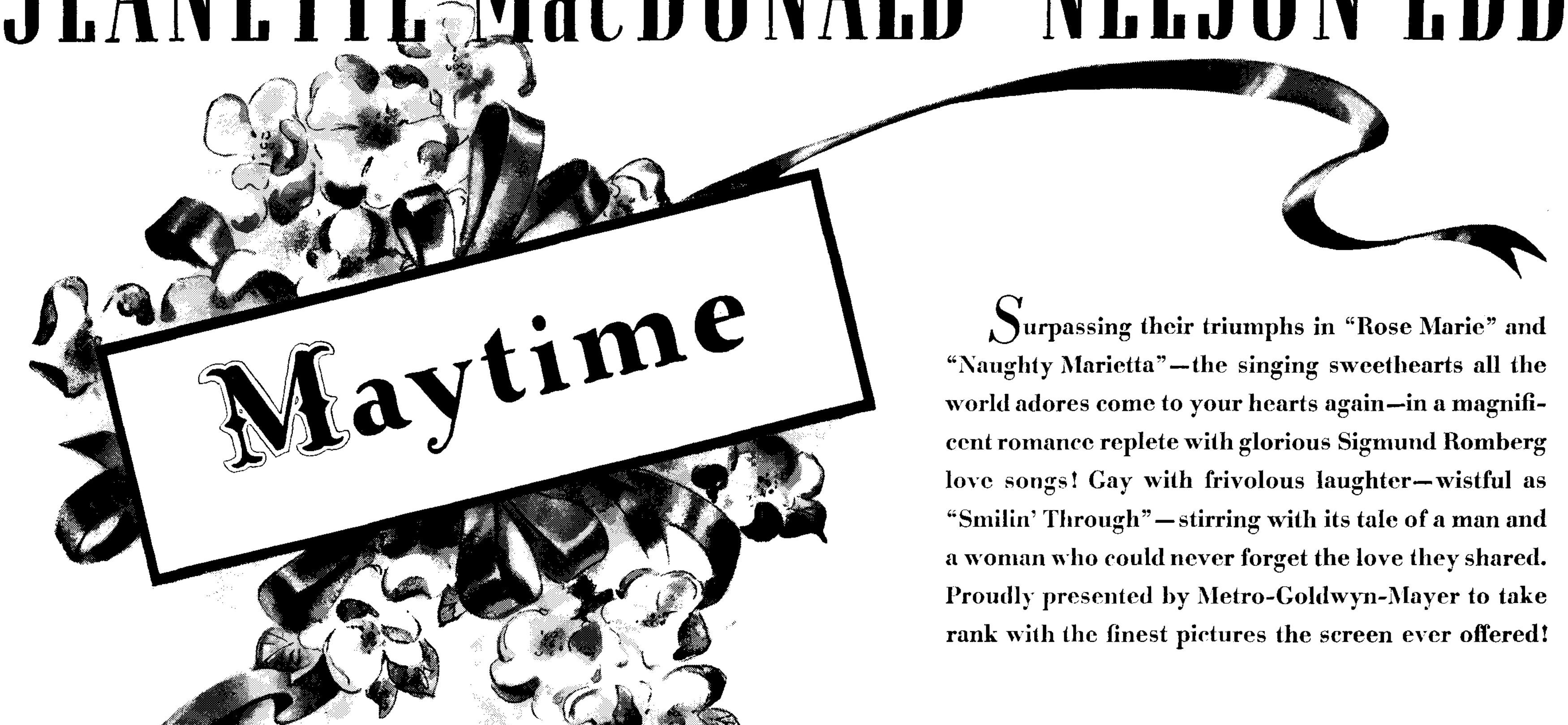
Tsali isn't in it at the beginning. One day a little Cherokee boy was playing on the bank of the Chestatee River in upper Georgia. Something in the crystal-clear water attracted his attention and he stooped and picked it up—a yellow pebble about as large as the end of his thumb. It was a pretty thing and, instead of throwing it at the redbirds twittering in the alders, he carried it to his mother in her cabin a little back from the stream.

The woman looked at it closely, washed it in water and rubbed it with her fingers. Then she put it carefully away in a safe place. On her next visit to the settlement she took it with her and showed it to a white man.

The white man stared at it with an excitement which he concealed quickly. After some dickering for diplomatic purposes, he bought it from her, probably for much less than it was worth.

Nobody knew it then, but a little Indian boy playing beside a river had

JEANETTE MacDONALD NELSON EDDY



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blown his nation up as though with dynamite.

The yellow pebble was the beginning—or rather the beginning of the end. Long before then the decline of the Cherokee nation had begun. When the white man first came to America, the Cherokees, a branch of the virile Iroquoian stock, had been the proudest and most powerful Indian nation in the South. In the heyday of their power they claimed lordship from the Ohio and the Tennessee on the north and west almost to the Atlantic seaboard.

But gradually, as the white settlements spread inland from the coast, this red empire had dwindled. Gradually the white man's rifle in war and the white man's guile in peace had broken the Cherokees' strength and taken the Cherokees' lands. At the time—1815—when the little Indian boy picked up the yellow pebble, they held an area somewhat larger than the present state of Massachusetts, comprising the beautiful mountain country of western North Carolina, northern Georgia, northern Alabama and eastern Tennessee. This, the last remnant of their ancient wild domain, had been guaranteed to them forever by solemn treaty.

The Vultures Were Impatient

The yellow pebble that was really a nugget of gold turned that treaty into a scrap of paper.

News of the discovery spread like wildfire. There was gold in the Cherokee lands! By fair means or foul the Cherokees must be dispossessed. Within four years, all their lands east of the Chestatee were taken from them.

Then, in 1828, gold was found again—this time between the Chestatee and the Smokies; and in the same year Andrew Jackson was elected President of the United States.

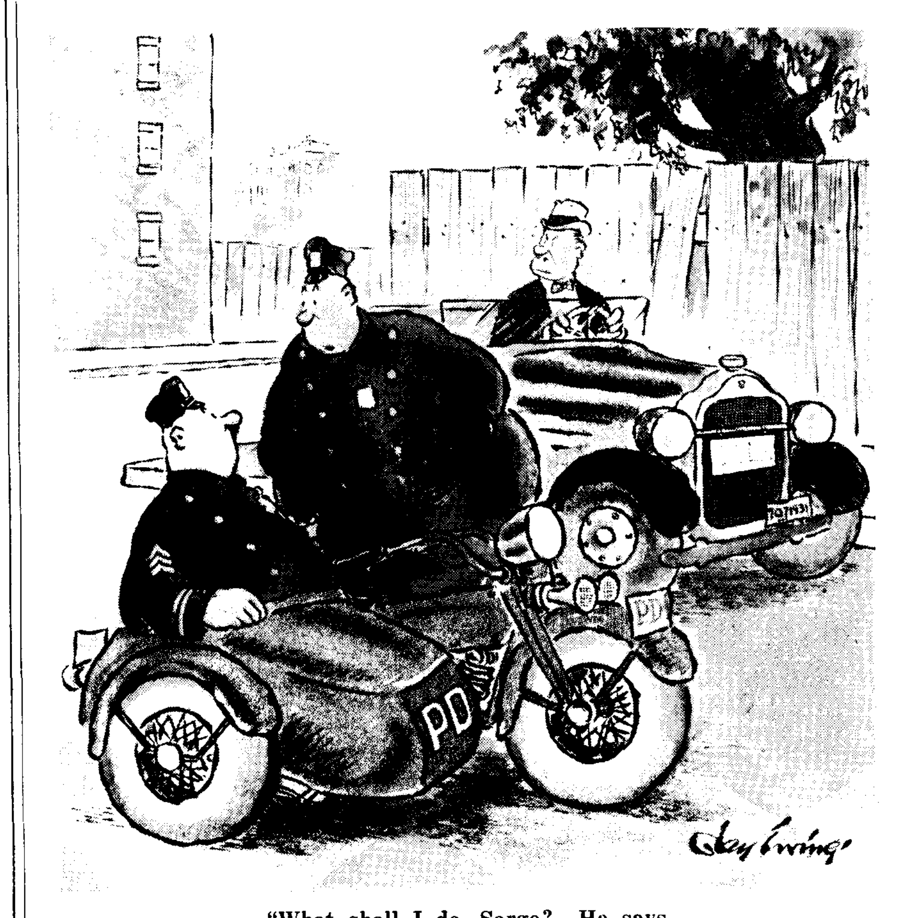
There were casuists then as now, and where there is gold a way can always be found. Through chicanery and force, with less than one sixth of them consulted, a new treaty was imposed upon the Cherokees, requiring them to surrender their entire homeland for the sum of $5,000,000 and submit to wholesale deportation to the West.

Tsali, on his little farm among the mountains, heard only echoes of the storm. Under the leadership of their chief Guwisguwi (Wild Swan), whose "white name" was John Ross, the Cherokees protested against this great wrong. They were not altogether friendless. Daniel Webster and Henry Clay spoke for them, with Edward Everett of Massachusetts and Henry Wise of Virginia. Davy Crockett of Tennessee, frontiersman and Indian fighter, rose in the national House. The new treaty, he told his fellow congressmen, was unjust, cruel and dishonest. He could not vote for it and keep his honor, and if his constituents felt otherwise, they knew what they could do.

General Wool, commanding the federal troops already concentrated in the Cherokee country, wrote to Edward Everett about the hordes of "white men who, like vultures, are watching, ready to pounce upon their prey and strip them of everything they have." The work was too ugly for General Wool; he was relieved at his own request. General Dunlap, in command of Tennessee troops, sent to aid in dispossessing the Cherokees, stood it as long as he could and then exploded. In a fiery speech to his men, he declared that he would not stain the honor of his state by taking part in an outrageous crime.

Nothing availed. Martin Van Buren, who had now become President, was disposed to allow the Cherokees a little more time. But the vultures were impatient. The Indians were helpless—they had already been disarmed. There was not only gold in the Cherokee mountains but there were rich Indian farms in the coves and valleys, and cattle and horses to be had for the taking. It was whispered, too, that if the Indian graves were dug open, valuable silver ornaments could be taken from the corpses thus exhumed. So, one spring morning, infantry, cavalry and artillery moved into the Cherokee country until the force there totaled 7,000 men.

Tsali worked in the fields of his farm, which was near the farms of his two



"What shall I do, Sarge? He says he's got a right. They're his initials!"

JAY IRVING

older sons and his brother, and on other days he hunted deer and wild turkeys, for he was a great hunter and, although his rifle had been taken from him, he was skillful with the bow. Rumors came to him from time to time; the soldiers were building pens or stockades at various places in the Cherokee country and it was whispered that the Indians would be herded into these pens and kept there until they could be carried to the West.

He spoke seldom. Sitting in silence, he would gaze for hours at the blue mountains that he had known from his youth. It is not sentimentality but scientific fact that those who think of all Indians as brutish, animal-like savages are as far wrong as those who have idealized the red man. Besides the testimony of men who lived among them, the folklore of the mountain Indians, often aglow with poetry, reveals their deep feeling for their native country; and in Tsali this feeling was very strong. It was not only of his own exile that he was thinking. What stunned him was the thought that in all the homeland there would be none left to guard the old sacred places and keep up the old sacred ways.

A March of Death

When the soldiers came to his cabin he seemed to be in a dream. They already had with them as prisoners his brother and his two grown sons with their families; and Tsali rose like a man dazed and, motioning to his wife and young son to follow him, quietly took his place among the captives.

The way to the nearest stockade was long and steep. Tsali was an old man but sinewy and strong; his wife, probably of about his own age, was unable to travel fast. A soldier prodded her with his bayonet to hasten her steps, and suddenly, at her cry of pain, Tsali's lethargy fell from him.

He sprang like a panther upon the nearest soldier, wresting his weapon from him. Almost in the same moment the other Cherokees attacked. Taken by surprise, the soldiers were at a disadvantage. There was a short fierce struggle for the rifles, a smother of oaths, a scream of agony. When it was over, one soldier lay motionless on the ground and the others were in flight along the trail.

By early summer of that year—1838—the general commanding the troops in the Cherokee country found that he had nearly 17,000 men, women and children in the pens. The roundup had been carried out ruthlessly and efficiently. One serious incident had occurred. A Cherokee named Tsali with his sons and his brother had attacked the detachment taking them to the stockade, killed one of the soldiers, and escaped into the high mountains about Kuwahi (Clingman's Dome)—a region which is still one of the wildest parts of the area included in the Great Smoky National Park. Other Indians were managing to escape from the pens from time to time, and it was clear that the sooner the actual removal to the West could be accomplished the better.

Tsali and his party, safe for the moment in a secret cave near Kuwahi, where the search parties could not find them, were spared that dreadful journey. In October, 1838, it began—the march of the Cherokee nation from their homeland into exile—the march of 13,000 brokenhearted men, women and children, released from the prison pens to look for the last time on the beautiful land they had lost because the white man coveted its gold. Four thousand or more had already been taken from the pens and sent under military supervision on river steamers down the Tennessee and the Mississippi and thence to the Indian Territory. So many of these had perished on the way as a result of mismanagement or indifference that Chief Guwisguwi had begged that the rest be allowed to make the journey overland under their own chiefs.

It was the most tragic host that ever marched in America. Lee's gray battalions, straggling southward after Appomattox, were going home to the familiar scenes they loved, but from these unfortunates their homes and homeland had been taken. More than 600 wagons had been assembled and these bore the sick and the aged and the smaller children. The others, organized in detachments of 1,000 with two Indian leaders in charge of each detachment, made the long journey mainly on foot.

From the beginning it was a march of death. Each day men, women and children lay down by the wayside and died, sometimes ten and twenty in a day, among them Guwisguwi's wife and White-path, one of the most noted chiefs. The Ohio was crossed near the mouth of the Cumberland and the weary army passed slowly on through southern Illinois to reach the Mississippi opposite Cape Girardeau, Missouri.

It was now midwinter, the river was full of drifting ice and some of the detachments had to wait on the eastern bank until the channel cleared. Fifty years afterward James Mooney, historian of the Cherokees, talking with old men and women in the Indian Territory who had come out in the Removal, found that "the lapse of over half a century had not sufficed to wipe out the memory of the miseries of that halt beside the frozen river, with hundreds of sick and dying penned up in wagons or stretched upon the ground, with only a blanket overhead to keep out the January blast."

Six months after the march of death had begun the stricken army reached its destination. Including the losses of the contingent sent previously under military escort and those who died soon after their arrival in the West from sickness and exposure on the journey, the death toll of the Removal reached a total of more than 4,000, nearly one fourth of the number who had started from the prison pens.

That tragic march of a nation into exile is part of Tsali's story, as Tsali's story is part of the new Great Smoky National Park. Now his story moves swiftly to its triumphant end.

The General's Promise

From the first new highway just completed from Newfound Gap to Clingman's Dome—the highest road east of the Rockies—you can look down upon the virgin forests about the head of Deep Creek where no ax has yet struck. Somewhere in that shaggy wilderness, on the shoulder of Kuwahi, Tsali and his party had their refuge; and here and there along the main ridge of the Smokies, especially amid the lofty peaks at the head of Ocona Luftee Valley, other small groups of Indians who had escaped from the stockades lay hidden. For a while the soldiers, fully occupied in guarding the captive thousands in the pens and getting the Removal to the West under way, left these refugees in comparative peace.

Then, when the pens had been emptied and the March of the Thirteen Thousand had begun, the general in command turned his attention to the fugitives. With his army of 7,000 men combing the ridges, their ultimate fate was inevitable; yet to find their hiding place in the mountain fastnesses would not be easy, and as they had sworn to die rather than be transported, this last roundup might be a bloody mess. The general thought of a plan.

He called into conference a white trader, William Thomas, who for twenty years had lived among the Cherokees and held their confidence. He was ready, he

(Continued on page 62)

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(Continued from page 61)

told Thomas, to let loose his whole 7,000 upon the fugitives and hunt them down relentlessly till the last refugee had been taken or killed. But if Tsali and his party, who had shed blood, would come in and pay the penalty, he would call off the man hunt and try to obtain the government's permission for the other fugitives to remain in their old homes.

By secret trails which none knew except the Indians and their friends, Thomas went alone to Tsali's cave. Tsali and the others, sitting around their fire at the cave's entrance, welcomed him. They listened in silence to the message.

He stood for a moment looking out over the valley below him and the great mountains beyond—wave after wave of billowy forest-clad ranges and rounded cloud-capped peaks blue in that tenuous dreamy haze which gives the Smokies their name. The homeland of the Cherokees. The beautiful land which had been theirs for centuries but was theirs no longer.

He thought of the brokenhearted army of his kinsmen wending their slow way into exile—of his three sons watching him in silence, waiting for him to speak. One hope had been with him: that somehow some of the refugees hiding in the mountains might remain there until the soldiers had gone and that, in the end, these few might be allowed to live on in the country of their fathers to found a new Cherokee nation there and keep alive the ancient sacred ways. This hope had become a passion, an obsession. And now he could bring this great thing to pass!

He turned. For a moment his gaze rested on his sons. Two of them were grown men; they would be able to face the rifles. But the youngest, Wasituna, was only a boy. Tsali's eagle face was haggard and old, but his eyes were the eyes of a victor. "We will come," he said.

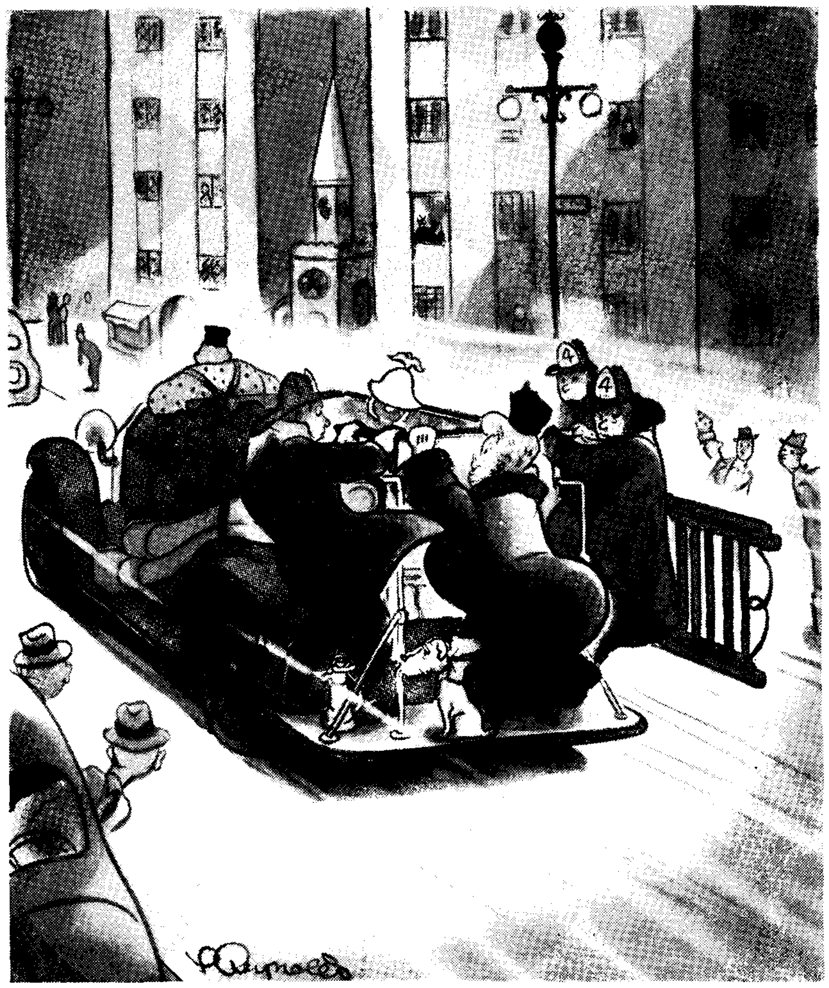
So he came in and gave himself up, and his three sons and his brother came with him. It seems certain that they knew what they were doing; the trader, Thomas, had told Tsali exactly what to expect. They were giving their lives for their people. They were dying in order that the Cherokee race might live on in its ancient home.

It took place at a spot well below the mouth of Ocona Luftee, probably just outside the boundary of the new Great Smoky National Park. The general spared the boy Wasituna because of his youth. Apparently to impress upon the refugees still in the mountains the utter helplessness of the Indian race, a squad of Cherokee prisoners were compelled to do the shooting. Probably all the doomed men died gamely. Indians, you recall, have always been good at the difficult art of dying without much fuss.

Tsali's eyes, as he faced the rifles, were victorious. Perhaps he saw the future—saw the vale of Ocona Luftee once more the home of his people, the smoke rising from hundreds of Indian cabins, the little children playing by the river, the small papooses riding on their mothers' backs as you can see them in Ocona Luftee today.

Kuwahi, or Clingman's Dome, the highest peak of the Smokies and the goal of the millions who will visit the new national park, is the right place for a shaft to Tsali. Perhaps this article will help build it—who knows? But his real monument is in Ocona Luftee and its tributary valleys where the eastern Cherokees have their little farms. The Western band, in Oklahoma, descendants of the 17,000 sent out in the Removal, is, of course, much larger. But there are now more than thirty-two hundred in the Eastern band in the heart of the old home country, the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of the fugitives who were allowed to come out of their hiding places after Tsali and his party were shot.

Tsali, looking down at them from the Happy Hunting Ground and seeing, too, the protecting arm of the new national park shielding the Smoky wilderness from the destroyer, is probably content.



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Continued from page 22

Joan Blondell, vaudeville child and once struggling actress, being welcomed as if they were foreign rulers. Powell lived in Mt. View until he was ten and got his start from a railroad engineer who taught him "Casey Jones" and insisted on having it sung whenever he saw the boy. It set the boy off on a musical career, in which he learned to play the piano (badly), the cornet, clarinet, saxophone and banjo (learning the latter on a train en route to an orchestra engagement). He began to sing with an orchestra after the family moved to Little Rock, and finally had his own band known as the Peter Pan. He got a job in a church choir at sixty dollars because his brother was already entrenched there, and he also sang on Friday nights at a synagogue. Besides this he clerked in a grocery store, jerked sodas and tested meters for a power company. He went to Little Rock College for a year and played baritone horn in the band, and then he went to work for the telephone company collecting coins out of pay-station phones.

Fame on 42d Street

"Chased nickels for a year and then got married," he says. It didn't last long and he followed it with an engagement with a touring orchestra, which hired him as a singer. That band played one-night stands through Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois and business was generally bad.

They finally landed in Indianapolis where Powell played with the band at a theater and had an extra engagement at the Columbia Club. He wanted to get into vaudeville and hired an accompanist to that end, but got nowhere at all when he went over to Chicago for a tryout. After that he went to Florida, couldn't get a job and came back on the train to Indianapolis by day coach, not eating en route. He went back with the band, played at Lake Manitou during the summer, operated a ballroom on his own hook and made money and finally landed in Pittsburgh at the Enright Theater in East Liberty, where he stayed three years, a great hit. It brought him a contract with Warners' to play in The Crooner, but before he could get a release from his theater contract the part was given to David Manners and when Powell got to Hollywood he was put in Blessed Event.

"Where I smelled," he says, truthfully enough.

He then played in Jubilo with Will Rogers and along came 42d Street, which made him famous. It has been easy since, except for A Midsummer Night's Dream. That just about ruined him with his audience and he has been beating his way back ever since.

Joan Blondell was the usual stage kid, going into her papa's act almost at birth and playing every whistle stop in the land before vaudeville petered out and left the act stranded.

From being the kid in the act, Joan graduated to being the soubrette. She got her education on the fly.

"We had some kind of a certificate from the superintendent of schools in New York and everywhere we played, my sister and I were entitled to enter school if only for a week. It was generally wasted time because as soon as the other kids found out who we were, and we were never hesitant about admitting it, we stopped being students and became clowns. When it came Friday and time for weekly recitations, we'd mop up with our stage routine. The teachers would give us swell marks and we'd part all over again with sorrow and go on to the next stop."

When vaudeville began to wane, Joan stopped off in Texas and got a job with a stock company. She didn't do very well and decided to come on to New York and try to get into the chorus of a Ziegfeld Follies. She lined up before Sammy Lee, the dance director, went through the usual monkey business and could see that she was not making the grade. So she decided to hang around and talk to Mr. Lee after the others were gone. She hid behind a flat until the other girls had gone and then approached Mr. Lee where he sat in the middle of the vacant stage going over his records.

"Mr. Lee," she said timidly. "I'm—I'm Ed Blondell's daughter."

Mr. Lee looked up with some pain.

"Mr. Lee, I need this job desperately. I've been out of work and—"

He shrugged his shoulders and went on with his records.

Then she happened to think of something. She had recently won a beauty contest in Texas. Perhaps that would help.

"Mr. Lee," she said in a last effort, "I'm Miss Dallas."

He stopped then and looked up at her.

"Lady," he said in a sad voice. "I'm very sorry, but you couldn't get a job in this show if you were Miss Manhattan Transfer. Go on away now because I'm busy."

He went back to his papers.

After that she was in various shows in minor parts and got her big chance in Penny Arcade, which also included a young Irishman named Jimmy Cagney. They were both signed by Warners' and started their careers in Hollywood simultaneously.

The truth is that a movie star is pretty much at the mercy of the public. The money is good but they work for it. In Hollywood they have more chance for a home life and are not bothered much on the streets or in restaurants except on the occasion of a big opening, but their days at the studios are studded with obligations. They must see practically every interviewer who gets a studio pass; they must tell the same old story over and over again about how they were working on a tractor or in a drugstore when a scout came along and nabbed them for Hollywood, etc.; if they see a reporter from the Boston Globe, they have to see one from the Tuscaloosa Evening Gazette; to them all they must be gracious and helpful, simple, kindly and co-operative. If they've got away from the set early and are now resting at home, they have the inestimable privilege of coming back and seeing somebody from the Shanghai Morning Post.

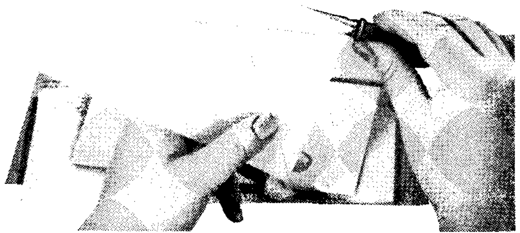
Cuba Comes Aboard

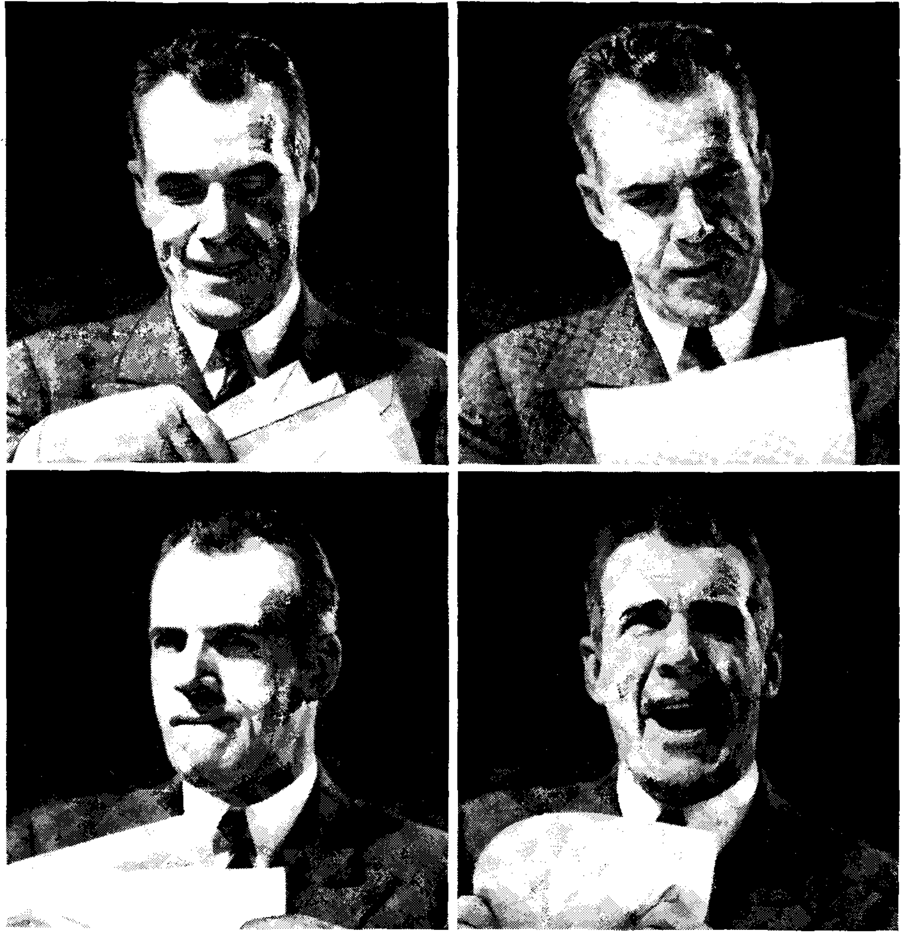
The reception for the Powells had started in Havana where their ship docked for a day on the way from California. The Cubans are very casual about their naval arrangements and anybody who wants to meet a boat at Havana merely goes down to the quay and gets on. Small as it is, the population of Cuba cannot easily be accommodated on one moderate-sized ocean liner, and the congestion became such that only heroic efforts kept the Powells from waking to find that they were in bed with some of the more noble representatives of the Antilles.

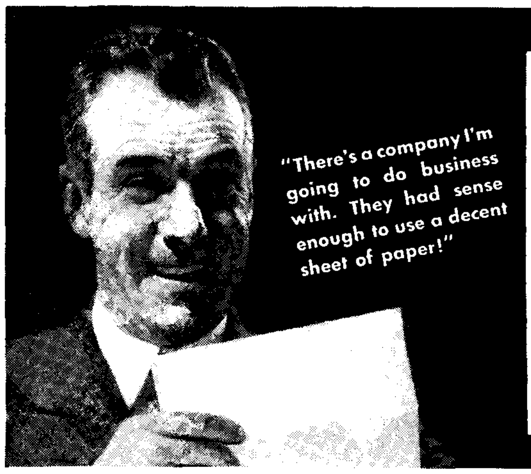
The boat was loaded with reporters and photographers, each writer bringing his own cameraman so he would be certain to get a likeness of himself posing

(Continued on page 64)

Picture of your prospect going through his morning mail



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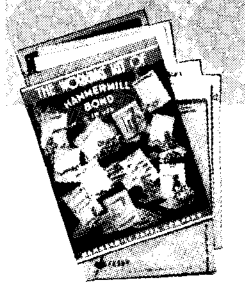

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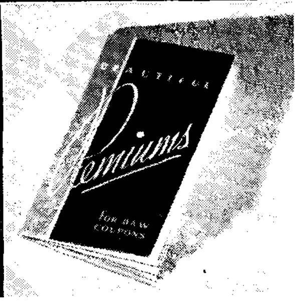

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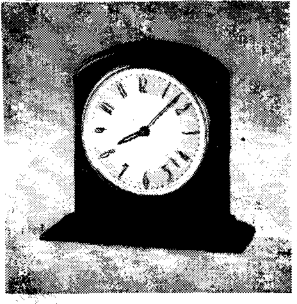


Electric Clock — Hammond. Walnut front. 110V. 60 cycle AC. 375 coupons

RALEIGH CIGARETTES . . . NOW AT POPULAR PRICES . . . ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

(*Continued from page* 63)

between the celebrities, such being the custom of many foreign lands. What with the reporters getting into the pictures and the population drinking up the available oxygen and cramming the companionways, and a deck hand (upon orders from higher authorities) huddling about the rear of each pictorial shot holding aloft a life preserver bearing the name of the ship: SANTA PAULA (the steamship people being no dummies in the matter of publicity), it was plain that Cuba was going to do itself proud. In getting off the boat it was necessary for the police to club the happy citizens of the little island to force a way for the conquering hosts.

"It wasn't so funny," says Miss Blondell, with a shudder. "They hit them across the chest instead of the head, but it didn't make it any nicer. I'd just as soon not be responsible for anything like that again."

The movie exhibitors in the island had a fine program mapped out.

"Got everything fixed," they cried triumphantly. "We've booked in Sons of Guns, with Joe E. Brown and Joan, and Joan and Dick can make personal appearances along with the picture. Between times they can go down to the leading department store and autograph things. And *then* . . . the radio. A whole half hour the station is letting them have!"

They paused, waiting for the applause. Mr. Powell, at this stage of his journey, was in the best of health and able to restrain himself. He demurred very politely. Awfully good of them and all that, but he thought perhaps it wouldn't be in the best taste. . . . Their honeymoon and all that.

So they started on a round of festivities. There was a luncheon at which the guests arose in turn and had themselves photographed with the guests of honor. It made eating difficult but the hosts seemed pleased.

After that they were taken on a drive; next a stop at Señor Bacardi's yacht club. When they left there for the country club, Señor Bacardi waved goodby to them from the yacht club doorway; when they arrived at the country club, they found Señor Bacardi on the steps to greet them.

"It took us by surprise," admits Mr. Powell.

On to New York

They used the customary flying wedge to get back on the boat and then settled down to prepare for New York. Herb Crooker of the Warner Brothers press department was on board to prepare them for the reception.

"It's going to be great," he predicted. "Submarines submerging, battleships giving the salute of twenty-one guns, elephants to ride up Broadway."

They took this with some degree of doubt and were not reassured by a radiogram of congratulations which they received on board ship. It came from an important gentleman in Warner Brothers. Congratulations Joan and Dick, it read.

"And it was addressed to Mr. and Mrs. William Powell," adds Mr. Dick Powell, with a trace of despair.

The details of the New York welcome are history now. First arrived a plane with the banner: WELCOME JOAN AND DICK.

"That's the way it should be," said Miss Blondell, looking up. "At last I get first billing."

Then came the other airplane and the dozen tugs, all with banners and welcoming committees.

The harbor was full of noise and the dock was loaded with fans. The financial end of the affair was even more amazing because all that commotion cost exactly $437. Of the two airplanes, one was in on a deal (something about transporting the Fifteen Golden-Haired Beauties of the Golddiggers of 1937, who were to come along later in the season from Hollywood); fourteen tugboats came to $200 and the others in the harbor pulled down the whistlecord free of charge, just to be in on the fun.

The cocktail party next day at the Ritz-Carlton set Warner Brothers back considerably more, $723 to be exact. This was due to the friendly New York habit of dropping in on any party which seems to be making progress. For the Blondell-Powell shindig, the experts report about three hundred crashers and the air was thick with demands for scotch and soda from ladies and gentlemen who had no idea of the identity of the guests of honor and no intention of stopping drinking long enough to find out.

Miss Blondell celebrated the occasion by losing a bracelet.

"Only seven hundred dollars," said Mr. Powell from the depths of the bed while this was being discussed. "The child bride took it off to show a lady and didn't get the catch right when she put it back on again."

"I think I lost it," said Miss Blondell, "when those girls knocked me down and started tramping over me trying to get to you."

Mr. Powell just sighed and leaned back against the covers.

More Trials of a Movie Star

The trials of a movie star are endless. When the studio isn't having them pose for pictures or appear at a banquet for distributors or take part in some fantastic scheme the press department has concocted, they are being approached for contributions to every charity on earth and are keeping the entire family connection down as far as the third cousins. Taxes on movie incomes in the higher brackets are extremely high.

In addition there are agent fees (usually ten per cent), complimentary advertisements in trade papers (if you don't take them, you're liable to get your head knocked off upon the appearance of your next film), and loans to old friends.

But the personal life of a star is hardest of all.

"If you go to a theater in New York," said Powell, "you can't go out for a smoke between acts because you'll be mobbed for autographs. And if you don't get mobbed it's even worse. . . . You know you're through then."

But there are even sadder tales about parties for screen celebrities which turned out even worse . . . nobody came. Joe E. Brown once had a binge which was attended solely by chauffeurs and members of the press staff who could be scared up at the last moment. It can happen to anybody. Even a good meal sometimes doesn't get them. There was the opening of a swanky restaurant in Rockefeller Center several years ago which was expected to draw the elite of the New York papers and got nobody but the male office help in the publicity manager's office. It was a double mistake because not only did the hired help drink up all the rare wines but they were no good for work next day.

But to get back to the Powells. When last seen Mr. Powell was hoping to be able to drag his carcass from the hay and get on a train for Hollywood where a new picture was starting.

"The show must go on," he said sententiously and then added a large vulgar noise signifying disgust.

It was suggested that it might be a good idea for them to arrange to come back to New York on their first anniversary, just to celebrate.

"Not on a boat," said Joan, with a look which showed that they knew very well when they were licked.

I Love You Again

Continued from page 15

She came close to him. She said, "Would you rather not kiss me good night?"

His face was flushed. He felt a sense of guilt and of shame. He loathed the masquerade, and told himself fiercely that he must act as she expected him to act.

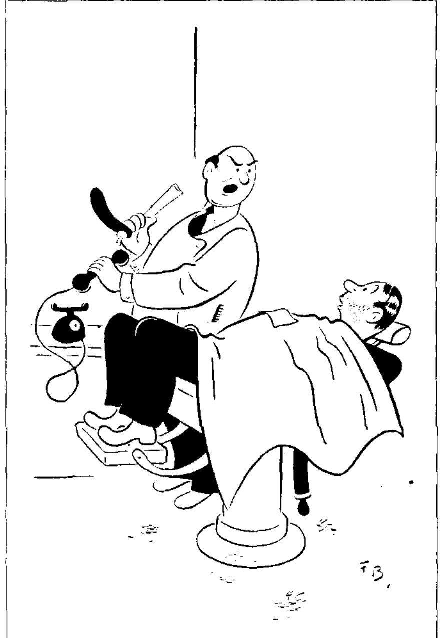
He put his arms around her pliant body—lightly. He brushed his lips against hers.

Her arms tightened about his neck. Her body pressed briefly, tightly, against his. His own arms contracted, involuntarily, so that he was holding her close. . . . His lips clung to hers. Then he released her with a gesture so abrupt that it was a dismissal. He stood with his hands at his sides looking down into her flushed face.

She moved away from him without another word. She walked into her own bedroom.

She closed the door. Firmly.

LARRY ate a leisurely breakfast the next morning. The day was warm and clear; spring fragrance drifted through the open windows; the noises of the city seemed distant and impersonal, the home tranquil. As yet, Larry had not again been assailed by the doubts and worries of the night before. For a moment he even forgot his apprehension of the immediate future.



"I'm the father of triplets! Do you still want that shave?"

FRANK BEAVEN

Jason Rountree popped into the room while Larry was shaving. He said, "Good morning. How you feeling?"

"Fair."

"What's the program?"

"You keep on digging. And there's one other thing—" Larry closed the door. "I can't give you all the details now, Jason—but we mustn't let things slide too long."

"You're right."

"I certainly am. Now listen: Do you know of a first-class, absolutely reliable private detective agency in New York?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Get in touch with them by long distance. Tell 'em to send a man down here right away."

"What's the idea?"

"I've got to send a trustworthy man to Warwick. It'll be his job to get the low-down on how things stand there, and to figure what might be done to straighten them out."

"I can attend to that. Glad to."

"No time, Jason. I need you here. I've got to have someone to talk to."

"I understand. And I know the man you want. A clam can out-talk him and he's got ears like megaphones. Besides, he's honest."

"He'll have to be," said Larry seriously. "I'm laying myself wide open."

"Don't worry." Jason turned away. "Meanwhile, I'll circulate around and ask a few questions myself. I'm seeing Ella Morrison again this morning: got an appointment with the dentist—and maybe she'll take lunch with me."

Jason left. Larry finished dressing and strolled downstairs. Kay was in the living room, reading the morning paper. She was wearing a simple spring house dress, and looked cool and beautiful and very, very young. Her eyes were quiet; her manner was friendly and impersonal. She inquired about Larry's health. He hesitated for a moment, then bent over her chair and kissed her lightly.

She said, "Miss Agnew is on the way out."

He started to ask, "Who?" but bit the word back.

Kay went on. "I tried to stop her, but she had already left the office."

"I see."

"I'll clear out when she gets here."

Miss Agnew. From the office—

The telephone rang, and a few seconds later Cashus appeared. "Fo' you, Mistuh Wilson."

"Who is it?"

"Dunno, suh — but he says he's the districk attorney."

Larry moved to the telephone table. He was worried and more than a trifle bewildered. Things were happening swiftly. He picked up the receiver.

"Hello. Mr. Wilson?"

"Yes."

"This is the district attorney. I want to see you at once."

"I'm awfully sorry, but I'm feeling pretty rocky."

"I'll come out there."

"Listen, I hate to be stubborn, but I wonder whether you can't postpone it a few days? I'm really not well."

"That's too bad." The district attorney sounded quite human: reassuringly so. "Must have been a bad crack."

"It was. I've been suffering from shock. My doctor will explain."

There was a brief hesitation at the other end. Then, guardedly "Of course you know what I want to ask you."

"I suppose so."

"Well, was he with you then or wasn't he?"

LARRY did not answer immediately. Then: "It isn't as simple as that."

"Why not?"

"I'd have to explain in detail and I'm not up to it yet."

"But holy smoke! Man—we can't wait forever."

"You've waited a couple of weeks already. Why not a few more days?"

"You mean you won't talk now?"

"I wouldn't put it that way."

"But that's what you mean, isn't it?"

"I'm begging you . . ."

The district attorney spoke sharply. "All right," he said. "But understand this: Even my patience can be strained to the breaking point. If you're sick you're sick, and I'll give you a few days. But if you want to help Duncan Campbell you'd better decide to talk soon."

Larry said, "Thanks. I really appreciate that."

He returned to the front room as the

(Continued on page 66)

HAVE TEETH THAT *shine like the stars'*

"Calox is undoubtedly a favorite dentifrice in Hollywood. It is particularly valuable for keeping the teeth sparkling and bright."

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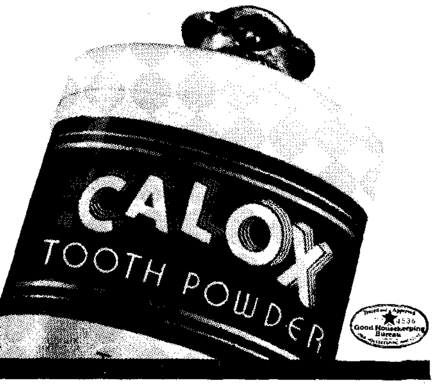

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(Continued from page 65)

doorbell sounded. Kay said, "That's Miss Agnew. I'll run along."

She went to the door and admitted a tall, attractive, efficient young woman who said, "Good morning, Mrs. Wilson," and who, on entering the room, came forward to where Larry was standing. Instinctively Larry liked her. "I hope you're feeling better, Mr. Wilson."

Out of the corner of his eye, Larry saw Kay vanishing into the breakfast room. He said, "I'm afraid I'm not as well as I'd like."

"I understand. And I hated to bother you, but—" She turned to the decorative table which stood against the wall, deposited hat, handbag and gloves with a single deft motion, and whipped open a brief case from which she extracted a sheaf of papers. Her quiet, businesslike voice was soothing. "—But there are several things which have to be done. Checks to be signed, two contracts . . ."

"I was hoping to postpone this for a few days."

"So I understood. I have most of the correspondence in the Convenience file. But these . . ."

SHE had seated herself. Stenographic notebook and a half dozen pencils had appeared as though by magic. She shoved at him a half dozen exquisitely typed letters. "I was sure you'd handle them that way, and if I was correct, you can merely sign."

He said, "Thanks," and took them from her. He found himself staring at his own business letterhead. It was simple, but impressive. Somehow, he had never quite understood that he was thirty years of age. He regarded himself as twenty-two; and retained all the awe which a young man of that age holds for business achievement. He saw the firm caption: "WILSON-CAMPBELL REAL ESTATE & INSURANCE COMPANY—HABERSHAM FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING—Tel. Main 1732—Larry Wilson, President; Noah Wallace, Secretary & Treasurer." He hesitated before signing the letters. Was he supposed to *sign* "Larry" or "Lawrence"? The embossed letterhead gave him a clue and he took a chance. He signed "Larry Wilson" and Miss Agnew expressed no surprise.

She presented a dozen checks for his signature, and he hesitated. It savored too much of forgery: of signing a name which was not his for the transfer of money belonging to somebody else. There were tiny beads of perspiration on his forehead, but Miss Agnew's eyes were on him, and he signed.

Her voice came placidly. She outlined the office activities during his absence. She spoke of people and places and things with which he was appallingly unfamiliar. She said, "And of course Mr. Campbell, Junior, has been in several times. He dropped in this morning."

"What time?"

"Early. He was there when I arrived." She smiled faintly. "He's pretty glad to know that you're back."

Larry shrank within himself. Everybody seemed to know all about his affairs: everybody except himself. He took refuge in what he fancied was an innocuous question:

"Has anybody else called?"

Miss Agnew looked around the room and lowered her voice:

"Mrs. Campbell has called twice."

"Rita?"

"Yes. Of course."

"Did she call this morning?"

"No. Yesterday and the day before. She wanted to know definitely when you would arrive."

"I see . . . Anything else?"

"You're supposed to attend the Rotary Club luncheon today—"

"Sorry. I'm not up to it."

"I told them that." He felt a warm glow of gratitude toward this efficient young woman. "I also begged off for you on the Chamber of Commerce meeting tomorrow night." She ran through her papers. "One important thing: What do you want done on the MacPherson matter?"

He hesitated, choosing his words carefully. "Can't we let that slide for a few days?"

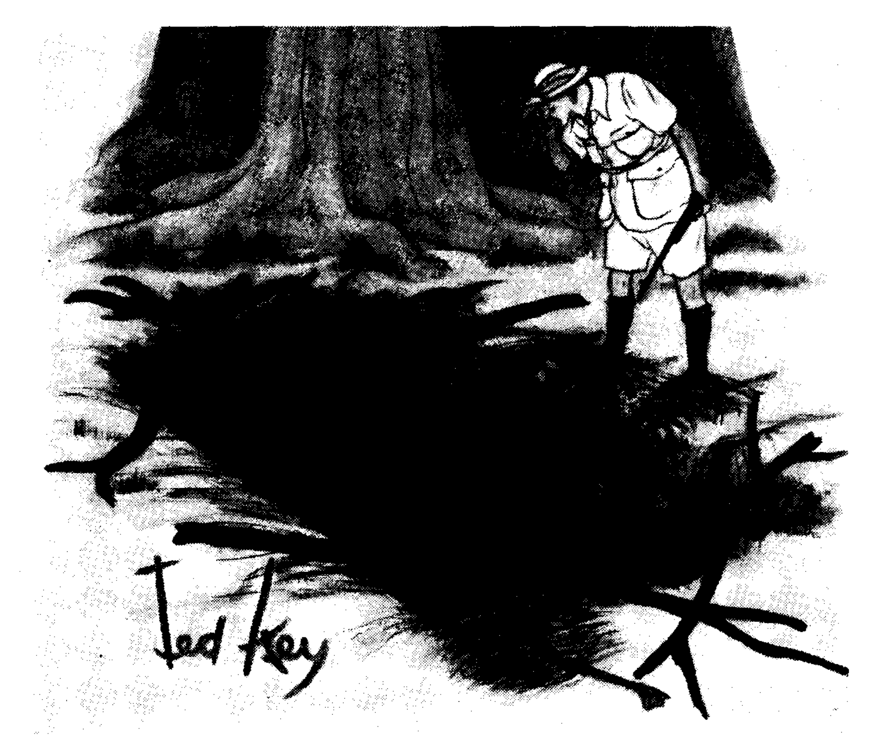
"You can—yes. But you said you wouldn't."

He designated his bandaged head. "I'm really not awfully well, Miss Agnew. Things are still a trifle hazy. You'll have to handle the office for me . . . for a few days, at any rate."

"Very well." She started assembling her papers. "And if Mr. or Mrs. Campbell call . . . ?"

"Explain that I'm not able to be at the office." He tried to smile. "Lay it on pretty thick, if you will. I'd like to be left alone for a few days."

She said, "I'm afraid that will be pretty difficult."



"Stare him in the eye, Colonel. I'll run for bullets!" TED KEY

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She produced two checkbooks and two bankbooks, regarded them for a moment, and started to return them to the brief case. She said, "I guess I'd better not."

"Better not what?"

"Leave your personal checkbooks. If you're not feeling well . . ."

"I'm not that ill. I'd like to look them over. In fact, you might also leave some of that correspondence."

She left the checkbooks, passbooks, and a dozen or so carbons. She said she hoped he'd soon be feeling better and urged him not to worry. And then she left. Larry drew a breath of relief.

He picked up one of his personal checkbooks and inspected the stubs curiously, as though he were prying into the affairs of another man. He found that he had made out checks to hundreds of persons of whom he had never heard; he discovered that his present personal balance was slightly in excess of two thousand dollars; he noticed that he contributed frequently and generously to local charities, that he belonged to several clubs and that all of his bills were paid before the fifth of the month. Everything in that checkbook bespoke financial stability, professional accomplishment.

He wondered about it. Where and when and how had he started?

THE telephone rang sharply. Larry did not touch it. It rang again—and again. No one came to answer it. The jangling unnerved him. Probably the servants heard, and knew that he was sitting there. They were waiting for him to answer. They'd wonder why he didn't. He picked up the receiver and said, "Hello."

"Larry?" The voice at the other end was that of a young man. A voice which was young but not gay. A voice which trembled with eagerness.

Larry said, guardedly, "Yes."

"Gosh, am I glad to hear your voice. This is Duncan."

"I know . . ."

"I'm coming right over."

"Not now, Duncan."

"But I've got to."

"I'm not feeling well."

"This won't take a minute. I can't talk to anybody else."

"It'll wait . . ."

"What's the matter with you, Larry? You know what I'm talking about."

Doubt stabbed at Larry. He heard Duncan talking on at the other end. "I've got to see you before the district attorney does. I've got to tell you what he asked me . . . and I can't talk over the telephone."

"Why not?"

"Say—how can you ask that?"

Larry was frightened. He said, "Look here, Duncan—and try to understand. I've been hurt. I'm ill. You'll have to give me until tomorrow or the next day."

"But Larry—that isn't possible."

"It will have to be possible, Duncan. Goodby."

Larry felt sickish as he placed the telephone on its stand. He picked up his papers and as he turned to go upstairs he saw Kay in the living room. Her eyes were sorrowful. She said, "Did you have to do that, Larry?"

And he answered—"Yes—I did."

He went upstairs slowly and closed the door of his room. For a few minutes he gazed out of the window, and then because inactivity only enhanced his nervousness, he picked up his personal checkbook. But this time it was the second book—not the one he had inspected downstairs.

He opened it. Something stirred within him, a hope—a fear—a doubt—a welcome certainty. He picked up the tiny passbook which bore the same inscription as the checkbook which he held. Both were marked "Larry Wilson—Special."

In each book there was a single entry. An entry of startling significance.

The special account consisted of a single deposit against which no check had ever been drawn.

The deposit was $25,371.00.

It had been made eight years before.

"There," breathed Larry gratefully, "is the pay roll they think I embezzled."

Jason Rountree leaned back in his chair, mopped his bald pate with a purple-bordered handkerchief, flicked the ash from the end of a large, black cigar and murmured, "The deeper we go into this, Larry—the screwier it gets."

Larry Wilson nodded endorsement. He designated the single entry in the passbook. "I've been thinking, Jason."

"With what result?"

"A fair idea of what I did when my amnesia attack started."

"Well—?"

"I've been reading what the encyclopedia says about amnesia. And I've been thinking back to the day, eight years ago, when I stopped being George Carey."

"Go ahead."

"It seems that amnesia doesn't have to be started by a blow at all. In fact, it usually isn't. So the thing probably caught me that way—without violence, I mean."

"I see."

"I was on my way from Warwick to the construction camp with the pay roll. I was in some strange town. I can't remember minor details, but I had probably stopped for lunch."

"What difference would that make?"

"The chances are that if I'd been in Warwick, the familiarity of background would have snapped me out of the amnesia. It just happened that when I began to wander I didn't go to Warwick."

"Sounds reasonable."

"I dope it out this way, Jason: It seems as though any moderately intelligent young man, finding himself a victim of amnesia, would immediately go to the police for help."

"Sure . . . if he knew what ailed him."

"I must have known that. Undoubtedly my mind was perfectly clear. Amnesia doesn't do anything but destroy one's memory of his personal life and identity. But to go on: Suppose you found yourself in that position and suspected what was wrong? Suppose you figured that the best thing to do was to ask the police for help? And then suppose you opened a little black satchel you were carrying and found inside more than twenty-five thousand dollars in currency; most of it in neat little stacks: What would you do?"

"I'd get scared to death."

"Why?"

"BECAUSE if I couldn't remember where I got it, I'd probably think I'd robbed a bank or held somebody up."

"Right. And it's a ten-to-one bet that I figured exactly that way."

"Good guessing. But look: You say the amount of that deposit is exactly the amount of the pay roll. Is that so?"

"Yes."

"Then what did you live on while you were traveling around trying to get your bearings?"

"It was payday. It must have been, or I wouldn't have been carrying the pay roll. I don't remember definitely, but I suppose I had my own salary in my pocket."

"Seems logical."

"I fancy I was pretty scared. I didn't know who I was, what I had done, or where I belonged. I probably kept hoping against hope that my brain would clear up. I didn't even know my own name—and a man has got to have a name, so I invented the one I'm using now. The date of this deposit indicates that I got to Habersham about three weeks after I left Warwick."

(Continued on page 68)

TOSSING AND TURNING - WHY CAN'T I GET TO SLEEP?

THE REASON many people can't get to sleep is told about in this advertisement. If you can't drop off to sleep easily or are a light sleeper—read the statements below...

When you feel all "tense inside" and sleep is next to impossible, try this popular method...

NO WONDER you can't get to sleep when you feel so tense that you can't relax. This feeling of inner tenseness is the reason thousands of people can't get to sleep today.

To get to sleep *quickly* many people are taking a cup of hot Ovaltine at night. The effect this hot drink exerts in bringing about normal sleep is explained in this way:—

1. It helps to draw blood from the head to the stomach. This helps to "compose" the mind for restful sleep.

2. It gives the stomach a light digestive job to do. It is known that people can't relax easily if any digestive unrest exists. Ovaltine often helps to "quiet" an uneasy stomach and *relieve* such unrest.

As a result, thousands of users say that they not only get to sleep quicker, but also have a much *sounder* night's slumber. They report that they wake up feeling more rested and refreshed than before.

You see, Ovaltine is not a drug at all, but a pure food with certain remarkable "sleep-inducing" qualities—when taken as a night-time drink.

Try It Yourself

So try a cup of hot Ovaltine when you go to bed tonight. *See* if you don't sleep better and wake up more refreshed tomorrow, as a result.

Naturally it would be impossible to *guarantee* that Ovaltine will bring results to everyone. But since it has helped so many thousands who couldn't sleep well before, don't you agree that it's worth at least a trial?

Then get a can of it and make yourself an Ovaltine "nightcap" tonight. See how easy it is to make. Note how delicious it tastes. But, more important than that, see if it may not be just what *you* need, to help you sleep better!

What Grateful Users are saying . . .

"After an attack of influenza it was necessary for me to take something to get the necessary wholesome sleep," *says B. L. H. Wilson of Pittsburgh, Pa.* "I am a clerk in the County Commissioner's Office . . . Since using Ovaltine I have slept well."

"Since I've been giving my husband Ovaltine he's been sleeping like a top," writes Mrs. W. J. Stevenson of Elmhurst, Ill. *"At first he claimed it was the hot milk—so I tried giving him hot milk for two nights and he promptly went back to sleeplessness. Now he gives Ovaltine the credit."*

"Taken before going to bed, Ovaltine seems to act like magic," *writes Mrs. Letty Lunney of Pawtucket, R. I.* "Being a nurse, I am recommending it to patients, with assurance."

JUST MIX 3 or 4 teaspoons of Ovaltine in a cup of hot milk and drink before you go to bed. You can get Ovaltine at all grocery and drug stores. Give it a really *thorough* trial . . . And be sure you get the real Ovaltine, not a sleep substitute *said* to be "as good."

Copr. 1937, The Wander Co.

THE TESTIMONIALS PRINTED ABOVE are typical of thousands! We wish you could read more of them. They would convince you better than anything *we* can say—as to the benefits of Ovaltine in helping to induce sleep.

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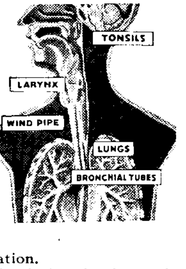

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440 Washington Street, N. Y. C.
Please send me 2-oz. prescription of Pertussin FREE . . . by return mail.

Name____________________

Address____________________

(*Continued from page 67*)

"You seem to be thinking pretty straight. And from the little I've seen of this city, I imagine it made quite a stir when a strange young man walked into the bank with that much cash and opened an account. Maybe Mr. Campbell—being head of the bank—heard about it and started wondering."

"It seems reasonable. And the fact that I wanted a job and was willing to work hard . . . and that I never touched that money—"

"Right. Also, that you must have built up a reputation for keeping your mouth shut. One thing is sure—just having proof that you never touched that money doesn't make it any simpler to tell the truth now."

"Why not?"

"You listen to me, Larry. All my life I've been playing around with hard guys. I've been places and seen things—and one crowd I never trust is the police."

"Why?"

"Because they like arrests and convictions."

"But, Jason, I can prove—"

"The amnesia? Try it. You might have acted peculiarly enough if they had lit on you a month ago when you really were Larry Wilson, but that wouldn't be the case now. You're George Carey—no matter what you call yourself."

"I guess you're right."

"You *guess!* Shucks, I *know* I'm right. Look—I'm not asking you to lay off forever. The truth will have to come out someday. But for your own sake, give it a week or two. Wait until Mickey Hogan has a chance to nose around Warwick awhile. Then we'll talk it over again . . . when we know what we're bucking."

"You're right, of course. Have you gotten in touch with this Hogan?"

"Over long distance. From a pay station. He's on the way here."

Larry smiled ruefully. "I'm taking it on the chin, Jason—and the question is: How long can I stand it?"

"It won't have to be long. Maybe the Carey mess will smooth out easily. That would put you in the clear."

"Yes . . . except that once I confess I don't remember anything about being Larry Wilson, I make it impossible to alibi Duncan."

"That's his worry."

"You know better than that, Jason."

"Yes, I guess so. You're soft-hearted. But no matter which way you figure it—your best move now is to say nothing. To anybody. Me—I'll keep on asking questions. I have another date tonight with Miss Morrison."

"So?"

"Yes—so." Jason actually blushed. "I won't be home for dinner."

JASON left for downtown shortly after six o'clock. Kay and Larry watched the car roll off, Cashus at the wheel—Jason resplendent in an outfit of pearl gray, with accessories to match.

"You had to save his life," observed Kay. "But don't you think you might have left those clothes in the ocean?"

They sat side by side in big green wicker porch chairs and gazed off into the tranquil quiet of a Southern evening. A great peace had settled upon this section of the city. There was no rush or bustle or stir. Larry, glancing out of the corners of his eyes at Kay, reflected that she was an amazing person. He was queerly proud of the way she had accepted the bizarre situation.

Thoughts! Larry had grown weary of thinking, but there seemed to be no escape from it. Most of the time his thoughts were concerned with his present predicament—but occasionally they vaulted back into a past which was distant and nebulous.

At this moment he was probing back into his boyhood. Fragments of recollection came to him: of the business section of Warwick, of his first baseball uniform when he had played second base on a team called the Cyclones, of an electric railway outfit which spread over the floor of a huge attic and of how he had sought sanctuary there when his parents had died within a month of each other, finding his toys to be tangible things which he could understand—things which were real and which relieved the terror and mystery of tragedy. . . .

They did not talk of what they were thinking, Larry because he could not, and Kay because she had promised. She was splendid. Perfect. But he felt as though he were sitting beside a girl to whom he had just been introduced. A girl who was attractive, physically and mentally; a girl with whom he could very naturally and easily fall in love. It was incredible to think that she was his wife—that she had been his wife for almost two years. He spoke because he did not wish to think any more. He made his voice and his words light. He said, "Jason's tooth trouble threatens to become chronic."

"It's some girl, isn't it?"

"So he says. A blonde."

"And he—being a gentleman—"

"I don't know. Maybe blondes are only preferred because they're easier to see."

"Am I to presume that you married me for that reason?"

"Well . . . perhaps . . ."

"And the recent blow on the head has affected your eyesight."

"Kay! Please . . ."

SHE touched his hand, then immediately withdrew hers. "Sorry. I won't be naughty again."

He said, "You'll understand soon."

"I could say I'm not even curious, but I'm afraid you wouldn't believe me."

"I'd believe anything." His tone became a shade more serious. "I wish you could say the same."

"I'm doing my best."

"Of course you are, Kay. And don't think I don't appreciate it."

"I won't," she answered. "In fact, I'm trying not to think at all."

Cashus, having been transformed from chauffeur to butler by the simple process of changing from dark coat to white one, appeared on the veranda to announce dinner. Larry held the door open for his wife, and took her arm as they passed through living and dining rooms into the breakfast room. He faced her across the little ivory table and said, "I like this."

"You talk as though it were a new experience."

He caught himself up and said, awkwardly—"It always is—with you."

Silence fell between them, then. He saw that, for all her light words, her lower lip was trembling. She said, "The Rogerses wanted to come in for a little bridge tonight. I told them you weren't feeling up to it yet."

"Thanks."

"And Millicent wanted to produce her new fiancé, but I crawfished out of that, too."

"You're a thorough diplomat."

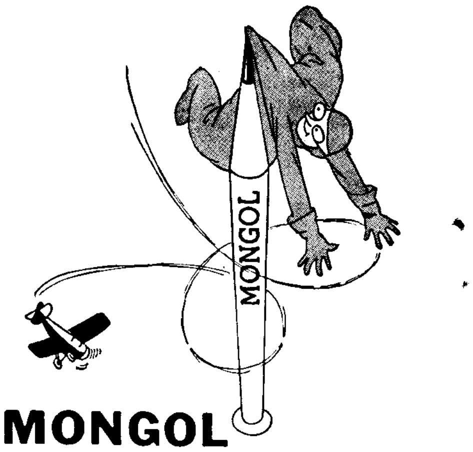
"Perhaps . . ." Her eyes were on her plate. She said, "It isn't always easy."

They ate their dessert and sipped coffee. The conversation had languished and the silence was punctured by the ring of the front doorbell.

Larry heard Cashus answer. He heard, faintly, the sound of voices. Then Cashus was in the breakfast room.

"It's Mistuh Campbell," he announced, unaware of the consternation he was causing. "He says he'll jist wait in the livin' room till you all two has finished eatin' supper."

(*To be continued next week*)



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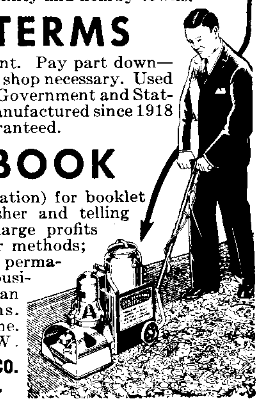

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Here's Looking Through You

Continued from page 18

your pain and your visit to the doctor. Feeling and poking around, he may not find anything wrong. But his motto is "seeing is believing," so he tells you to come back next morning with a fine empty stomach. He'll feed you when you get there, he says, and he does. He puts you behind a sort of screen with nothing on but a sheet and maybe not even that, and then hands you what looks like a milk shake. Or it might be buttermilk. If you have much preference you'll have to select your doctor accordingly. Then he tells you to take a few swallows and while you swallow he peers at the screen. Possibly you can look down and peer at the screen too if he doesn't catch you at it, and if you can you'll see that milk shake trickle right down your gullet and into your stomach. And the reason is that that milk shake was chuck-full of a mineral salt called barium sulphate, which X-rays won't go through.

Blacking You In

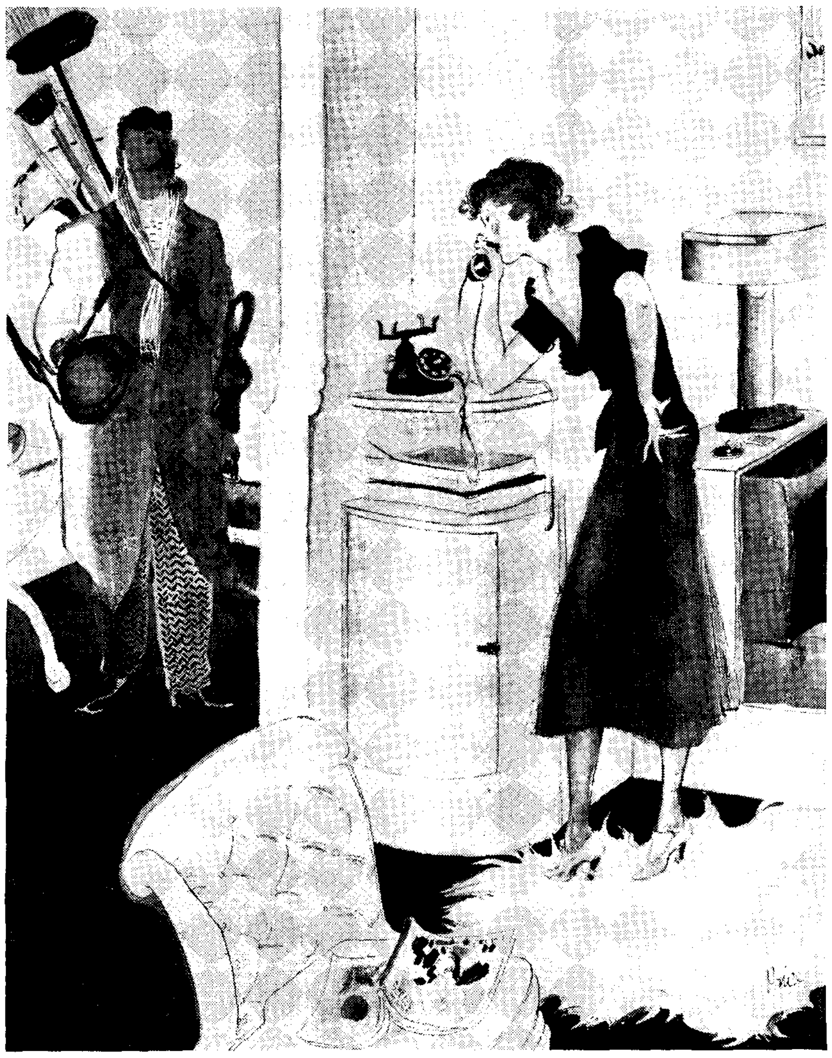
The telltale screen you're standing behind is a variation of the X-ray apparatus called the fluoroscope. Instead of a photographic plate there is a big piece of glass treated with a certain chemical that fluoresces, or lights up when the X-rays coming through you hit it. Where the rays can't get through, the glass stays dark, of course. So your doctor couldn't see any outline of your stomach or esophagus while they were empty but the minute the barium began trickling down and getting in the way of those rays they showed up as black as ink.

He can tell right away then whether you have anything like ulcers or cancer, because if you had he could see them. The ulcers would stand out along the edge of your stomach like little jagged craters and any cancer would show up as a big dent where the barium milk shake couldn't go because there was something in the way. Of course it is possible for trouble to be so situated that it won't show up even with the barium, but that doesn't happen very often. Mostly your doctor can depend on what he sees.

Suppose now all your milk shake shows is an elegantly contoured and perfectly behaved stomach and intestines, and still your food doesn't sit well. Probably your doctor will want to try a cholecystogram. Picture of your gall bladder, he'll explain, if you raise your eyebrows, and he'll give you something else to drink. But this time you're to take it home and drink it in grape juice about an hour after dinner. You'll do it like a good patient, and if you think about it at all the next morning when your doctor turns his X-ray on you again, you'll think, Why, sure, that dye dropped right down into my gall bladder and has been sitting there ever since waiting to have its picture taken. But you'll be wrong.

The dye will be in your gall bladder all right, unless there's something the matter there, but it will have been around plenty in the meantime. It will have gone from your stomach to your intestines and from there have been absorbed into your blood. Your blood running around will have gone through your liver, and your liver, acting among other things as internal street cleaner, will

(Continued on page 70)



"Could you rush right over from the office, dear? There's a man here with a proposition he says we can't afford to miss"

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A restraining hand—a simple spoken word—how many times a day they stand between your family and some momentary danger.

As the children grow older, they depend less upon you and more on their own sharpened instincts for self preservation. But long after they have grown away from the need of your physical protection, they will still be financially helpless. As long as you are with them, you can protect them with your earnings, but the way you can *guarantee* the support they must have until they are financially self reliant, is through life insurance.

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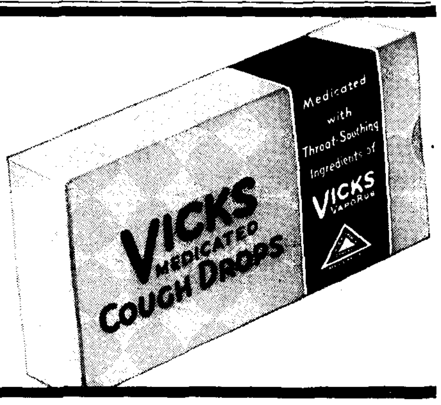
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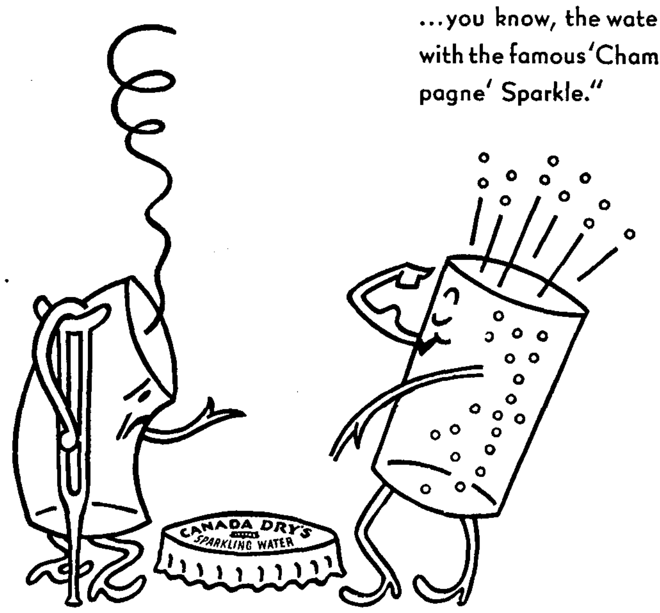
"It's simple, old fellow, I'm mixed with CANADA DRY'S SPARKLING WATER ...you know, the water with the famous 'Champagne' Sparkle."



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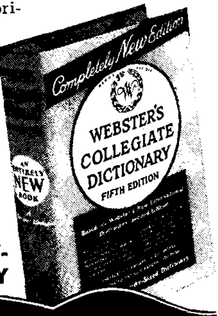

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(Continued from page 69)

have swept it all up out of your blood and dumped it into your bile, a sort of juice the liver manufactures to help you digest and eliminate. And at long last your gall bladder, which is attached to your liver and has the job of concentrating and storing the bile until it is used, will automatically have concentrated and stored the dye too.

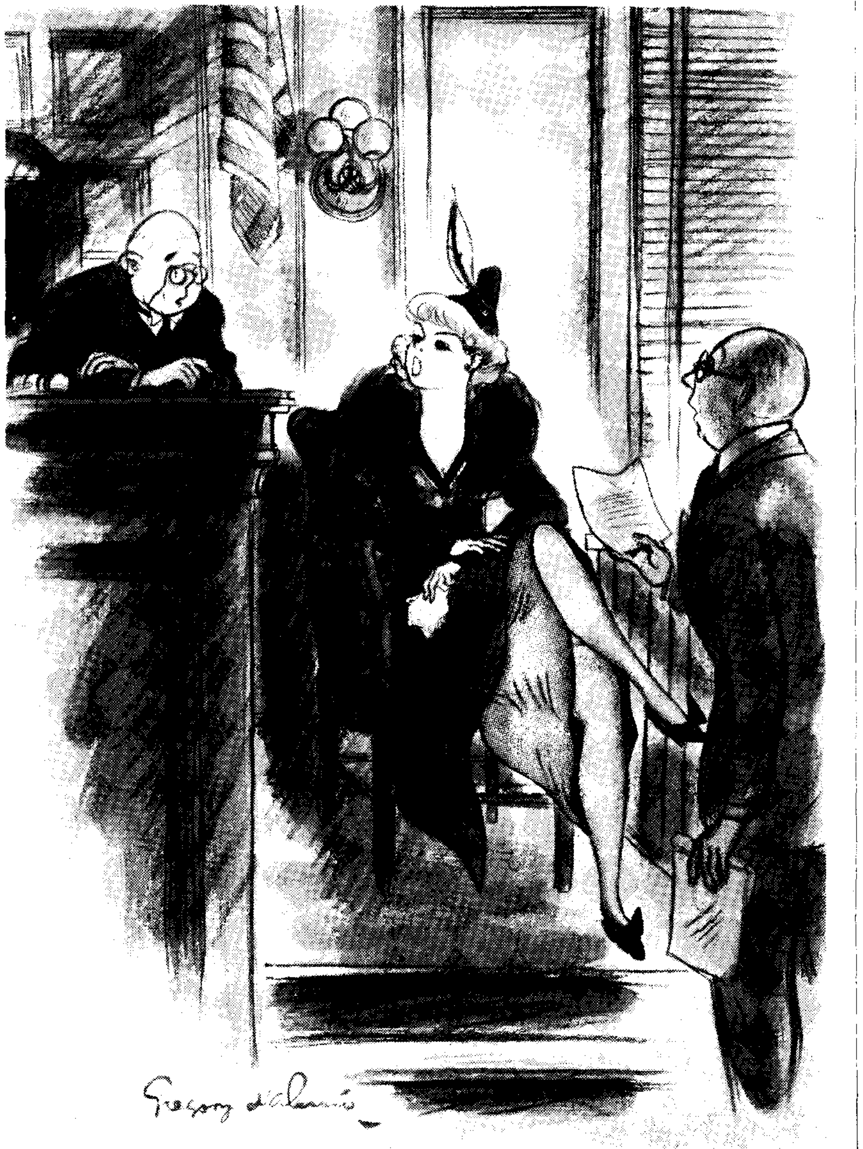
And all this has happened between night and morning when your doctor turns the X-ray on you. He'll use a plate this time instead of the fluoroscope, because plates, since you can keep them on hand to study, are more accurate. The fluoroscope is only used really to get a general idea of things or to watch things moving. If your gall bladder is doing its job right it will show up on the plate now as a nice plump little pear halfway up your right side. If it doesn't show up it means your gall bladder hasn't been working picking up the bile and dye, and if it shows up all right but with little spots on it, that means there are gallstones in the bladder. Gallstones, you see, aren't usually radiopaque, though kidney stones are, but they get in the way of the dye and so let the X-rays through. That's how they show.

After your doctor has taken that first picture of your gall bladder and usually another one an hour later for comparison he does a little better by his promise to feed you. He gives you some soft-boiled eggs to eat or a glass of cream to drink. Then he waits another hour or so and takes another picture. If he can still see your gall bladder there's something wrong, because one of the functions of the bile is to help digest fat, which egg yolks and cream are practically nothing else but. The gall bladder should have got right to work pouring out the bile and incidentally the dye. If it hasn't, or is doing it too slowly, he knows your gall bladder is lazy and will have to be pepped up.

Another X-ray procedure that is almost as roundabout as the gall bladder test is urography, or taking pictures of the urinary tract. But this time instead of giving the patient some stuff to drink the doctor injects it into a vein in his arm. It's a different stuff. It has to be because it's going a different place and it travels so fast that by the time the doctor is ready to take a picture of the kidney the stuff is there. The blood, you see, carries it along pretty fast. The liver isn't interested and passes it up. But it's the kidneys' job even more than the liver's to pick impurities out of the blood, different impurities but more of them. So the kidneys sop this dye up out of the blood and pass it on down to the bladder through little tubes called ureters that connect the two. And while it's traveling the doctor can see whether the mouth of the kidney is the proper shape and size—if it isn't, that usually means infection—and whether there is any constriction or growth on those tubes.

He doesn't try to see the bladder this way because if he wants to he can look directly into the bladder with a long tube, not unlike Dr. Jackson's bronchoscope, called the cystoscope. And he doesn't try to see anything but the mouth of the kidney, because about the only other thing he would be looking for there would be kidney stones and they usually show right up without any dye.

A doctor has told me about the first time he watched a kidney operation at



"You keep out of this!"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

the Mayo clinic when he was a medical student. They had already decided from X-rays that there were stones in the kidney, but when they had the patient open they thought they'd better make sure before taking it out. So while the man lay there under the anesthetic with his side wide open they calmly wheeled a fluoroscope machine over to the operating table, lifted the kidney right out of the man, still attached mind you, and held it behind the fluoroscopic screen to see if the stones were really there, in pretty much the way a poultryman would hold an egg up to the light to see if it's still good. My doctor friend says he was so amazed that he doesn't know to this day whether there were stones, but he does know the patient recovered.

But still you have only heard about half of what they have learned to see inside us. Take lungs, for instance. They show up pretty well under the X-ray without any outside help. If they are healthy they'll be full of air and the rays will go through them, so when they find a place where the rays don't go through as much as they should the doctors know there's something wrong. Doctors have got so expert at reading these lung lights and shadows that they can pretty well diagnose tuberculosis and pneumonia.

But when it comes to things like lung abscesses or diseased bronchial tubes that need local treatment they want to know exactly where the trouble is in black and white. For a long time the trouble was to find something that could be injected into the lung without irritating it or suffocating the patient. But they found it, a combination of iodine and poppy-seed oil called lipiodol. The iodine stands up to X-rays like a stone wall, so well in fact that all the other liquids I've told you about, except the barium sulphate, are compounds of iodine. But in combination with the poppy-seed oil it is so soothing that it is sometimes actually used for treatment, and can be left right in the lungs until it is absorbed. This injection shows exactly where the lungs or bronchial tubes have broken down or abscessed.

Up and Down Your Spine

An even more amazing use to which this lipiodol has been put is for taking pictures of your spinal cord. The spinal cord runs up and down inside the spinal column, surrounded by a fluid which protects it. If a doctor suspects a patient might have a tumor somewhere along the cord he simply sticks a hollow needle into the spinal column either at the patient's neck or at the base of his spine and pumps in some lipiodol. The patient won't like it—you wouldn't either—but it won't hurt him any except perhaps to give him a bad headache, and a spinal tumor is something you'd better find out about. If the lipiodol flows right along filling the space where the fluid has been bathing the spinal cord, then everything is fine. But if it doesn't, if it stops halfway, or just begins to trickle at some point—and they can see it perfectly clear on an X-ray plate where before all they'd have been able to see was vertebrae—then they know there is an obstruction.

One of the most amazing things they have learned to do with the X-ray is to take pictures of the brain right through the skull. And the funny thing is they do this not by injecting some radiopaque substance but by injecting the most transparent thing they can find—air. Your brain, you see, lies inside your skull, surrounded by this same fluid that bathes the spinal cord, and there are several hollow places in the brain called ventricles that are just full of this fluid, that manufacture it, in fact. Well, if they think there is too much of this fluid being made so that it presses on the brain—that's hydrocephalus—or if they suspect a brain tumor but don't know where it is, they draw off this fluid, either through little holes they make in the skull or through the base of the spine.

They draw it off little by little, and little by little replace it with air—the air, you see, rises—and when they have those ventricles full of air they take pictures. The places full of air are going to let more rays through than the places full of brain. So the X-ray plate will show up the shape of the brain and the size of it, and the shape of those ventricles and the size of them. And since they know just what a normal brain should look like, they can spot any trouble right away. Then when they've seen what they want, do they take the air out again? Not at all. They just leave it there until it is gradually absorbed and replaced by that spinal fluid. The patient is no worse off and both he and the doctor know exactly what's what.

Even Arteries Can Be Seen

There is really nothing they can't see under the X-ray now, one way or another. They thought for a long time they would never be able to see the arteries—they are so deep and the blood in them runs so fast—but now they can. Just in the last couple of years they've learned how. If they suspect that a blood clot is blocking the circulation somewhere, usually in the leg or foot, they can inject a radiopaque substance called thorotrast right into the artery, and that takes some doing because any artery is pretty hard to get at. Then quickly while the blood is carrying it along and before it gets too dilute they take an X-ray picture. If the thorotrast stops at a certain spot they know that's where the clot is. Sometimes they can actually go in and take it out and at the very worst they can know exactly where to amputate.

What makes all this progress particularly remarkable is that it has been made in the face of tremendous danger. Roentgen didn't know when he discovered that ray of his that it could do almost as much harm as good, but it could and did. Not to the patient, for the patient in the hands of a skilled radiologist has always been as safe as in his bed at home, maybe safer. But the doctor didn't take as much pains to protect himself from those powerful rays, and he was exposed, what's more, day after day and year after year. Usually after a while he would develop burns that wouldn't heal. Often he would lose a finger or hand, and still more often he would die of this X-ray exposure long before he should have died. By 1920 this was becoming so well recognized that doctors were afraid the X-ray, for all its value, would have to be discarded. The men who were already working with it were going right ahead, in spite of the danger, but young men starting out weren't going into X-ray. They were afraid to go into a specialty that was sure to kill them; and who can blame them?

But doctors looked at this danger more as a challenge than as a barrier. A group of radiologists and physicists met in London in 1921 and talked the matter over. Then they set to work to perfect X-ray machines so that the rays wouldn't scatter so much. They formulated rules about protective screens and gloves and aprons. They are all made of lead or compounds of lead because lead is the toughest thing an X-ray can come up against. And still more important, they formulated rules about how long an X-ray worker can safely bear exposure at one time or over a period of time. And that study and those rules made most of this that I've been telling you possible. Most of it has developed since then. And X-ray workers today, if they're careful, can do good to everybody and harm to nobody, not even themselves.

GOODBYE DANDRUFF!

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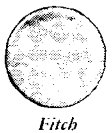
1. This photograph shows bacteria and dandruff scattered, but not removed by ordinary soap shampoo.

Soap Shampoo

2. All bacteria, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by the Fitch Shampoo.



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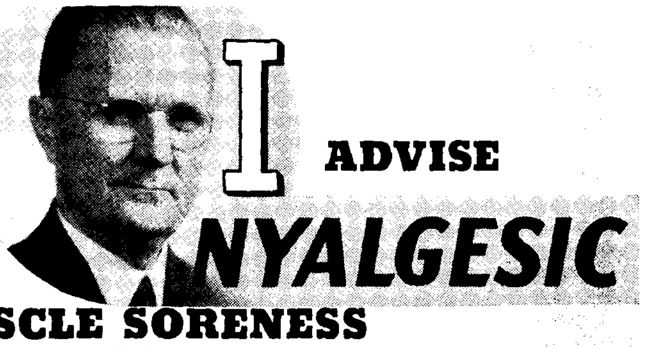

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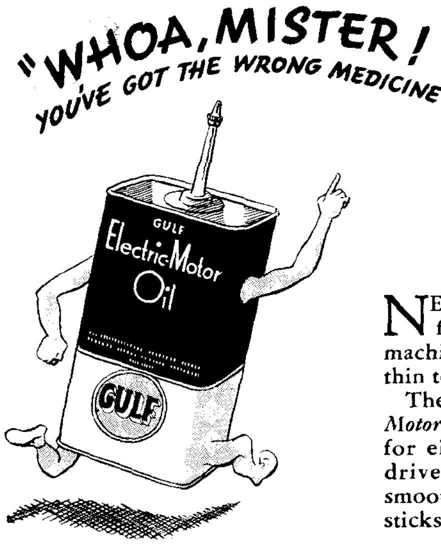
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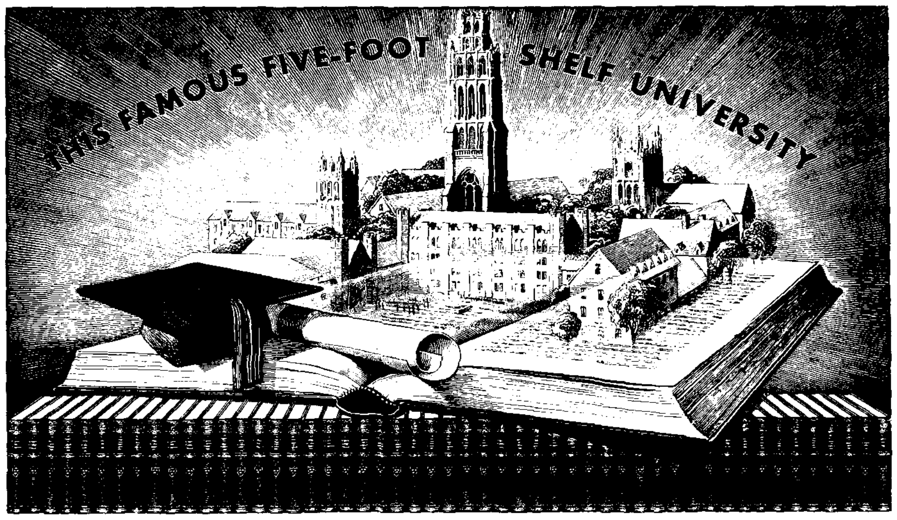
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Caution: Dogs at Work

Continued from page 11

within range of the hunter. There are the retrievers—the popular Chesapeake Bays, Labradors, Golden, curly-coated and flat-coated—used primarily to bring back dead or wounded waterfowl to the gun. There are all the varieties of hounds, notably the beagle and the foxhound, which trail furred game and give tongue on the track. And all of them on the increase, as our game supply grows scarcer and scarcer and the American sportsman, finding his wild-life resources dwindling and his shooting on the wane, turns to the hunting dog to supplement his sport in the field. The day of the heavy bag has gone. Now the gun dog has his day.

To be sure, they do not recognize all these other breeds down in the quail country. When a Southern sportsman speaks of a dog, he means a bird dog. (There are two kinds of bird dogs, pedigreed or "ordered," and local, or "potlikker." A potlikker dog chews snuff and likes to take his shoes off.) When he speaks of a hound, in Carolina, he means a fox or deer hound. Anything else, he will tell you with a slight touch of contempt, is a feist.

Breaking the Breaker

Look at that dog there (we are speaking in the narrow, or Carolina, sense) which the handler has just lifted into the dog van halted at the roadside. He is a purebred pointer, gaunt, pink-bellied, naked-looking as a scalded hog, perpetually quivering with nerves, trained down so lean and lank that you can count his ribs, and his muscles and tendons stand out as clearly as though the hide had been stripped off him. Look at that long clean neck and well-filled foreface, those gun-barrel legs and thick strong feet and springing loins; they are the result of generations of relentless line-breeding, preserving the good specimens and burying the mistakes. "Best way to improve a dog, mister," your old handler will tell you, "is to begin with his grandfather."

How does a dog learn? How do you teach him? What goes into making a bird dog? The grizzled handler, posing the lean pointer on the lowered endgate of the dog van, shrugs and shifts a cud of tobacco to his other cheek. "Effen you set out to teach something to a dog, mister," he replies, squirting a molasses-colored stream between his teeth, "the first thing is to make sure you know more'n the dog does." He runs a practiced hand down the slope of the pointer's ridged back and around under his groin, lifts him a few inches, drops him gently so that his hind legs land solidly. "Best way is to begin by learning a few things yourself," he adds, patting the dog's head a little higher and squinting at it critically for a moment, "and us'ally the dog is the one to do the teachin'."

Breaking the breaker, the late C. B. Whitford calls it in the opening chapters of his classic, "Training the Bird Dog." Before laying down any rules for breaking the dog, the handler should school himself first in a little self-discipline, and learn control of a set of nerves he may never have suspected he possessed. When a young dog bolts headlong into a covey of birds that he has pointed, for example, the question of right or wrong has never entered his head; and the beginner who assumes the dog is willful, and uses his whip to punish him, will ruin a dog's spirit and may turn the best dog into a blinker. Whitford's formula is brief: Do as little breaking as possible; encourage the dog to develop his own instinctive good qualities, with the least amount of control, *above all, preserve the dog's natural* enthusiasm and love of hunting. For that, once it is lost, can never be regained.

Should you hunt with your dog, or should your dog hunt with you? They've argued it back and forth since the first setter pointed his nose at the first quail; and they argue it still, on the side lines at field trials, over the noonday sandwiches, around the log fire in a hunting lodge at night. Your quail hunter, for example, wants his dog to be an independent and wide-ranging horizon buster, casting half a mile ahead of the gunner across the flat Carolina pine woods—"Let the dog go find the birds," he says. "I'll go find the dog." His neighbor across the fire—perhaps he has hunted woodcock or grouse in the tangled swales of New England, where a dog is out of sight ten yards away—prefers a dog that will work fairly close, report to him now and then for orders, keep a contact at all times with the hunter.

Your ideal sportsman's dog, then, would seem to be a combination of these two. He should be able to adapt himself to bird conditions in the country where he happens to be working, without undue direction from the handler. When he is cast off in quail country, for example, his job is to find a covey in the shortest possible time. He must size up the ground at a glance, make for the nearest likely place at top speed, search it out—sometimes, if the wind is right, he can cover it adequately with a single sniff of his nose—and gallop on to the next. In close cover, or on scattered singles, he will automatically slacken his pace, shorten his range, and quarter his ground more regularly. He will take care to learn the general course of the gunner, as he moves ahead, so that if he happens to cast off the course he will know where to turn back in order to get his handler in view again. He beats out all the likely-looking ground to the right and left of the course the sportsman takes; but he does not quarter his ground always in perfect lines—he is hunting, not surveying—and he skips the places likely to be barren of birds, and works closer when he strikes more promising cover. He holds a covey point till the sportsman comes up, drops to wing and shot when the birds are flushed, and marks down, if possible, the scattered covey when it sets down again. He never false points—confuses foot scent with body scent, or freezes on a roost after the birds are gone—and he retrieves the dead or crippled birds to the sportsman's hand with perfect manners. In short, he does everything but shoot; and we understand they are working now on that.

The Age for Training

What is the right age to start a dog? Contrary to the adage, not only can you teach an old dog new tricks, but actually the desirable age is not under a year, at the earliest, and the serious work of breaking should not start for another six months. In yard-breaking, the pup is taught to whoa to command—the usual phrases is Toho!—first by checking him gently as he starts for his food, next by using a long checkrope and snubbing him when the command is spoken. He learns to heel—to walk quietly behind the handler when ordered—and to come in when summoned. And eventually, after he has busted a few coveys and chewed up a few of the neighbor's chickens in his enthusiasm, he can be steadied down in the field by means of the same checkrope and the same everlasting patience on the part of his handler.

Sometimes stanchness on point is taught through a little homework on a domestic pheasant or guinea fowl or even a chicken—tie the legs of the bird together, chuck it into a bush, and lead the puppy up to it until he winds the bird and starts to stiffen. Encourage the dog by talking to him, stroking him, placing the hands behind him and shoving him gently toward the bird: the dog will automatically brace his feet and shove back, and thus he acquires the idea of holding a solid point.

Why does a bird dog point? They say it is a relic of forgotten days when the wild dog crouched to spring; generations of breeding have taught him at last to hold the crouching position without completing his jump. Certainly it is true that centuries ago, before the use of the shotgun, setters were taught to crouch before a covey of birds, and remain stanch while the hunter flung a hand net over dog and birds alike. And, through the centuries, this tradition of stanchness has become a part of him, and he will hold a point, come hell or high water.

It is in a field trial, of course, that the performance of the bird dog reaches its highest development. The contestants are the race horses of the canine stables, hard-going and wide-ranging horizon busters, whose skill and stamina are put to the final test under the scrutiny of expert judges. In the average field trial, the dogs are run in braces over a prescribed course, each dog piloted by a handler who directs the dog over the course by whistle, signal or voice. The judges follow the competitors on horseback, rating the work of the dogs on three points: on groundwork—the intelligence, stamina, range and speed with which the dog searches the cover; on bird work—alacrity and accuracy of location, style of pointing, and stanchness; and on training—how the dog hunts to the course, the celerity with which he responds to his handler, his steadiness to wing and shot.

The field trials have taught the sportsman to improve his own marksmanship, and to do his share of work along with the dog. The old handler, feeling the pads of his pointer's feet for sandspurs or cockleburs, nods his head and chuckles reminiscently.

"Like a dog I had once name o' Gusto," he recalls. "Gusto was a real bird dog, and one day I lent him to a friend of mine come down from the North; he was a nice enough feller, for a Yankee, but he wa'n't so good on hitting birds. First thing I knew, old Gusto he come to a point, pretty as you please. This young feller raised up his gun, and he tetched it off, and, mister, he never pulled a feather.

"Well, I see Gusto glance back at him an' give him a kind of a look, but I wave him on, and pretty soon he found another covey. Up went the birds; bam! went this feller's gun; plop! falls out the empty shell, and that's all. This time I see old Gusto turn clear around with a funny expression on his face, and he sort of opened his mouth and closed it again, like he was thinking; but I waved him on again.

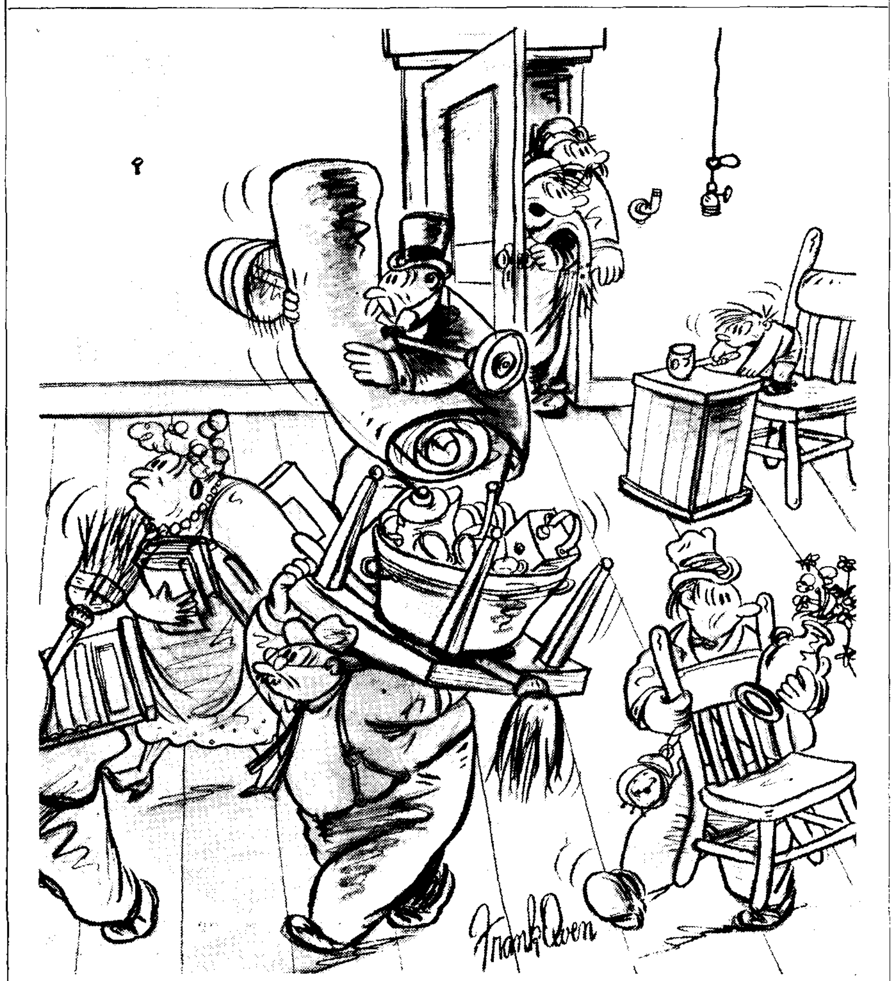
"The next time was a right big covey, and Gus he held it solid as a rock. The young feller steps up, and he shoots his gun, and we all watch the birds sail over the horizon and away. Gusto he don't even move. He just sighs, reaches over just as easy, and bites that feller right in the leg. That's all. Yes, sir, he was a real bird dog."

He gives the pointer a final approving slap, shoves him into the back of the dog van, and bolts the door.

"You know, sometimes I think the only thing a dog can't do is talk," he adds, with a final volley of tobacco juice, "and sometimes again I think maybe it's just as well."

Philbert
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

By FRANK OWEN



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The Making of Heroes

ABOUT 130,000,000 of us Americans live in the United States now. How many of us will be remembered and honored fifty or a hundred years hence? Not many, we may safely guess.

Yet there are many men and women of talent, intelligence and public spirit among us. Education was never more widely spread. Generosity and concern for the public well-being are the common qualities of great numbers of citizens. But not many "belong to the ages."

Lincoln does and so does George Washington. No provincial pride persuades us to remember and reverence these men. Their lives, their principles and their achievements are world history now. If, through some tragic mischance, we forgot them or denied them, other peoples would keep alive their traditions.

Not that we shall forget. We can't. Each in his separate fashion has become too much a part of our present lives and hopes and aspirations. We keep green their memories because we need them for our own assurance.

What men must do to earn immortality is curious and unpredictable. Nobody who saw George Washington as a boy, or Abraham Lincoln, either, had any foresight of future greatness. Both were honest, sturdy young men, energetic, ambitious and enterprising. Neither seemed brilliant nor to show the signs of genius. Among their friends and contemporaries were men who were cleverer by far. But history chose Washington and Lincoln for remembering.

Why? Chiefly because of what they said and did and the way they bore themselves. Neither was a saint nor a scholar. Each devoted his early years to getting ahead among rough men.

Washington had almost no formal education and he seems never to have learned to spell. By the time he was sixteen his adventures had begun.

Lincoln had the same kind of boyhood, with even less formal education and comfort.

The difficulty that each experienced in finding the wife he wanted suggests something of what their younger contemporaries thought of them. As young men, neither seemed to be the answer to a choosy maiden's prayer.

Not even their own mature contemporaries were quite sure of either Washington or Lincoln. Both faced opposition, misunderstanding and reckless abuse. The Continental Congress made Washington's military command difficult and miserable.

Lincoln was loathed by many of the leaders in Congress until the very night of his assassination. They had few good words for him until they were sure he was dead. Then public opinion told them what they had best say.

We remember and reverence Washington and Lincoln because they had the wit to see and the courage to do what they thought the national welfare demanded. History says they were right. The United States was destined to be a free and independent nation. Washington had the qualities required if we were to become independent at that time. Lincoln kept us united.

We have been lucky in our national heroes. Washington and Lincoln certainly proved in their lives the possibility of personal achievement which is the characteristic ambition of most energetic Americans. They were self-made men. Each made money and Washington accumulated a large fortune. But even for themselves they did much more than assemble property. The minds which composed the Gettysburg Address and Washington's Farewell were tempered with the most discerning wisdom and the finest idealism of their respective generations.

Each man realized for himself first, and later for his country, the best the age afforded. Some boy or girl now in school, perhaps some man in public office or even in private life, may be the new hero of tomorrow. We can't know until history tells us who helped and who hindered in the development of our national life.

We can only be sure of this: The man or the woman who is remembered as Washington and Lincoln are kept alive in our thoughts and affections will have to be more than a person of special gifts and brilliant accomplishments. The new heroes will have to possess some of that patient and compassionate understanding which ties us so tightly to the men we especially remember at this time each year.

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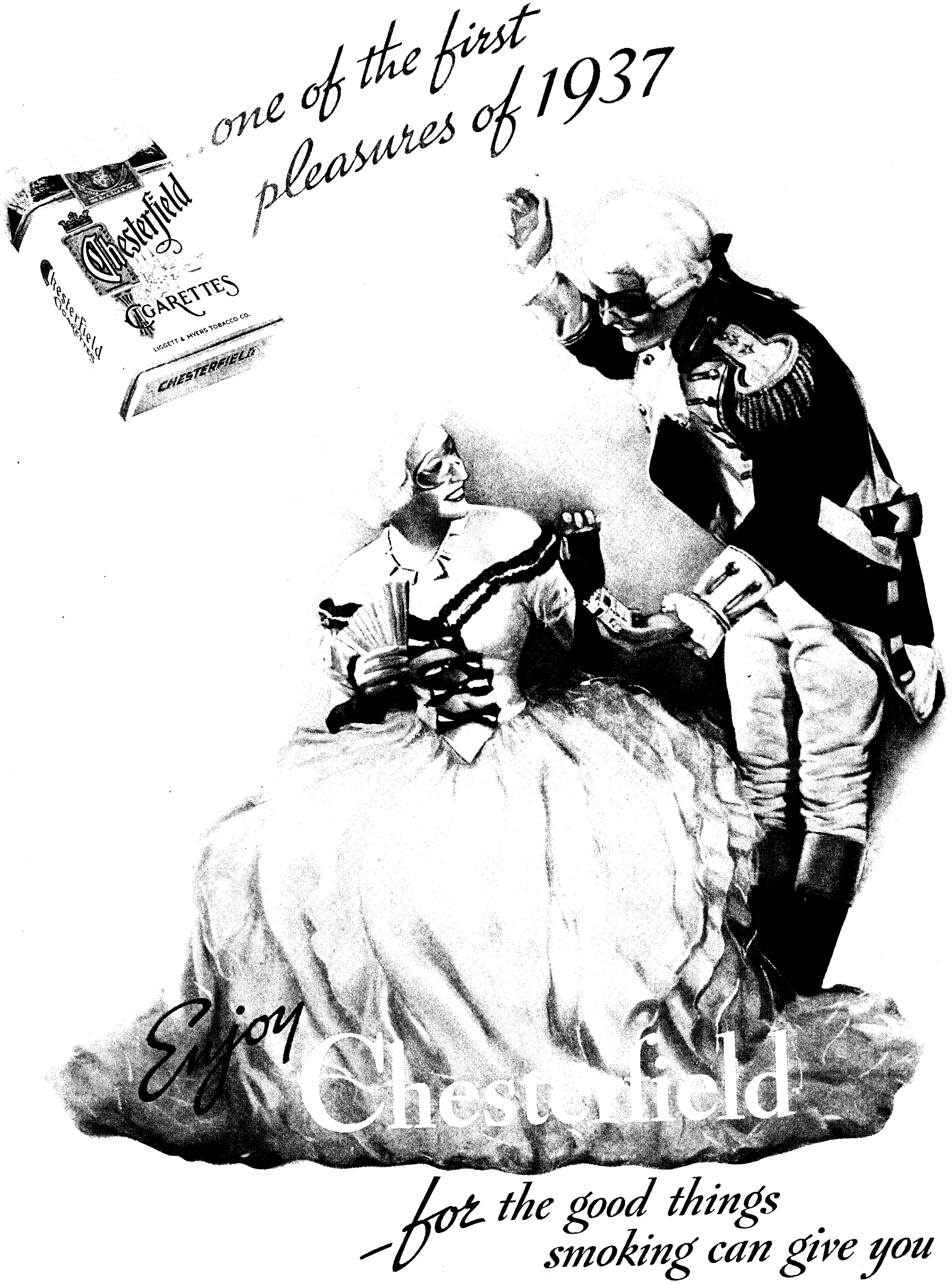
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